# Jacksonville Republican.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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## THE REPUBLICAN.

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### Reproving a Turkish Governor.

The old Adam is still strong in the Turkish disciples of the Constitutional law. The other day some inhabitants of Pognoniani came to Constantinople to complain personally of their governor, Yusuf Ali Bey. On being informed that Parliament did not receive their complaint in that form they departed much disappointed, when, fortunately for them, and unluckily for Yusuf, they espied him quietly sipping his mocha in a convenient coffee house.

They all marched up to him, and the elder of the party, standing before him, began to recapitulate all the enormities he had been guilty of. Having thus admonished him, the whole party then fell upon him, and thrashed him unmercifully, till the Zeptiehs interfered, and assured the aggressors that their conduct was highly unparliamentary.

### What Eyes in Ladies Indicate.

Black eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate and confiding. Grey eyed philosophical, literary, resolute and cold hearted. Hazel eyed, quick tempered and fickle. A woman is either worth a great deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

### Two Bad Faults.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever convenience they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

### NOTHING LOST BUT A HEART.

Drifting away from each other,
Silently drifting apart,
Nothing between but the world's cold screen,
Nothing to lose but a heart.

Only two lives dividing
More and more every day;
Only one soul from another soul
Silently slipping away.

Only a man's heart striving
Bitterly hard with its doom;
Only a hand, tender and bland,
Slipping away in the gloom.

Nothing of doubt or wrong,
Nothing that either can cure;
Nothing to shame, nothing to blame,
Nothing to do but endure.

The world cannot stand still,
Tides ebb and women change,
Nothing here that is worth a tear,
One love less—nothing strange.

Drifting away from each other,
Steadily drifting apart—
No wrong to each that the world can reach,
Nothing lost but a heart.

## The Plot that Failed.

The room was one exquisite picture, of which beautiful May Frothingham formed a fitting part. She stood near the centre of the apartment—head bent slightly forward, blue eyes shining, lips and cheeks aglow; she was listening for the footfall that she knew would soon reach the door of this, her own dainty sitting-room.

She had stood in the shadow of the heavy curtains of the bay-window until she had seen him cross the street and ascend the steps; she had heard the servant open the door in answer to his ring and knew that in another second she would be clasped in the arms of him she loved and honored above all men.

As he entered the room she took a step forward, extended both hands, her whole manner expressing fondest welcome, but the glad light faded from her face, and the outstretched hands dropped nerveless at her side as she caught the expression of his countenance; it was pale and stern, and there was no light of love in the dusky eyes as they met her own; and his formal "Good evening, May," chilled her to the heart.

She did not, could not return his greeting; she could only gaze at him in bewilderment. What could have so changed him from the ardent impassioned lover to this man who might be carved from marble for all the warmth he seemed to possess?

He did not seem to notice that she had not replied to him, but walked slowly past her, and threw himself into a low chair at the other side of the room.

She turned slowly, following him with her eyes, a half-wondering, a half-frightened look on her lovely face. What could be the matter with him? Was he ill, or in trouble? The latter thought startled her, and, forgetting his cool greeting, thinking of nothing but that she might comfort him, she hastened across the room to his side.

"Are you ill, Herbert?" she asked, her voice tender and earnest.

He raised his head, the stern look upon his face deepening; it softened somewhat as he caught the pitying look upon hers; if this was acting, it was certainly the perfection of that art. Could a woman bestow such a look upon a man she did not love? It did not seem possible to Herbert Thayer; but had he not almost proof positive that she was trifling with him — that she loved another, and only feigned the love she expressed for him in order to win him for his wealth? For although she lived here in luxury, she had no fortune of her own, the amount left her by her father would be a mere pittance to a woman reared as she had been.

So it was quite natural, Herbert thought, that she should wish to wed some one who could give her all the luxuries to which she had been accustomed.

But until to-day he had never doubted the love that she so freely expressed for him; he had never thought that she in the least favored any other gentleman of her acquaintance; so that he had trusted and loved her, and the time since their engagement, three weeks before, had passed as a dream of bliss.

"Where is your turquoise locket?" he asked abruptly, turning his eyes away from the face, he deemed so false, but which was fair enough to entrance a cooler man than Bert Thayer.

May's hand went instantly to her throat, and a look of amazement flashed over her face as she failed to find the trinket. She sprang to her feet and crossed the room to the mirror; no, it was not there, and the fine gold chain by which it had been suspended was gone too. In vain she searched; it was not there.

"I am sure I don't know, Herbert," she said, turning toward him. "I am sure that it was on my neck until you asked me. I never take it off, you know, and I had not missed it."

"When do you remember seeing it last?"

"Last evening; I know that I had it then, for Julia Forest and her cousin, Mr. Maynard, were here, and Julia wished that her's was like it, because it was too large to wear at her throat; and, besides, she preferred turquoise gems to rubies. She arose and examined the pattern and monogram; so you see that I am positive that I had the locket, and how it could have been lost I am sure I don't know; I prized it so much, too!"

And the coral lip quivered, and the blue eyes filled with tears in spite of their owner.

No person in his senses could for a moment doubt what she said, or mistake her sorrow for acting.

She came slowly back and sat down upon a low foot-stool near her lover. He wheeled his chair around and bent over her.

"You seem sorry, May," he said.

She raised her head quickly.

"Why should I not be?" she asked, surprise in her voice. "It was your gift."

"You really prized my gift, then," he asked again.

"Why, of course I did, Herbert. Why do you ask such a question?"

"For a good reason, as you will see. And now I wish to ask you still another one; do you love me?"

"You know that I do. Have I not told you again and again?"

"Are you sure that you have not made a mistake and fallen in love with the wealth and not with the man?" he said.

She could only look at him in bewilderment. Was he trying to tease her? Surely he could not have meant that? A scarlet flush swept over her face at the thought. Could he think so meanly of her? If he could, surely, then, he did not love her.

"You do not either love or respect me," she said at length," or you could never wrong me so cruelly as to ask me that"

"Why, then, did you give that locket, my gift, to Will Maynard? I saw it upon his watch chain to-day, and made some jesting remarks concerning it; he told me that it was a present from a lady. I examined the trinket purposely, and saw your monogram upon it; so you see there could be no mistake. Now, what am I to think? I know that he has always admired you."

Countless expressions passed over May's face while he was speaking, and as he ceased she said softly:

"I will not be angry with you, Herbert, although your words hurt me more than I can tell. I know how I should feel if I doubted your love for me. I should want to die. But a woman's faith is stronger than a man's; and in spite of your cruel questions and remarks, I feel sure that you still love me. That I love you with my whole heart and soul I am equally sure; and I could never part with a gift from you, much less give it to another; while I entertain the same feeling for you that I do now, I cannot blame you as I ought, for jealousy makes you unreasonable, and you are not really accountable for what you say. I think now that I understand the whole matter, and how my locket came to be where it is. More than two months ago, Mr. Maynard asked me to be his wife, and I refused him because I could not, and did not love him. Nay, hear me out," as Herbert made a movement as if to interrupt her. "He made some ungentlemanly threats at the time. I have never thought of it since until now, and as he has been very pleasant and friendly, I thought that he was angry at the time, and did not mean what he said. But I see now that he did, he thought that by possessing himself of my locket, and wearing it where you could see it, and then telling you that it was a present from a lady, that you would naturally suppose I had given it to him, and would be so angry that you would not care to see me again, and so there would be no chance for an explanation, and we would be parted forever."

"But how did he obtain possession of it?"

"I think I can tell you; Julia Forrest loves you!"

"Loves me?" again interrupted Herbert.

"Yes; do you think that I am the only one who considers you worth loving?"

"I don't know, I am sure; but I know that you are the only one whose love I care to possess."

"Thank you; but whether you care to possess it or not, Julia has given you hers, and Will Maynard is aware of it. They must have plotted together, and, under the pretense of examining the locket, she unclasped the chain, so that when I arose it fell to the floor. I remember now that Mr. Maynard stooped to pick up his gloves after I passed him last night; he probably dropped them purposely to hide the locket, which he picked up with them. Are you satisfied with my explanation, Herbert?"

"I am perfectly satisfied, my darling, but can you forgive me for all the cruel things that I have said to you to-night? I was nearly beside myself with doubt and jealousy, or I should never have spoken as I have done."

"I forgive you freely; but I cannot help thinking that the faith which is so easily shaken cannot be founded upon very deep affection.

"I admit that it may seem so, May; but I do love you deeply and truly, and I could not really doubt you. I did not know what to think; I could not greet you as usual with any doubt upon my mind. I came to know the truth, for I would be no woman's dupe. When I looked into your sweet face I could not believe you false. But I must have wounded you deeply; and tender, loving little soul that you are, you do not even show any anger toward me."

"I feel none, Herbert. I will try and regain my locket to-morrow by telling Julia Forrest that I understand the whole plot."

"No, May, don't reclaim the locket; I should never like to see you wear it again after it had been in that villain's possession. I will give you another one; and you will decline the acquaintance of the plotters in the future, May?"

"Certainly, Herbert."

"But do you know"—smiling down into the beautiful, upturned face—"that I have not had one kiss all the evening?"

"Whose fault is that?" laughed May.

* * * * *

When Julia Forrest called the next day, hoping to find that the plot had worked, she was told that May was not at home, and she knew then that it had failed.

### Philosophy of the Divining-Rod.

The same principle furnishes what I believe to be the true scientific explanation of the supposed mystery of the divining-rod, often used where water is scarce for the discovery of springs, and in mining-districts for the detection of metallic veins. This rod is a forked twig shaped like the letter Y, hazel being usually preferred; and the diviner walks over the ground to be explored, firmly grasping its two prongs with his hands, in such a position that its stem points forward. After a time the end of the stem points downward, often, it is said, with a sort of writhing or struggling motion, especially when the fork is tightly grasped; and sometimes it even turns backward, so as to point toward instead of away from the body of the diviner. Now, there is a very large body of apparently reliable testimony, that when the ground has been opened in situations thus indicated, either water-springs or metallic veins have been found beneath; and it is quite certain that the existence of such a power is a matter of unquestioning faith on the part of large numbers of intelligent persons who have witnessed what they believe to be its genuine manifestations. This subject, however, was carefully inquired into more than forty years ago by MM. Chevreul and Biot; and their experimental conclusions anticipated those to which I was myself led in ignorance of them by physiological reasoning. They found that the forked twig cannot be firmly grasped for a quarter of an hour or more in the regulation position, without the induction of a state of muscular tension, which at last discharges itself in movement; and this acts on the prongs of the fork in such a manner as to cause its stem to point, either upward, downward, or to one side. The occasion of this discharge and the direction of the movement are greatly influenced, like the oscillations of bodies suspended from the finger, by *expectancy* on the part of the operator; so that if he has any suspicion or surmise as to the "whereabouts" of the object of his search, an involuntary and unconscious action of his muscles causes the point of the rod to dip over it.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### Strange Customs in Ceylon.

A strange custom observed at the hotels in Celon is the signing of *chits* when an order is given at the bar for wines or liquors. These *chits* are small pieces of paper, signed either with the initials or or full name of the party who gives the order. If a stranger enters a hotel in Colombo he is presented with one of these *chits*, which he signs, or else pays for his liquor in preference. It is not necessary that the visitor should be known to the bartender or should be living in the house. He may, perhaps, be a passenger by a steamer leaving that day; it is no busines of the employe. If the stranger chooses to sign a false name, or a name so illegally written that it cannot be deciphered, still it is no business of the man at the bar. All he has to do is to retain the paper as a proof that the liquor was supplied and not paid for. These I O U's are collected about once a month, and except in cases of fraud—which unfortuately for the hotel keepers, are not uncommon—there is no difficulty in finding the person who gave them. There are not over a thousand European inhabitants in Ceylon, and the whereabouts of each of them is easily ascertained.

### Rotation in Office.

Up to the beginning of General Jackson's term of office, there had been, during the forty years of of his six predecessors, 112 removals of such officers as required for their appointment "the advice and consent of the Senate." These few removals were not made from caprice, or to punish enemies, or to reward partisans, but for cause and strict rule. The power of removal was exerted so exceptionally, only for just and salutary purposes, and was never used as an instrument of party success. Public policy dictated its exercise. Offices were not regarded as the private property of the President, or as the perquisites of a party, but as trusts for the general good.

General Jackson's accession to the Presidency began a revolution. Differences of opinion were punished by removal from office, and partisanship was rewarded with places of profit. His successors have adhered too closely to a precedent which has almost solidified into a party law, or a principle of American politics. No party can claim exemption from the side of using the civil list for party ends. The Whig, Democratic, and Republican parties, in the distribution of "patronage" in Federal, State, and municipal governments, are alike obnoxious to censure. The poison has infiltrated every vein and artery of the body politic. Every branch of federal and of State service has suffered from the vicious maxim that offices are spoils to be divided among the victors in a party contest. Too often the condition precedent to appointment is unquestioning submission to party decrees, indiscriminate support of party candidates and party measures. The right to remove incumbents is now a conceded Presidential prerogative, acquiesced in by all parties.—*The Galaxy for June.*

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—*Walter Scott.*

### When to get Salmon.

There are times and seasons for salmon fishing as for all things. But all times and all seasons are not alike. Nor are all places. The best time to fish for salmon, where salmon are to be fished for, is the first hour the water is in condition; that is, as soon as the spring freshets have subsided, and the water, by falling back into its natural channel, has become freed from the surface rubbish washed into it, and sufficiently settled to render your line visible to the eye of the fish. This time varies on different rivers, according to their length, their volume, and character of the soil through which they flow. On some rivers the drainage is so limited that a fly may be cast successfully so soon as the ice disappears. There are, however, but few rivers on either side the Gulf, or in either of the Provinces, where the best fishing is attainable before the first of June. The "season" continues from that time on to the middle of August, although there is often good sport into September, when the last "run" begin their journey. But no "posted" angler would care to be compelled to take the chances of sport after the close of August, as only very few fish come up from the sea later, and those remaining in the river are wearied from their long journeyings, or are torpid from their protracted absence from the sea.

Within the period named—June to the middle of August—salmon are gamy and muscular wherever found, whether one or fifty miles from the ocean. But the pools most coveted are those in closest proximity to salt water. Salmon are at their best when they begin their upward journey. The fresh element in which they find themselves seems to give them new life and friskiness, and when hooked they fight with a strength and fierceness not exhibited in the same measure afterward. A twenty pound salmon fresh from the sea gives you the play of a thirty pound fish taken weeks after he has made his way far up toward the headwaters of a fifty or a hundred mile river.

This fact, however, is not only perceptible to the novice, but the sport furnished by the capture of a salmon at any point in a river, or at any stage of his sojourn in fresh water, is so grandly exhilerating and so full of the intensest excitement, that it is a matter of but trifling moment where a fish is struck so long as the angler strikes him.

But the season *is* important. The earlier weeks on any river are to be preferred, not alone because the fish have more vitality, but because, as a rule, they are more abundant. With an unerring instinct which is as mysterous as it is wonderful, they seek the rivers where they were born upon the return of every spring. If the rivers are in condition for their ascent, they begin their journey at once. But the rivers are not alway in this condition when salmon first come to them: and if they are not, they wait their opportunity, and then move forward with the regularity and steadiness of an army under marching orders. Hence they are ordinarily found in greatest numbers at the first rush; and they are most fortunate who are duly placed, at favorite pools, to bid them welcome.—*Galaxy.*

### "Little Dan."

You see, the people at the post office soon recognize faces and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general-delivery window three or four times they are pretty well known. It is a deal pleasure to hand out letters to some, while the clerks care little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day a year or two ago a funny-looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was one for her, sent from a distant city, and any one could have told that an unlearned boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d" in "Detroit" with a big "T" to end the word, and it seemed wonderful that the letter ever reached its destination.

The old lady felt so good that, tears in her eyes and yet trying hard to smile, she put her head into the window and said:

"Thanks! It's from my boy Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me!"

The lady delivery clerk rose up to look after the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother" a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my little Dan again," cried the old woman as she noted the superscription. "He's in Buffalo, learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and beside he was running out nights and going to the bad. I sent him away and he's working hard; and trying to be good, God bless my Dan! I'm a lone widow with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good!"

"I hope so too," added the clerk and after that the two were friends. Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would worry over over the delay, and the big tears would fall, the lady would almost shed tears with her. "Mother" would open her letters at the window, and if Dan was feeling brave-hearted and getting along well both would rejoice, while both would still be anxious if he complained and was discouraged,

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post an answer. She wrote in a quaint old hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once when he wrote that her writing was improving she felt all the pride which a school-girl could have shown. He improved as well. By and by he wrote "Detroit" plain and fair, and he took extra pains to commence his "Dear Mother" with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words:——"Your Son Dan."

Those letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed to actually grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the post-office, and had the mother been ill any carrier would have hunted till midnight to find her and hand her the looked for letter. Three or four weeks ago when she opened her letter she wept and smiled as over the first. Dan wrote that he was coming home for a week, and her heart was full. She said she'd have the cottage looking like new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcome him first of all. Every body felt glad with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her and see little Dan and praise and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better will he seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, but the two excused its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home. That was early in February, and he was to come about the first of March.

The next Tuesday there *was* a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange, business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not. "Mother" came in at the regular hour, and she turned pale as she took the envelope. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four or five lines when she uttered a moan and sank right down, like one crushed by some awful weight. They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clasped in her stiff fingers, and though she came out of the faint after awhile her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! The letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill, and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hairs and childish heart, and her little old cottage is without a tenant.

No more letters commencing "Dear Mother," come for the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger fondly over the words: "My dear boy, Dan," are folded over a lifeless breast, there to rest till the angels unclasp them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### An Incursion of Arctic Owls.

Probably, November, 1876, will go down in ornithological history as the time of the famous southward raid of the snowy owls. Clad as they are to resist the arctic cold, and such excellent hunters—whether by day or by night—it would seem that want of food must have started these birds on their journey. Could the severe arctic winter, so disastrous to Captain Nare's expedition, have made this scarcity? It was during a pleasant autumn that these birds came upon us. There must have been some sixty shot in my own vicinity. A string of thirteen hung by a store in New York; there were many in the markets. One taxidermist in this city, it is said, had sixty left with him to be stuffed. Another in Philadelphia had about as many. As early as September flocks of ten to fifteen were seen in different places in Massachusetts. A number were shot in the city of Boston, and others were seen perched on the churches and house-tops. For several days they were common in the city and vicinity of Portland, Maine, where not less than one hundred and fifty were shot. A worthy farmer near my home was taking his family to church. A snowy owl sat on a fence by the road caring nothing for the passing wagon. The good man fretted, "If it wasn't Sunday, I'd bag that chap!" Probably the fellow in Washington Territory was less conscientious, for he filled two barrels with these noble birds! Almost everywhere the village taxidermists in the Eastern and Middle States had a harvest of employment. Says Ruthven Deane: "Many of the specimens were in exceedingly poor condition. Of some two hundred examined by me, nearly all were in very dark plumage, and none wore that almost spotless dress which we occasionally see.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### Pins in England.

A calculation made forty years ago stated that for home use and export purposes 20,000,000 pins were required daily in England. The real quantity now produced is 50,000,000 pins per day, of which Birmingham produces 37,000,000, leaving 13,000,000 as the production of London, Stroud, and Dublin where pins are also made. The weight of wire consumed annually in the pin manufacture of England is about 1275½ tons, or 2,857,120 pounds, one-eighth of which is iron wire, used in the manufacture of mourning and hair pins. The brass wire consumed amounts to 2,500,000 lbs., which, at 11d. per lb. in money iron value, reaches the sum of £114,583. The wire consumed is 344,800 lbs., its value £7,183, 6s., 6d., and to be added to these amounts are the wages, paper, and ornamental boxes, wear and tear of machinery, manufacturer's profits, &c. Taking it altogether the pin manufacture of the United Kingdom is not overestimated at the aggregate amount of £200,000. Of course the reader asks the old conundrum, "What becomes of them?" The answer is easy, yet people who do not seem to remember the answer. They rust out. Corrosion ends them: probably more than 90 per cent. of all that are made disappear from this cause alone.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Be charitable and indulgent to every one but yourself.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.—*Confucius.*

When shall we have a rich man who will also be great.—*Demorest Lloyd.*

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving, always will be in a cloud of dust.

Pride and weakness are Siamese twins, knit together by the indissoluble hyphen.—*Lowell.*

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

God gives riches to the world, but stores up treasures of wholesome afflictions for his children.

The man who follows the multitude when he is strong, is likely to be left alone when he is sick.

Politeness is too often but a perfidious generosity which leaves the heart cold and the prejudices untouched.

Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chickens go to roost it is a good time for the fox.

Perseverance will obtain good cabbage and lettuce where otherwise nothing but thistles will grow.

The wish of most people is for a fortune and nothing to do. How fully men are punished when it is realized.

Energy and power result from a ceaseless looking forward in the hope of making to-morrow better than to-day.

Women never have a complete severity of demeanor except toward those whom they dislike.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Prosperity is a great teacher, adversity a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.

Why do people write that they "accept with pleasure" an invitation, when they really mean they do so with reluctance?

Blessed is he who learns to profit by his wants and infirmities, and who, in all his privations, is still submissive to the will of God.

Many of us spend our youth in letting down empty buckets into empty wells and fritter away our age in trying to draw them up again.

Be ever ready to forgive. "Remember he who refuses forgiveness breaks the bridge over which he must pass, for all need forgiveness."

The greatest heresy that can deceive the human mind is the heresy that makes a man believe he can meet with mercy while he lives in sin.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a poor reply.

For myself, I have appetites that are higher than my mouth. Every love, every heroic or noble feeling, and spiritual force become appetites.

The opinions of the misanthropical rest upon this very partial basis: that they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all.—*Bovee.*

When Father Taylor, of Boston, broke his arm, he came into the pulpit and said: "Thank God, I still have one arm with which to work my way to heaven.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy by madness.

Folly soon wears her shoes out. She dances so fast we are all of us tired. Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars, if they keep us behind prison windows.—*Owen Meredith.*

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl divers, which enable them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.

The quiet self-possession and unaffected courtesy of a lady or gentleman, will set at ease the most diffident, but there are others who claim to be ladies and gentlemen who have a contrary effect.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

There would not be any absolute necessity for reserve if the world were honest; yet even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it seems necessary that people should imagine that you have more accomplishments than you discover.

The moment we quit the path of prudence, and become unable to use our judgment, our passions hurry us headlong; human weakness seeks its relief in yielding to their force; and, insensibly we find ourselves launched on the wide deep, destitute of rudder and tackle, and the sport of every wave.

It is not possible to be regarded with tenderness but by few. The merit which gives greatness and renown diffuses its influences to a wide compass, but acts weakly on every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars, of which the light reaches us, but not the heat.

If we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears but shame—let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible?

Charles Kingsley, when at Cambridge, answered the requirement "Describe a pump," in one of his examination papers, by drawing a grand village pump in the midst of a broad green, with the village beadle presiding over it, and the villagers of all ages, and with all kinds of vessels, coming for water. Around the pump, however, was a huge chain, padlocked, and with the legend, "This pump locked during divine service." It is not known what marks the answer got, but the sketch was so clever that the moderator of the year had it framed and hung on the wall of his room.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877.

## Letter from Col. Bradford.

TALLADEGA, ALA., July 2, 1877.

*Dear Sir:*—In your issue of Saturday, appears a critique upon an address delivered by myself, the 22nd ultimo, before the Literary Societies of Oxford College. To my surprise it does me great injustice. It represents me as underrating the achievements of Southern people and their contributions to American history, when it was my controlling purpose and the burden of my remarks to make salient a contrary notion.

And what I said of the prejudice against our people, growing out of the crusade against slavery, you amplified too liberally and carried into a field that I did not enter.

My exhortation to the young men is substantially reproduced in your article, creating the impression that I had informed them that the avenues to preferment and distinction were closed to them.

In other respects—indeed in all its parts—the article referred to is calculated to put me in an improper light before such of your readers as do not know me.

Perhaps I may have been infelicitous in delivering myself at the time you heard me, and I certainly was, if I impressed you as your article seems to indicate.

The young men who heard me will, however, remember that I told them how their elders had to encounter an invincible prejudice—invincible, I mean, to all who do not truculently surrender their manhood—and how they, freed from that prejudice, would have an open field in which to reconquer the lost position of the South and win back her normal influence in the Union.

As to what you say about the cause of the "*ovation England renders Grant*," that is matter of opinion. And it is my belief, unlike yours, that the "*ovation*" is but the gush of Exeter Hall; else the British judgment does not justly discriminate foreign characters.

Now, having imputed to me sentiments that I have never entertained, and that have always been repugnant to me, and having done so, as our personal relations warrant me in believing, with no purpose to misrepresent or injure me, will you have the kindness to publish in my vindication this letter in the next issue of your paper.

Yours, respectfully,

TAUL BRADFORD.

Editor REPUBLICAN, Jacksonville, Ala.

It seems that we are as unfortunate in being understood by Col. Bradford as he says he was by us.

It was furthest from our intention to convey the impression that *he* was disposed to "underrate the achievements of the Southern people and their contributions to American History," but it was his statement that the *outside world* did this thing to which we urged objection. The point of difference between Colonel Bradford and the REPUBLICAN is that he does not believe that the people of the Northern States and Europe have a very exalted opinion of the South, and we believe that they have—that in point of fact there is no "invincible prejudice" that either the present or rising generation have to encounter, or any "lost position" that they have to recover. Abroad the war but tended to increase admiration of Southern character; and at home, while it temporarily prostrated the South financially and politically, it has been the means of increasing her power and political importance. To-day she has a larger representation in Congress and the Electoral College than before the war, and we indulge in no mere compliment to Col. B. and his able confreres, when we say she has been as ably represented the past few years as at any period for years before the war. As to the "invincible prejudice," we believe it has only been fostered by a school of politicians of which Blaine is a type, who represent the fag end of a minority party in the Government, a faction that has neither the confidence of the Administration nor the respect of the opposition. Even the prejudices of these will disappear in the light of their interests. The Southern question is a dead issue. Hayes settled it when he defied that "invincible prejudice" and made public acknowledgment to the world of the fact that the virtue, the courage, the integrity, the wisdom, the patriotism of the South resided in the so-called rebel element. His policy of pacification has healed our sore too, and, happily for the country, it won't pay us to show it any more. That policy has left us a fair field, where old politician and young politician, Rebel and Yankee, scalawag and nigger, can have "fair play and no favors." This is the truth we want to see impressed upon the youth of the South, and one thing in the address to which we objected was the statement that the South had "lost position," and that it devolved upon the coming generation to "reconquer" it; we choosing rather to believe that that task had already been accomplished through the fidelity and endurance of the Southern masses, and the statesmanship of Col. Bradford and other Southern Members of Congress within the last few years.

*Apropos* of Grant's reception in England, we print this week an article from the Mobile *Register*. It will be seen the editor makes some identical points with those made in the REPUBLICAN last week, and agrees with the opinion we then expressed, that Grant's flattering reception is the result of English policy altogether, and is by no means an exhibition of sentimentalism. Both papers were printed on the same day, and either article could not have suggested the point in the other; so, on this head we have received reinforcement, and cannot abandon our position.

Col. Bradford is quite right in the assumption that we did not design to misrepresent or injure him. We have not only a high regard and warm friendship for him personally, but we greatly admire him as a public man, and therefore could have had no motive for setting him in a wrong light before the people. We criticised his speech in the discharge of a public duty. It is the duty of public men in their public addresses to speak their real sentiments on questions affecting the interests of the people, and it is no less the duty and prerogative of a journalist, when he has listened to an address of the character and so eloquent as that of Col. Bradford, to commend its beauties, and, if he dissent from any of its parts, to give free utterance to his disapprobation. No personal feeling should enter into such a critisism, and it does credit both to Col. B's head and heart to suppose that none did in the case under consideration.

## The Difference.

There was a grand re-union of the Federal soldiers who belonged to the Army of the Potomac, at Providence, Rhode Island, on the 27th ult. Numerous speeches were delivered and poems read on the occasion, congratulating the living and eulogizing the dead. Among the poems delivered were two, one by Chaplain Denison and another by Bayard Taylor, well known as a brilliant writer throughout the world, which attracted particular attention.

Chaplain Denison, who never has had borne upon him the blushing honors of a poet, possibly conceived the idea that his "greatness was a ripening," when his brain brought forth the lines among which we find the following:

No traitor legions, dressed in gray,
With angry cannon roar,
Disturb our nation's rightful sway
O'er mountain, vale and shore.

It could not be expected that the average army preacher of New England would say or do anything that would tend to cause a forgetfulness of the late war, or show any regard for the sensibilities of those he calls traitors.

The class of men of which Denison is a type have done and are now doing more than the Blaines and Mortons to keep alive the animosities engendered by the war. No Southerner, we warrant, who has gone into Plymouth Church three times, but has been insulted by the political tirades of Beecher; and he is only a fair sample of hundreds of others who mix religion with political hate in quantities to produce a spiciness that commands the attention of large audiences.

How different the expressions of the true poet and patriot. He has nothing to say of "traitor legions dressed in gray."

We wish we had space to give the poem entire, but can only give a few verses. In the very first line he rebukes such men as the doughty Chaplain who never smelt villainous gunpowder:

It is the brave that first forget,
And noble foes that first unite;
Not they who strife and passion whet,
Then slink when comes the need to smite.
'Tis mutual courage that forgives,
And answering honor that outlives
The onset's hour, the battle's day.
The hearts that dare are quick to feel;
The hands that wound are soft to heal;
The blood that dims a hero's steel
His proud tears wash away!

One holier sun awakes at last
For North and South the blithe, bright hours;
No more upon our dead are cast
The once divided gifts of flowers:
But where the live oak hides in moss,
And where the plumy larches toss
Their arms above the mayflower's bed,
And where wide waves of prairie crawl
To meet, far West, their mountain wall,
The people's voice says—"Peace to all—
We honor equal dead."

They most are soldiers, who shall keep
That climax of their manhood yet;
Who stand on guard when others sleep,
And bear in mind what all forget!
Not in the clash of steel is found,
For them, the only battle ground:
Equipped and armed, through life they go,
Their hearts' best blood resolved to spend
Where honor shows some grander end—
For whom each true man is a friend,
And each false man a foe!

If knaves beguile, by fallen art,
The shifting favor of the hour;
If civic rule from right depart,
And brazen impudence has power;
If low Ambition buy his place
While Merit waits in half disgrace,
Still undecided sways the fight,
The bugle still to charge commands;
There is no truce of tongues or hands
No quarter, while one foeman stands
To mock eternal Right!

This, soldiers, be your chosen fate.
Your fame that longest shall endure!
'Tis noble, thus to save a State,
But nobler yet to make it pure.
For all whose swords were bravely crossed
There is no true cause that was lost!
Defeat unites with victory
To win, for each, a grander aim—
One fatherland, redeemed from blame;
One past, of sadder, prouder fame:
One future, just and free!

## The War in the East.

Our latest advices from the seat of war along the Danube indicate that the Russians have at last crossed that river without serious opposition and have established themselves on the southern banks and will gradually push southward toward Constantinople. The Czar is on the ground and is pushing forward his armies. In Asia Minor the Russians have met with several reverses. They were beaten in a fight near Batoum lately, and have been forced to raise the siege of Kars. No great battle has yet been fought, though there are daily reports of engagements in which 10,000 or 15,000 troops are engaged.

A special to the New York *Herald* of the 3rd instant, from Washington, states that Hayes' Cabinet is disintegrating. Key finds that he can relieve the President by resigning, and McCrary, who has taken a scare over the recent action of the Iowa Republican Convention in laying upon the table a resolution endorsing Hayes' administration, is bound to resign or lose his hold on the party in that State.

A rumor that Wells and Anderson, of Louisiana Returning Board fame, are to to be indicted for perjury in connection with their action in the electoral votes of that State, has greatly irritated the President, who it is said alleges that the Mathews-Foster bargain condoned all matters of this character.

From the Mobile Register.

## Gen. Grant's Reception.

The distinguished honors shown Gen. Grant by the English people are not for a moment to be attributed to his personal virtues, his military reputation, or to his civil services. His personal qualities are not such as favorably impress a highly cultivated and intellectual people. His replies to toasts have been exceedingly puerile, and they seem to indicate that in his opinion all the attentions offered him are a tribute to his person. As to his military reputation no critic in England, or upon the continent, considers it as entitled to very great respect. We fail to recall a single historian or reviewer who has given him credit for a higher military trait than the bull-dog tenacity with which he clung to his purpose, and the cold-blooded determination with which he hammered away with an immense force against a weak enemy. Great Generalship consists in the ability to unite divisions and form combinations at times and places unexpected by an enemy of somewhat equal strength. Gen. Grant, whenever the conditions were equal between the contending forces, was defeated by the Confederate forces, as at Belmont and Shiloh. He was successful only when errors were committed by his enemy, as by Pemberton, at Vicksburg, or when he could wear away his enemy, as at Petersburg, by overwhelming numbers and resources. His true status as a General is well recognized in Europe, and therefore it must amuse all military men abroad to witness the effort of the Duke of Wellington to place Gen. Grant on a par with the hero of Waterloo. Nor can these honors be attributed to the civil service of the late President. His Presidency was such a disastrous failure that his successor has been compelled to reverse his every line of policy, and the people at the last election overthrew the party and consigned to obscurity all his devoted adherents.

We must look to other motives for the remarkable demonstrations made in England towards General Grant, and we find them in the wish of Great Britain to recover the ground she has lost. During the war she sympathized with the Confederacy, and even after the war Mr. Disraeli in his novel, Lothair, exhibited decided sympathy and preference for the people of the South. The North, fearing the power of England and France, cultivated the friendship of Russia, and formed tacitly an alliance with the Czar as against the unfriendly Western monarchs. The sale of Russian America to the United States, the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, and the recent wintering of the Russian fleet in our waters, all testify to the strength of the alliance which has been growing up between the great Power of North America and the great Power of Europe. England still acted with indifference towards the United States. She yielded with reluctance to the Geneva arbitration, and her Chief Justice did not hesitate to speak bitter words against the management of the case by our Commissioners, reflecting severely upon Mr. Cushing and upon our now Chief Justice, Mr. Waite. At last, however, in the presence of the Eastern question, she changes her tactics and takes the occasion of Gen. Grant's visit as an opportunity to restore amicable relations with this country, and to neutralize if possible the sentiments of friendship and favor which the Northern people have been extending to Russia. The hospitalities offered General Grant have this meaning and no more. Perfidious Albion is simply transferring from the Southern Confederacy, which is dead, to the United States, which is alive, that friendship which she always offers at the shrine of success and power.

FRED. DOUGLASS ON THE STATUS OF THE NEGRO.—We clip the following from an exchange's synopsis of a portion of Fred Douglass' speech on his recent visit to his old home in Maryland:

Mr. Douglass then passed into a eulogy of the white race and its achievements, and said to the colored people that they were in contact with the most indomitable, the most enlightened race in the world, and that he would be false to his own race if he did not tell them just where they stood—what an immense distance they were behind the white people. He did not believe the colored people were fundamentally inferior to the whites, but they are, nevertheless, practically inferior. We must not talk about equality until we can do what the whites can do. As long as they can build vessels and we cannot we are their inferiors; as long as they can build railroads and we cannot we are their inferiors; as long as they can found Governments and we cannot we are their inferiors. If, in twenty years from now, the colored race, as a race, has not advanced beyond the point where it was when emancipated it is a doomed race. The question now is, will the black man do as much now for his master, himself, as he used to do for his old master? Do you, my colored friends, get up as early now to work for yourselves as you used to do to work for that stern old Roman, Samuel Hembleton?

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 29.—A delegation of eight South Carolina negroes, preparing to go to Washington, insist upon the recognition of their race in the distribution of Federal appointments in this State. Ex-Congressman Elliot is their leader, and their special grievance is understood to be not so much that colored men have been ignored as that colored recipients of the Federal offices thus far have been exclusively mulattos, showing a prejudice against the black man, of whom the Republican party in South Carolina is almost entirely composed.

Commissioner Watts, of the Agricultural Department, refuses to resign after receiving the advice of Simon Cameron. He has been suspended and his successor appointed. The Senate will make it lively for Hayes as soon as Congress meets. Quite a number of officials who have declined the invitation to resign and have been removed, hope that the Senate will not confirm the persons appointed in their stead.

Col. John H Caldwell, who represented the 5th Alabama District so efficiently in the XLIIIth and XLIVth Congress, is a candidate for Clerk of the present House. We hope that he may succeed in getting the nomination in the Democratic caucus and in being elected. He is one of the best citizens of this State, a gallant, high-toned gentleman, who is worthy of any honor that may be bestowed upon him.—*Mobile Register.*

WHEAT DECLINING.—The Rome *Courier* of the 3d inst says "there has been a material decline in wheat in the last few days. Up to this time—July 2nd—we know of no sales less than $1.30 for good wheat, but no sales were affected yesterday at that price, and buyers are only offering $1.20 to $1.25. This is for red. White would command about 10 or 15 more.

The Molly Maguires are again on the war path. Three of the witnesses against them have been murdered since the big hanging week before last.

Epidemic catarrah is killing horses and mules in large numbers in Mississippi.

## Address of the President of the Calhoun County Grange Fair.

*To the People of Calhoun and Adjacent Counties:*—Encouraged by the success that has characterized its past unselfish career of usefulness, and stimulated to greater exertions, and nobler achievements, by the manifest spirit of enterprise pervading the agricultural interests of the country, the "Calhoun County Grange," a body corporate under the laws of the State of Alabama, has organized an Association to be known as the "*Calhoun County Grange Fair*," for the purpose of holding an exhibition annually.

Called to the high and honorable position of President of this Association, the duty devolves upon me of issuing this, my address, to all whom it may concern.

The Grange has purchased, after mature deliberation, the new, costly and commodious building in Jacksonville known as "Calhoun College," believing it to be better adapted to the above purpose, and to the educational institution which it designs to establish, than any other locality in this section of country. With a location centrally and accessibly situated as to this and adjacent counties; with arounds by nature admirably adapted to the purposes of exhibition, upon the attractiveness and convenience of which no pains will be spared; with a building completed in all its departments, which seems to have been unconsciously fashioned by the architect for the object to which it is to be applied; with a suitable and convenient camping ground for all who may desire to tent; with first-class board and lodging in the town of Jacksonville, I have no hesitency in assuring all who may attend that they will be repaid with usury their time and expense by the pleasure and entertainment afforded by our exhibition. No more potent instrumentality than Fairs has been discovered by which the agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests of a country may be developed and fostered, and it is a well known fact that this agency is in successful operation in every really prosperous region of the United States.

The Grange has now laid the foundation for a Grand Exhibition at Jacksonville, in which it is hoped almost every house in Calhoun, and many in other counties, will be represented by their people or some product of skill and industry.

This enterprise has not been undertaken in the interest or for the benefit of a few, but for the good of all, and we cordially invite, and shall confidently expect the representations of every honorable pursuit or calling to enter the list of competition for the various prizes we offer as the reward of merit or evidence of superiority. Our premium list has been published, embracing the articles usually exhibited in county fairs, yet if anything of merit has been overlooked, and may be entered in the prescribed time, it shall be duly considered in awarding the premiums. No entrance fees will be charged on anything exhibited except in the speed ring. The admission fee will be so small that none can plead poverty as a cause for non-attendance.

The Fair will be held three days, during the month of October, which will be appointed and published hereafter.

R. B. Kyle, of Etowah, W. P. Howell, of Cleburne, Dr. J. F. Johnson, of Talladega, B. Thornton, of Cherokee, and Maj. Truss, of St. Clair, having been elected Vice Presidents of the Fair, by the County Grange, I respectfully ask their co-operation in advertising its object and promoting the great interests we are trying to promote.

Papers friendly to our cause will confer a great favor by inserting this address.

L. D. MILLER,
President C. C. G. Fair.

## Andrew Jackson's Doctrine

In his address at New York, ex-Governor Hendricks said: "Andrew Jackson's doctrine shall prevail, that not a dollar of the people's money shall be taken excepting to carry on the people's business." The statement needs reiteration, not only in Washington, but throughout every department of the Government, National, State, municipal and corporate. The idea is altogether too prevalent that when a man gets into an official position, or occupies a fiduciary relation, he has a right to use other people's money different from what he would his own. A thousand drafts are made on the treasury in greater or lesser things which a private person would not think of indulging in if he had to foot the bills. Especially is this true in the management of corporations. Many an officer, director or trustee thinks it proper to incur expenses, and permit waste of money, time and material, which he would not tolerate for a moment in a subordinate, or if he owned the establishment. This kind of corporation morality is a pernicious evil, which demands correction wherever it shows itself, especially in times like these.

"It costs nothing because I took it out of the store." This explains many a man's failure in business. The great mass of leakages is through small holes. It is but a trifle when a man, or his wife, spends five dollars more than is earned. If this occurs every week the year's end will show a deficiency of two hundred and sixty dollars. In ten years he has run astern twenty-six hundred dollars, besides being impelled by the dangerous momentum of a habit and fixed character which he cannot counteract. The wrongful taking of a five cent bit from the money drawer daily, is a trifle in itself; but every such bit, however small, is full of deadly poison, both to employe and his principal.

All this everybody will freely admit, when speaking of money. It is just as applicable to time as to money. Our country friends know what is meant by "soldiering" when the people are working out their highway taxes. But the town or district is not the only sufferer from this specialty. The men are altogether too scarce who in official relations, or out of sight of their employers, will be as faithful as if under the eye of their superior. The best kind of service reform is that which will secure fidelity, industry and economy whether in or out of office, or in or out of sight. Governor Hendricks' reference to General Jackson's doctrine merits more than a passing notice.—*Boston Post.*

## The Indian War.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—A dispatch from Portland says Col. Wood has just received a dispatch from Gen. Howard, dated at the front, June 27th: We have overtaken Joseph, who is well posted at the mouth of the White Bird creek. Chief White Bird is in charge of the entire united bands. Joseph is the fighting chief. The Indians are bold and waiting for us to engage them. Most of our dead have been found; seventeen have been buried. We rescued citizen Mannel, wounded and starving. The rains are very troublesome and the roads and trails bad. The troops are in the best of spirits and ready for decisive work.

There is an abatement in the suffering from famine in the northern Chinese provinces.

At Rockwall, Texas, a few days ago there "transpired"—such, we believe, is the orthodox news paper reese—a tragedy which outdid that of "Mister Colt," as described by "Bon Gaultier" Aytoun. George W. Garner had been sentenced to death for the murder of the Sheriff of the county, and was to have been hanged on the 15th—last Friday week. His wife had been permitted for some days to share his cell with him. On the morning set for the execution the Sheriff, entering the cell at 4 o'clock, found the woman dead and Garner at his last gasp. His wife had composed herself in bed, folded her hands over her breast and placed a handkerchief over her face. They both left letters explaining the cause and method of their death. Mrs. Garner had smuggled morphine into the jail in her mouth, the dose being believed to be sufficient to destroy two lives. On the night of their death a dispute arose between them as to which should take the larger dose. She took it, but to make assurance double sure her husband apparently strangled her, as marks of violence were found upon her throat and neck. Garner's death proceeded from suffocation, as his nostrils were found plugged with cotton, a handkerchief in his mouth, and the iron bail of a bucket clasped so closely round his neck as to be buried in the skin. Nearly 3000 people were balked of their desire to see the execution. Mrs. Garner left a letter saying that it was not through her husband's persuasion that she gave up life to follow him

"through those dark gates
That no man knows."

This recalls the fact that four executions have this year been deferred or defeated through singular reasons. At Newark, Ryan died of fear a few hours before the execution; Phair, of Vermont, secured a long reprieve half an hour before the time set for his death through a gentleman in Boston seeing in a paper that he was to die, and seeming to recall him; and in the case of Poindexter Edmonson it proved at the last moment that one brother, through fraternal love, was about to sacrifice himself for another brother's crime.

At a meeting of the stove manufacturers of the country, at Detroit, the president denounced the ineffective and expensive advertising that has been much indulged in by the trade, the tawdry lithographs and circulars and other sensational machinery, and recommended instead the more exclusive use of the best newspapers. "If we would make the best possible use of our money," he continued, "we should patronize ably conducted and responsible newspapers. The newspaper is immeasurably the best medium open to our trade; the most liberal and expert advertisers testify to its value, and in the employment of its columns we would find a means of escape from wasteful, unlignified and ineffective methods, to which so many resort in their eagerness to secure attention and patronage." There are indications that these suggestions of experience and common sense are being adopted by merchants manufacturers and other classes of the community having occasion to engage in purchasing or selling.

DON'T KILL BROKEN-LEGGED HORSES ANY MORE.—It is now argued that it is unnecessary to kill broken-legged horses, and a case in point is stated. Twelve weeks ago the right hind leg was broken of Mr. William's valuable and favorite mare, in Utica, by a kick from another horse. The fracture was half way between the fetlock and the gambrel joints, and was complete. A veterinary surgeon undertook to set the leg. A canvas sling was arranged, and the mare suspended in it in such a way that she could occasionally rest upon her uninjured limbs. The fractured leg was then set, bound with hickory and leather splints, with a heavy leather boot outside of all. The mare did well, and never missed a meal. After three weeks a plaster of Paris bandage was substituted, and in seven weeks "Nellie" was walking around the stable. There was no sign of the fracture, and it is thought that she will keep her 2:40 gait.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The July *Eclectic*, beginning a new volume, is a convenient number with which to begin a subscription, and its contents offer a good specimen of the sterling qualities of this excellent magazine. A fine steel engraving, entitled "The Burial of the Bird," forms the frontispiece, and is alone worth the price of the number. The leading article is a statesman-like essay by Goldwin Smith, entitled "The Political Destiny of Canada," and this is followed by a curious article on "The Religion of the Great Pyramid," by Richard A. Proctor, and a most useful and instructive one on "The Kitchen and the Cellar," which deserves to be widely read. Then come a sonnet on "Montenegro," by Alfred Tennyson, and a brilliant historic and descriptive sketch of "Montenegro and the Montenegrins," by the Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone. Other noteworthy articles are "Barry Cornwall;" "The Levelling Power of Rain;" "Translations from Heine," by Theodore Martin; "The Hopes of Theology," by Dean Stanley; "My Neighbor's Wife," by Frederick Locker; "Evidences of the Age of Ice;" "Slavery in Egypt;" "Curious Discoveries concerning Vision;" and a pathetic poem entitled "A Mother's Heart." Besides all these, there are three additional chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's interesting novel, "Young Musgrave," and some ten pages of valuable editorial notes on new books, foreign literary gossip, science and art, and miscellaneous topics.

## ELECTION NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Alexander O. Stewart, as the Sheriff of said County, will cause to be opened and held, at the various places of voting in the Election Precincts in said County,

**On the First Monday in August, 1877.**

that being the 6th day of said month, an Election for the purpose of electing a Sheriff, County Treasurer, Tax Assessor, Tax Collector, four County Commissioners, and a Coroner for said County of Calhoun, and two Justices of the Peace and one Constable for each Election Precinct in said County of Calhoun.

And notice is hereby further given, that the following named persons, are appointed Inspectors of said Election, for the respective Election Precincts in said county, as hereinafter named, to-wit.

Precinct No. 1—Jacksonville.
T. R. Ward, Wm. M. Wier, J. J. Skelton } Inspectors.
J. L. Mattison, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 2—Alexandria.
W. F. Bush, Chas. Martin, L. D. Miller } Inspectors.
Ned Lee, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 3—Four Mile Spring.
Wm. E. Lambert, Thos. White, J. L. Turk } Inspectors.
Ed. Vernon, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 4—Court Ground.
F. A Walker, Wm. Self, P. N. Acker } Inspectors.
E. J. Haynie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 5—Polkville.
Wm. K. Mynatt, Mack Henderson, G. D. Meharg } Inspectors.
P. R. Hess, Returning Officer.

Precinct No 6—Peek's Hill.
Green Duke, John C. Archer, A. O. Finch } Inspectors.
Jackson Dickie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 7—Hollingsworth's School House.
Henry McBee, E. B. Dickinson, Wm. Nance } Inspectors.
Thos. Hollingsworth, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 8—Court Ground.
Benj. Nabors, Jackson Dale, W. B. Green } Inspectors.
Tandy Allen, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 9—Cross Plains.
J. C. Boles, John Craig, F. M. Savage } Inspectors.
John W. Pike, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 10—Cross Roads.
J. C. Watson, R. P. Morgan, Henry Warnock } Inspectors.
Henry Murry, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 11—White Plains.
D. S. Black, A. M. Whiteside, J. C. Wilson } Inspectors.
Allen Ward, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 12—Corn Grove.
Jno. F. Davis, J. T. DeArman, H. J. Tumlin } Inspectors.
John Elston, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 13—Oxford.
S. C Kelly, D. P. Gunnels, Henry Snow } Inspectors.
J. M. Hayes, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 14—Sulphur Springs.
Miles Harrison, W. C. Martin, F. Crow } Inspectors.
J. B. Chappel, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 15—Woodstock.
W. J. Edmondson, T. P. Renfro, John Lloyd } Inspectors,
G. B. Skelton, Returning Officer.

ALEX. O STEWART,
Sheriff of Calhoun County.
L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.
G. B. DOUCHIT,
Clerk of Circuit Court.

June 26, 1877.

# LOCAL MATTERS.

Fine rain Monday morning.

Rufus Alexander Esq., is announced for Coroner.

Mr. Walt. G. Caldwell, of New York, is at home on a short visit.

We wish to buy some bran. Who has any for sale, that will be delivered here?

The editor of the Oxford *Tribune*, we learn, has found a new occupation on Snow's Creek.

Mr. John F. Rowan is home from the University of Virginia, to spend the summer vacation.

New wheat is now being taken to mill very rapidly, and flour is much cheaper than it has been.

A party of gentlemen went from Jacksonville on a seining trip Tuesday. Fish are not good now.

State money is now quoted in Montgomery at about 90 cents, and is selling here at about 87 cents.

The State press generally, express the hope that Col. Caldwell will be elected Clerk of the next House.

We spent a pleasant half hour with Prof. Dodson, of the Oxford College, who called at our office Wednesday last.

The first cicy-did sang his song the 26th of June. Frost, the old ones say, will be here three months from that date.

Mr. J. B. Turnley, of Galveston, spent a few days in town last week. He left before we had an opportunity of seeing him.

The Concert at Anniston came off on Tuesday instead of Monday night. The attendance was good and the programme excellent.

Mr. John M. Wyly has a beet over 18 inches in circumference, and it has not quit growing yet. He is saving it for the County Fair.

Eighty acres of land of J. B. Tourney, was sold here under execution last Monday, and was bought in by John Ramanago for one hundred and ten dollars.

A son of Mr. R. C. Hanna, living below Alexandria, was bitten by a ground rattlesnake a few days ago, and came near dying from the effects. He is recovering.

One month from next Monday the election will be held. We sincerely hope the candidates will run it out in the same good humor that has characterized the race so far.

One of the most pleasant occasions of the season was the moonlight picnic at Mrs. Bellamy's Friday night week. The grounds were illuminated by lamps suspended in the trees of the grounds.

We learn from the Gadsden *Times* that a man named Fiquet recently struck Dick Moragne, a son of Isaac Moragne, on the head with a stone, inflicting a wound from which the young man died. Fiquet fled the country when he realized what he had done.

The interesting address of Mr. L. D. Miller, President of the Calhoun County Grange Fair, will be found in another column. It is well written and puts the facts concerning the establishment of a good school at this place, and the encouragement of the Fair to come off in October, in such forcible language that we hope our readers will not fail to read it.

Several of our people went from here to Anniston Monday evening, to attend the Concert at that place. But for the rain on that evening more would have gone. The rain prevented the concert coming off, but did not prevent the collection of a number of young ladies and gentlemen, who danced until late in the night. The Jacksonville party report that they were overwhelmed with the hospitalities of the good people of Anniston, and were especially favored by Mrs. Thompkins, Miss V. Welsh, Mr. and Mrs. Sam. Noble, Drs. Gwinn and Snow, and Messrs. Linn and Clarbough.

THE RECEPTION AT GEN. JOSEPH W. BURKE'S Wednesday night, the 4th of July, was one of the most enjoyable occasions that Jacksonville has had for many a day. Almost every family in town had its representative present, and all enjoyed themselves to the utmost. The guests were received by General and Mrs. Burke, assisted by Dr. Burke, of Arkansas, and the accomplished Miss Costello, a sister of Mrs. Burke. Every one was made to feel perfectly easy and at home. Among those present were Hon. John H. Caldwell, Maj. B. F. Wyly, Judge L. W. Cannon, Gen. W. O. Hutchinson, Mr. R. D. Williams, Maj. Payton Rowan, Thomas Martin, Esq., John M. Caldwell, Esq., Dr. John Nesbit, Capt. Peter Forney, Capt. John Wyly, and a number of others. Nearly all of the above named married gentlemen were accompanied by their wives.

At an early hour the young people commenced the dance, and later in the evening many of the "old folk" who had not timed their steps to the music of the violin for years, inspired by the hospitalities extended, were made to feel so much at home that they found themselves upon the floor whirling in the dizzy waltz or treading the mazes of an intricate quadrille.

The refreshments afforded, later in the evening, were *recherche* and abundant.

At an early hour Thursday morning, the guests began to depart, and as they took their leave, it was on the lips of all how pleasant to spend our 'National Holiday' in the enjoyment of social pleasures and all the amenities of life."

## Notes from the Oxford Tribune.

There was a serious affray at Bean's Gap, Cleburne county, some days ago, between Josephus Johnson and Davis Caner, in which Johnson was seriously cut with a knife.

A house belonging to some notable females, two miles from Bean's Gap, was burned week before last by an unknown party, and the localist cries "well done," which does not speak well for him as a law abiding man.

Three prisoners (all colored) recently escaped from the jail at Edwardsville.

The Edwardsville local says that so far about seventy people in Cleburne have voluntarily surrendered to the Revenue officers engaged in suppressing illicit distilling, and, at the period of his writing, the cry was "still they come."

On the night of the 16th ult., Mr. J. M. Whiteside was thrown from the back of a mule and so severely injured that for some time he was not able to leave his bed.

Ragan Lodge (at Davisville) have elected the following officers: R. G. Ragan, W. M.; D. A. Wright, S. W.; W. E. Bowling, J. W.; J. A. Davis, Treas.; R. L. Ragan, Sec'y; Wm. Bennett, J. D.; T. A. Davis, Tyler.

Cross Plains Lodge have elected the following officers: T. P. Savage, W. M.; B. McCallister, S. W.; J. C. Boles, J. W.; J. F. Dailey, Treas.; F. M. Savage, Sec'y; B. B. Budges, S. D.; John Smith, J. D.; W. T. Ledbetter, Tyler.

NOVEL JAIL DELIVERY.—LaFayette Weaver, confined in the jail at Centre, Ala., charged with killing his cousin, a man by the name of Weaver, effected his escape on the 25th ultimo, in the following novel manner: Mrs. Weaver, his mother, and Mr. Broom and wife, brother-in-law and sister of the prisoner, came to the jail on the day above mentioned, and the two women were admitted to see him, his sister having with her a babe about six months old. She also had an extra dress beneath her outside one, which latter was transferred with the other necessary apparel, to her brother LaFayette, and the child placed in his arms. He and his mother then came down the prison stairs side by side, both apparently weeping, with their bonnets over their faces as they came out. They stated that they were in a great hurry to reach the river, in order to cross before night, and drove rapidly away. After they had been gone about a half hour the absence of L. Fayette Weaver was discovered, and his sister found in the jail. The alarm was raised and a party started in pursuit of the escaped man, but up to this writing we have not heard of his capture.

Mr. Broom, his wife and Mrs. Weaver, were arrested, and, waiving a preliminary examination, gave bond to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court. The greatest excitement prevails over the affair at Centre.

Revenue officials have made several arrests in the western part of this county for illicit distilling, and have, we understand, carried the parties to Huntsville. If we are correctly informed they arrested and carried away Mr. Greg Lee, who never distilled a drop of liquor in his life, and would not know how to do so if he were placed in a still-house. They stated that they were looking for one John Lee, and believed him to be the man, (his denials to the contrary) and would therefore take him on any how, and risk it. In some instances the prisoners were handcuffed, which we regard as a useless indignity, and an exhibition of petty tyranny that deserves rebuke. If it be the fact that Mr. Lee has been treated as rumor says he has, we trust he will never rest until he makes the scamps who so misused him suffer to the full extent of the law.

Nobody in this county objects to an enforcement of the laws of the United States; but there is a right and a wrong way of doing this, and we say to Mr. Hayes, if he is honest in his policy of pacification, to give us United States Marshals who have some regard for the rights and feelings of our people, and a just appreciation of their duties and responsibilities.

A new era in the Piano trade has been inaugurated by the MENDELSSOHN PIANO Co., No. 56 Broadway, N. Y., whose advertisement appears elsewhere. This company is regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and composed of eminent Piano manufacturers, with the express object of selling Pianos *direct* to the people at *Factory Prices* without the intervention of agents or dealers.

These Pianos made one of the finest displays at the Centennial Exposition, and were *unanimously* recommended for the Diploma of Honor and Medal of Merit.

This Company are the first to do a general business with the purchaser direct, saving him more than one-half the price charged by other first-class makers.

We would recommend any of our readers who have any idea of ever buying a Piano, to send for their Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue, which will be mailed free to all.

Some of our people will build cottages and summer it at Wells' Spring. Judge Walker has his cottage almost complete; and we think of contracting with Bro. Wragg for enough lumber to put up one. The water has very fine medicinal qualities, and the atmosphere at that elevation is very pure and cool. In fact, it is as desirable a place to spend a summer as can be found within a thousand miles of here.

After we went to press last week we received a fine cotton bloom from Mr. D. A. Carey, near White Plains, gathered on the 29th.

Mr. Dick Williams has brought us the first developed cotton bloom of the season. He says that Pacific Guano did it.

John Walker, Greg. Lee, Jones and William Fain, who were taken to Huntsville by the Revenue officers last week, charged with illicit distilling, were released on giving bond in the sum of $500. The other persons arrested at the same time, failed to give bond and are now confined in jail.

Prof. Sam'l Snow has arrived at his home after an absence of ten months, teaching in the Judson Female Institute at Marion, Ala. He will remain here all summer.

*Mr. Editor*—Please say to the party who started the tale about my running on the Radical ticket that it is false, and the starter of the report is beneath the notice of either party—even below par with a common negro.

B. J. MATTHEWS.

July 3, 1877.

# COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

## THE STORM.

DAMAGE TO CROPS, BUILDINGS, &C.

MOUNT POLK.—About dark last Monday night the clouds began to gather, the thunder to roar, the lightning flashed vividly, it rained, and the wind blew fierce for the space of an hour or more, during which time there seemed to have been a collision of winds that only covered a small space of the settlement. It struck Mr. S. A. McCollum's place first, and blew his corn, cotton, fences and gear-house flat to the ground; also unroofed his stable and crib, blew open his dwelling doors and scattered many of his goods in the yard. The storm next struck the place of J. D. McCormick, and swept fences, timber, wheat, rye, oats—all layed flat to the ground; unroofed his stable and corn crib, tore the walls of the same down about half way to the ground. It struck John J. Woodall's place next; swept about one thousand panels of fence, laid flat corn, cotton, wheat shocks, some timber, tangled up his crop desparately and unroofed part of his barn. It then struck Mr. Thomas' place, and treated the growing crops like the rest of ours, played smash with his orchard, and unroofed part of the gin house. It then struck Jack Noah's place and treated his crop in like manner; but the wind seemed to lighten, as his fences and timber stood it finely, though Jack says it tore up his patent garden gate that had two nails in it and broke both nails.

I do not hear of any damage any further down than Jack Noah's or further up than S. A. McCollum's. It seems that McCollum, McCormick and J. J. Woodall were in the centre of the whirlwind. The damage was all done in a few seconds.

MARTIN'S CROSS ROADS.—The weather has been dry and very hot for several days, until last Monday night we had a shower.

The farmers are generally putting in full time, trying to get done laying by their crops. The prospect for a good corn crop is quite flattering. We have plenty of blooms in our cotton fields, but the most of them are on Maypop vines.

Black berries are getting ripe very fast, there is enough to feed man, beast and fowls. No danger of perishing now.

Martin, Clark & Co. have received their new mounted horse power for their thresher, and if it operates according to its appearance, it will do. I am authorized to say that their old horse power is for sale.

Our Sabbath school at Morrisville is still improving.

Rev. Mr. Jones, announces protracted meeting to commence at Morrisville Saturday before the fourth Sabbath. There will be a few frying chickens large enough to eat by that time, perhaps enough to feed the ministering brethren: Do editors love chicken?

MIDDLE OHATCHEE.—Farmers are entirely through harvesting: almost done threshing. Think I'll have the pleasure of feasting on delicious watermelons soon; hope so, at least. Times are very dull with us now, but we must have some amusement by-and-by. Mr. Tucker, a washing machine agent, was in our midst recently. Mr. E. Hollingsworth and Mrs. Corley, little daughter and son, are attending Schenck's Sulphur Springs for their health. Had the pleasure of seeing in our "burg" Mr. T. Mathews, a few days past.

Allow me to say to "Sandy" I do not think he is in earnest about his "denunciation of public evil," and "secret practice," for *I know* he would not have us believe that the good ministers who publicly and constantly warn us to shun the paths of vice are the ones to walk therein.

FELIX.

RABBIT TOWN.—Farmers are striving to kill the grass and weeds that come up during the wet weather. Corn is looking fine on good lands. I don't think cotton is an average size for the time of year. The oats are heavy headed but low on uplands.

Mr. O. Griffin had a sheep killed by the dogs last week.

Weather is very warm at this time.

JOE.

Why is eating soup with a fork like kissing your sweetheart? Because you can never get enough.

## OBITUARY.

Little MALINDA ADA BORDEN, daughter of Joseph and M. W. Borden, who reside at the head of Nancy's Creek valley, departed this life June 14th, she being one year eight months and twenty-seven days old, the youngest of the household, therefore her presence and prattlings in its midst is much missed, especially by the heart-stricken parents. This lovely, tender bud of life and sweet Linnie of the family, was soon blighted by the result of sin, to wit, death. Sometimes we are almost ready to inquire why death is so cruel. Just after the day-god had shut in his flashing beams and sank down in his dewy bed to rest, her pure little spirit, in the presence of the family and some friends, dropped its mortality and winged its way to the unseen world of spiritual beings, there to rest in unalloyed happiness, and patiently await a reunion with loved ones. Jesus said "Suffer little children to come unto him." So we live in hope.

J. F. POTTER.

# SPECIAL NOTICES.

We were exposed last week to a pitiless storm, that wet our feet and stockings, and indeed our person all over. In fact we took a cracking cold, which brought sore throat and severe symptoms of fever. The good wife asserted her authority, plunged our feet in hot water, wrapped us in hot blankets, and sent our faithful son for a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is a splendid medicine—pleasant to take, and did the job. We slept soundly through the night, and awoke well the next morning. We know we owe our quick recovery to the Pectoral, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—*Tehuacana (Texas) Presbyterian.*

The Attention of Farmers is called to our

***American Mammoth Rye; or Diamond Wheat.***

For Fall or Spring Sowing. A new Variety, entirely distinct from the Common Rye or any other Grain ever Introduced.

It was first found growing wild on the Humboldt River, Nevada; since which time it has been successfully cultivated wherever tried. It yields from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre. Mr. A. J. Dufur, United States Centennial Commissioner from Oregon, asserts that he has known it to yield eighty-seven and a half bushels to the acre. It was awarded the highest and only premium at the United States' Centennial Exposition, and pronounced the finest and only grain of the kind on exhibition.

It has been grown as a Fall and Spring grain with equal success. Single grains measuring one-half inch in length, and the average close to that.

Price per package 25 cents; Five packages, $1 00; one dozen packages, $2 00. Sent post paid by mail.

Agents wanted everywhere to introduce this Wheat.

Notice.—We are in no way connected with any other Seed House in Cleveland or Chattanooga: All orders, letters, e.c., should be addressed thus

S. Y. HAYNES & Co.,
Cleveland, Bradley co., Tenn.

Samples sent free on receipt of a Three cent stamp. May 9, 1877—4t.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovic Pierce, o Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Macon, Jan. 8, 1876.

Dear Bro Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit from any. Since conference some one sent me from Americus a bottle of Thrash's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now, this is the ninth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I came here, among other things, to supply myself with this medicine. No druggist here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thrash & Co. show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill.—I am getting on finely.

(Signed) LOVIC PIERCE.

For sale by Dr W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville Ala. Sep. 23—3m.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin Dyspeptics made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without advertising, its sale has become immense. Druggists in EVERYTOWN in the United States are selling it. No person suffering with Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, etc., can take three doses without relief. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

# BUSINESS NOTICES.

MADDOX & PRIVETT will buy all the green beef hides you will bring them.

If you ride on horseback go to MADDOX & PRIVETTS and get you a good, neat Saddle Blanket. It will save its cost in preserving your pants one year.

A few pair of neat, strong and durable buggy harness on hand, will be sold cheap for cash or exchanged for wheat or flour. Apply at once at the Red Store.

Riding, Driving and Plow Bridles, Hames, Collars and Whips, at the very bottom prices, at

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Prepare in time for the immense crop of peaches that will soon be ripe, and supply yourself with those Shelby Ware Fruit Jars at the Red Store; also the Gem Self-sealing Glass Jar at $2 per dozen.

A few dozen excellent floor and hearth brooms at the Red Store.

## NOTICE.

The Trustees of Calhoun County Grange are requested to meet at Jacksonville on the first Saturday in July, 1877.

J. W. WHITESIDE,
June 30, 1877. Chairman.



## Administrator's Sale OF Personal Property.

UNDER and by virtue of an Order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama. the undersigned, as the administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth G. Walker, deceased, will,

**On Saturday the 21st day of July, 1877:**

Proceed to sell upon the premises of the undersigned, all the Personal Property of said estate, consisting of One MULE and HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE—A credit until 1st day of January, 1878. Note and approved security will be required to secure the purchase money.

JOHN F. WALKER,
Administrator.

June 23, 1877—3t.

## *Notice to Creditors.*

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY. }

Probate Court, Special Term, May 15th, 1877.

Elizabeth G. Walker, dec.—Estate of.

LETTERS of Administration upon the Estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of May, 1877, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate court of Calhoun county: Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against said Estate will be required to present them within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.

JOHN F. WALKER,
June 23, 1877—3t. Adm'r.

## POSTPONED *SHERIFF SALE.*

BY virtue of one Pls. fi. fa. issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of W. Dickie, Administrator of E C Dickie, deceased, and against Elyphus Crossley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala. on the FIRST MONDAY IN AUGUST next, the following described Land, to-wit: The west half of north-east fourth, & north east fourth of north-east fourth, and north west fourth of south east fourth of north east fourth of section 10, township 15, range 6. Also the south west fourth of south east fourth of section 3, township 15, of range 6, as the property of defendant, to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

may 12—4t.



# ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### For County Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce ISAAC L. SWAN, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce THOMAS L. WAKELEY, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce E. L. WOODWARD, Sr., as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce R. F. (Tobe) HUGHES, as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH A. JONES as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce W. P. CROOK as a candidate for County Treasurer.

### For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce Capt. C. W. BREWTON, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce Humphrey Posey Whiteside, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce M. D. C. SPRADLEY, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce E. McCLELEN, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce JAMES M. WEBSTER, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH BORDEN as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun count

We are authorized to announce JEROME B. SMITH, as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce W. F. JORDAN, as a Candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

### For Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN A. GLENN, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce J. MICHELL MOORE, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce W. F. HANNA, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce HON. A. WOODS. as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce SAMUEL B. WHITE, Sr. as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce A. B. LEDBETTER, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce ALFRED MOORE MORGAN, as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce WM. W. WEAVER as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

### For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce B. J. (SEAB.) MATTHEWS, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce D. F. SHUFORD, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce D. Z. GOODLETT, as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM J. BROCK, as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce D. J. CLARK, as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce JOHN H. CRAWFORD, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce W. A. STEWART, as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

### For County Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce R. H. GRIFFIN, of Peek's Hill Beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce Ab. LITTLEJOHN as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce BAILEY G. McCLELEN, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce W. C. SCARBROUGH, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce JAMES D. HOLLINGSWORTH, of Beat No. 7, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce JOHN M. PATTERSON, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce WARREN HARRIS, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce MATTHEW E. EZELLE, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce Capt. M. H. FOWLER, of Oxford Beat, No. 3, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce A. M. STEWART, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH L. KIRBY, of the south-west portion of the county, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce A. D. WILKINS, of Alexandria beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce MARK DRISKELL, as a candidate for Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce L. H. WAGNON, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

### For Bailiff.

We are authorized to announce, ROBERT F. RILEY, as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce MARTIN McGINNIS, as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE W. LEACH, as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce RUFUS ALEXANDER as a candidate for Coroner.

## AGRICULTURAL.

THE WHITE HOUSE WHITEWASH.—A correspondent wishes the recipe for the whitewash used on the east end of the White House. Take one-half bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of salt previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hang it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from dust. *It should be put on hot*, and for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Fine or coarse brushes may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers, as well as oil paint for wood, brick or stone and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Buildings or fences covered with it will take a much longer time to burn than if they were painted with oil paint. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade desired. Spanish brown will make reddish pink when stirred in, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, makes a reddish stone color; yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. Green must not be mized with lime; it destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel.

SALT FOR CABBAGE.—A New Jersey gardener considers salt necessary for the development of cabbage, especially in places far from the coast. He finds them more crisp, of better flavor, and to keep better when salt is used than without. He uses it as follows: "A few days after setting out the plants, and when they are damp, either after a rain or when the dew is on, I take a small dish of fine salt and walking among the rows sprinkle a little pinch of salt on the centre of each plant when the leaves begin to grow. I repeat the salting, and when the centre of the leaves begin to form the head, I apply salt again, scattering it over the leaves; after this I look them over occasionally, and if I find plants that do not head well or appear diseased, I sprinkle the salt over them freely; this will save all such plants. A quart of salt is sufficient for five hundred plants in a season, although more can be used with safety."

HUNGARIAN GRASS.—"Young Farmer" wants to know how much Hungarian grass seed to sow on an acre of poor land to produce a large crop of hay, and at what time to sow. Also whether Hungarian and Millet are the same. Also, whether cuttings can be taken from grapes in the spring, and be made to grow. The problem of producing large crops from poor land has never been solved yet, but on poor soil not less than three-fourths to a bushel of Hungarian grass seed should be sown. Hungarian grass and Millet proper are different things, but the same quantity of each is sown. Cuttings can be taken in the spring and grown successfully, but require more care. The cuttings must be made before the buds swell, and when the wood is not frozen.

WHAT SOIL CONSISTS OF.—The bulk of all fertile soil consists of three earths, to wit: silica, alumina and lime. Unmixed with clay, sand, or other organic or inorganic substances, lime consists of the oxide of the metallic element calcium, and as it enters into the composition of all plants, it necessarily occupies a large place in Nature's laboratory. Chemistry tells us that it has an affinity for water and carbonic acid; when applied to the land it absorbs water, forming hydrate of lime; this hydrate then absorbs carbonic acid, so that lime, although applied to the land in the caustic state, really exists, shortly after its application, in the form of carbonate, along with a little sulphate and phosphate as previously mentioned.

## SCIENTIFIC.

*Separation of Arsenic from Cobalt and Nickel.*—Most of the common ores of nickel and cobalt contain a considerable quantity of arsenic; and perhaps on this account the crude metallic arsenic is sold in drug stores under the name of "cobalt." The usual method of dissolving the ores, and precipitating the arsenic by sulphuretted hydrogen, is objectionable on account of the disagreeable odor and poisonous properties of this gas. Professor Wohler avoids this inconvenience by the use of oxalic acid. The ore, *kupfer nickel* or *speiss cobalt*, is dissolved in aqua regia, evaporated, if necessary, so as to expel the excess of acid, and precipitated while boiling hot with carbonate of soda. After washing, the still moist precipitate is treated with an excess of a concentrated solution of oxalic acid. Both metals are thus converted into oxalates, while the arsenic acid goes into solution along with the oxide of iron. The mixture of nickel and cobalt oxalates is thoroughly washed, and may be separated by ammonia according to Langier's process. If the ore contains copper, it should be precipitated by means of finely divided metallic iron that has been reduced by hydrogen. The dissolved iron must afterwards be oxidized to a ferric salt. Speiss cobalt can be deprived of a large portion of its arsenic by previous fusion, care being taken to conduct the operation in such a manner as to prevent injury from the poisonous white arsenious acid evolved.

*Lamp Shade Holder.*—This is an improved illuminating shade holder for lamps, by which different sized shades may be used, and a more perfect combustion and brighter light without the use of a chimney produced. The holder is made of inverted conical shape and of transparent glass, the angle of the sides being so arranged that the rays of light are reflected from the shade at the opposite side of the holder. The upper circumference of the shade holder is provided with two flanges, of which the inner flange is supported on an inclined collar, and slightly below the level of the outer flange, so that a shade seated on the inner flange will almost touch the outer flange and form a neater finish therewith.

*A Slight* blow is sufficient to smash a whole pane of glass, while a bullet from a gun or pistol will only make a small round hole; because in the latter case the particles of glass that receive the blow are torn away from the remainder with such rapidity that the motion imparted to them has no time to spread further.

## DOMESTIC.

IVY FOR INDOOR DECORATION.—I do not know a single plant that will stand so much hard usage as ivy. The only point on which cultivators err, is not keeping the leaves clean. If it be well washed two or three times a week, and the soil well watered, it will grow for weeks, and even years, without danger from change of temperature. A vase not necessarily costly, will answer well for ivy, and this reminds me of an excellent plan of growing it in vases. Long shoots of the ivy were procured, with the young and tender ærial roots very abundant. The lower ends were wrapped in moss, and then some five or six of these were lightly tied together at the bottom and placed in the vase. The latter was filled within a few inches of the top with water and the ball of moss suspended therein. Thus managed, the roots soon commence to grow; afterwards the moss need not quite reach the water, as the roots extend down into it, and prove all sufficient.

So many very beautiful varieties of ivy are now in cultivation that by selecting kinds that will form a decided contrast in shape and color, the effort may be materially heightened. The centre of the vase may be filled with cut flowers or grass, or, indeed, nothing would look better than ferns. The ivy may be allowed to hang down over the sides of the vase in graceful festoons, or else trained over and around the window, thus making a room appear cheerful and pleasant all the winter through. It is not necessary, and in fact I do not believe that ivy will grow as well in strong light as when it is in a partially shaded position, as it likes shade and an even, cool temperature. I have known instances where ivy has been grown in large tubs and trained up a staircase, thus forming a mass of green foliage from the hall below to the floor above. Planted in a box, and run over a low trellis, it makes a lovely window screen even in towns; used in any way, as fancy directs, it is unexcelled as a house plant.—*The Gardener.*

CHLORAL HIDRATE IN NEURALGIA.—The intimate mixture of equal parts of chloral hidrate and camphor will, it is said, produce a clear fluid which is of the greatest value as a local application in neuralgia. Dr. Lenox Browne, states in one of the English medical journals, that he has employed it in his practice, and induced others to do so, and that in every case it has afforded great, and in some instances, instantaneous relief. Its success, he says, does not appear to be at all dependent on the nerve affected, it being equally efficacious in neuralgia of the sciatica as of the trigeminus—is of the greatest service in neuralgia of the larynx, and in relieving spasmodic cough of a nervous or hysteric character. It is only necessary to paint the mixture lightly over the painful part, and to allow it to dry. It never blisters, though it may occasion a tingling sensation of the skin. For headache it is also found an excellent application.

KNIFE SCOURING PAN.—This is an improved pan for the convenient scouring of knives and forks; and it consists of a sheet metal dish or pan with inclined center plane or rest piece for the knives and forks, and a front partition, providing a receptacle for the scouring powder. The scouring powder is taken up and applied directly to the knife or fork, bringing always a fresh quantity in contact with the same as the spent powder is dropped from the rest piece into the space at both sides of the same. The inventor claims that the scouring of knives and forks is by this pan accomplished in a neater and more convenient manner, the pan forming a clean and readily available device for that purpose.

HOW TO MAKE BAY RUM.—Bay rum is a useful, agreeable and expensive application to the scalp. Everybody should use it, though, so we will give a formula for making it—as good as can be purchased anywhere, and at a small cost: Take—Oil of bay, ten fluid drachms; oil of pimento, one fluid drachm; acetic ether, two fluid ounces; alcohol, three gallons; water, two and a half gallons. Mix, and in two weeks filter it carefully, when you will have a superior article of bay rum, better than can be purchased at an extravagant price, already prepared.—*Physician and Pharmacist.*

SOME PERSONS are in the habit of going to sleep with the wick of the lamp turned down low. It is a most unhealthy practice. The gas which should be consumed by the flame passes into the atmosphere. Only good oil should be burned, and the wick always raised to a proper height.

PLACE a small saucer of ground cloves where ants are troublesome, and, it is said, they will quickly disappear.

### Romantic Marriage.

The father of the late Viscount Ashbrook, when very young, and residing with his family in the Queen's County, was struck with the beauty of an Irish peasant girl named Elizabeth Ridge, who was in the habit of punting a ferry-boat across a stream in the vicinity of Castle Durrow. The love-sick youth took every opportunity of enjoying the society of his beloved water nymph, but carefully concealed from his parents the impression she had made upon his bosom. He then held an ensign's commission in some regiment which was quartered near the castle; but he was too young to think of matrimony, nor was the object of his affection either old enough or sufficiently educated to become his wife. She had been reared among the Irish peasants; had been unused to shoes and stockings was scarcely acquainted with the English language, and was uninformed in matters of the world; but the young ensign fancied that, in spite of these disadvantages, he could perceive an aptitude of mind, and soundness of intellect, united with great amiableness of temper, in addition to her personal perfections. Under these circumstances he conceived the romantic idea of submitting her to the superintendence of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, an associate suitable to his wishes and to his rank. The lovely ferry-girl was according placed under the tuition of a lady, at whose house Captain Flower occasionally visited her and where he marked from time to time, with all the enthusiasm of a romantic lover, her progress in various polite accomplishments. Elizabeth Ridge remained in this situation about three years, when the efflux of time, as well as some domestic occurrences, enabled Captain Flower to reap the reward of his constancy and honorable conduct by a matrimonial union. And the blushing daughter of the Emerald Isle became ultimately the Countess Ashbrook and lady of the castle beneath whose walls her early charms had, like the rays of the rising sun, beamed for a time unnoticed only to become more effulgent and more admired. By the Viscount she had several sons and daughters.

## HUMOROUS.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The present Archbishop of Dublin, the gifted author of the work, so widely known, on the *Study of Words*, is not in very robust health, and has been for many years apprehensive of paralysis. At a recent dinner in Dublin, given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, his Grace sat on the right of his hostess, the Duchess of Abercorn. In the midst of the dinner the company was startled by seeing the archbishop rise from his seat, and still more startled to hear him exclaim, in a dismal and sepulchral tone, "It has come! it has come!"

"What has come, your Grace?" eagerly cried half a dozen voices from different parts of the table.

"What I have been expecting for tweuty years," solemnly answered the archbishop—"a stroke of paralysis. I have been pinching myself for the last twenty minutes, and find myself entirely without sensation."

"Pardon me, my dear archbishop," said the duchess, looking up to him with a somewhat quizzical smile—"pardon me for contradicting you, but it is *I that you have been pinching.*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

A STORY is related of Dunning, an English judge. It is said of him that frequently, in the examination of witnesses, he often "displayed great coarseness, and drew upon himself the animadversion of his brethren." On one occasion, wishing to establish the identity of a party through the instrumentality of an unsophisticated old woman (occupying the witness stand), the following colloquy is said to have taken place between Dunning and the old woman: Dunning—"Was he a tall man?" Witness—"Not very tall, your honor—much about the size of your worship's honor." "Was he good looking?" "Quite contrary—much like your honor; but with a handsomer nose." "Did he squint?" "A little, your worship; but not so much as your honor by a great deal!"

RATHER COOL.—A Mr. Snow lectured to the people of a Wisconsin village the other evening on "Dogs." Before he got a quarter through, the evident indifference and coolness of his audience made him angry, and he launched out into a tirade against Wisconsin audiences in general, until a man in the front seat interrupted him with, "You needn't be so touchy about it. If the audience is cold, you're to blame for it."

"How's that?" asked the lecturer.

"Why, you carry two feet of Snow with you wherever you go, don't you?"

The lecturer collapsed and left town by the midnight train.—*Puck.*

SCENE in a debating society: President—"We will take the ayes and noes on the previous question." Member—"A word or two, Mr. President. Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears." President—"Order, sir! We will take the eyes and nose first."

DR. FRANCIS was once at a dinner when thirteen people were present, which somebody gravely remarked was an unlucky number. "I admit," said he, "that it is unlucky in one case."—"What case is that?"—"When there is only dinner enough for twelve."

AN OLD TOPER, hearing some ladies discussing the wonderful fact that a baby can say "No" several months before it can say "Yes," remarked:

"Well, ladies, you see that's 'cause babies ain't never asked if they'll *take somethin'!*"

"I HAVE lost my appetite," said a gigantic friend to Snodgrass the other day. "I hope," replied Snodgrass, "that no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

"PAPA," said a little Western boy, "why don't woman's have whiskers?" "Because, my boy," was the reply, "their jaws are never still long enough for them to grow!"

SNOOPS says if you wish to recollect a man's name about these days, go security for his house rent. For keeping your memory fresh, there is nothing like this plan.

"I SOT ME down in thought profound—this maxim wise I drew: It's easier for you to luv a gal than maik a gal luv you!"

WHY are people that stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

WHY are washerwomen unreasonable? They expect to have soft water when it rains hard.

"WILT thou be mine?" asked he. "No, but thou shalt be mine," said she.

A SPOILED CHILD—the one that got hold of the kerosene can.

### Peanuts—Where and How They Grow—The Extent of Their Production.

Peanuts, or, as they are popularly known in the South, ground-nuts or goubers, grow in the ground, on the roots of the plant, exactly like potatoes. The stalk and leaves of the plant somewhat resemble clover, and to get the nuts when ripe the plants are pulled out of the ground, the nuts adhering firmly to the roots. The greatest trouble with the ground nuts is in picking them, which has to be done by hand, no machine having yet been invented to do the work, though it would seem if such a machine, in the shape of a coarse comb, might be easily invented. But labor is cheap in the place where they are grown, which are in the light, sandy soils of Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina in this country. Peanuts are also largely grown in Africa, India, Brazil, and other places. The best are raised in the valley of the River Gambia, in Africa, and yield large quantities of oil. This product when properly produced, is estimated equal to olive oil; but it is also used in woolen manufactures, in soap making, in lamps, and for lubricating machinery. Last year the crop in the United States was as follows: Tennessee, 235,000 bushels; Virginia 450,000; North Carolina, 100,000. The imports from Africa last year were 846,000 bushels, of which Boston imported 38,000 and New York 23,000. The average of the new crop this year is somewhat larger than that of last year, and the yield promises well, the nut being generally better filled and matured than for the past two years and of finer quality. The past year was marked by fewer changes than any former one; by a moderate but steady consumptive demand; by an absence of speculation, and by the small proportion of choice white nuts. Tennessee peanuts are put up in burlap bags of four or five bushels capacity, and are sold by the pound, the grades being respectively inferior, prime, choice, and fancy. The crop year begins October 1, and ends September 30 of the ensuing year. The new crop will come forward under very favorable auspices. The previous crop having been well sold up, stocks are light in the hands of commission merchants and dealers.

### Evening in Bucharest.

The sky this evening is Italian in splendor; warm breezes rustle the leaves, and birds sing pleasantly in little thickets in the parks before settling themselves to sleep. Here and there in courts or by the wall of some old gray church, groups of girls listen to the wild, plaintive music of gipsy singers, who are too lazy to work by day, and who come out only when the sun has gone in. Other groups, squatted on the curbstones, or in the open lots which are so numerous in Bucharest, chat pleasantly among themselves. An old Greek priest, passing along the now half obscure street, meets a peasant, who humbly doffs his Wallachian hat and bows his head to receive the blessing. The old man places his hands reverently on the upturned brow murmurs a few words, then majestically resumes his promenade. On the Chaussee—a fine promenade outside the city limits—a few elegant Roumanian ladies and gentlemen lounge in their carriages gazing listlessly at the brown-faced water-carrier, after his fatiguing day's round, or at the little merchants, who, with trays of Turkish sweetmeats tempt the luxurious passers-by. A few gray-coated soldiers sit crouched sleepily on benches in front of the public buildings. The carriages still rattle noisily in some streets; but in the others everything is peaceful. Bucharest is so quiet that one feels disposed to forget the great silent river, flowing solemnly between its green banks only a few miles away—the great solemn river upon whose shores an hundred thousand dark-faced, yellow-eyed Asiatics are sleeping on their arms to-night awaiting the signal for bloodshed, rapine and countless nameless vindictive, atrocities.—*Boston Journal.*

We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which when worn out with use we throw away; and were it only to teach benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures.—*Pythagoras.*


### A Point on Which the Doctors Agree.

Physicians who have tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters concur in representing it to be an *eminently safe stimulant*, far preferable to the ordinary liquors of commerce, not only because it is medicated, but because it is infinitely pure. Its alcoholic basis is the finest old rye, and this is tempered and rendered medicinal by the curative ingredients of botanic origin which it holds in solution. It has often been imitated, but never rivalled, and is to-day the leading tonic, diuretic and aperient of America. Malarial fevers are prevented and remedied by it, and it is a thoroughly reliable medicine in cases of dyspepsia, constipation liver complaint, rheumatism, gout, nervousness, urinary and uterine affections. It improves the appetite, increases the bodily stamina, checks premature decay, and as a sustaining and comforting cordial for the aged and infirm is unequalled. 23

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Therefore never use POOR silk, but always ask for Brainerd, Armstrong & Co.'s new spool silk, "the BEST in the work."

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Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

### Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is the most perplexing of all human ailments. Its symptoms are almost infinite in their variety, and the forlorn and despondent victims of the disease often fancy themselves the prey in turn of every known malady. This is due, in part, to the close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, and in part also to the fact that any disturbance of the digestive function necessarily disorders the liver, the bowels and the nervous system, and effects to some extent, the quality of the blood.

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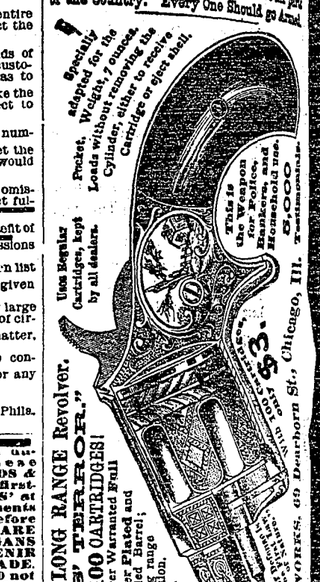


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# Jacksonville Republican.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLI. JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877. WHOLE NO. 2100.



THE REPUBLICAN.

...ED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

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### Quinine-Trees That Produce It.

Quinine, which is a prepared form of ...ruvian bark, is used to combat ...alarious fevers.

The first use of the bark is said to ...ve been in the case of the Countess ...Chin-chon, wife of the Viceroy of ...ru, who was cured of fever by it in ...

The Jesuit missionaries quickly became aware of its properties, and used ...so constantly as a medicine that it ...ceived the name of Jesuit's bark. ...e original Indian name, Kinakina, ...ve place in Peru to that of Cesapia, ...fever Tree.

Condamine and Jussieu first gave ...ll description of the varieties of this ...ee. It flourishes best on wooded hillsides, in cool, dry, shady spots, between ...e ninth degree North and the ninetenth degree South latitude. The ...ecies in which the quinine is active ...found between the latitude of four ...d ten thousand feet, becoming a mere ...rub at the latter height. The trees ...e cut down; and on the outer or dead ...rk being removed, the inner is ...pped off in long pieces like shingles. ...he bark on the branches is taken off ...tire. These strips are carried away ...d dried. When thoroughly free from ...isture they are done up in bales, ...vered with woolen cloth, which are ...bsequently enveloped in green hides, ...hich, when dry, form a hard compact ...ox.

ON EXAMINING some new flowers in ...e garden of Sydney Smith, a beautiful girl, who was of the party, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Smith, this pea will ...ver come to perfection!" "Permit ...e, then," said he, gently taking her ...nd and walking towards the plant, ...o lead perfection to the pea."

### SLEIGH BELLS.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,
How they make the pulses tingle,
As they echo, clear and sweet,
Through the cold air of the street.

What a ringing, joyous chorus,
As they rush along before us,
They send throbbing everywhere,
Driving far all thought of care.

Brighter the snow-sparkles glisten,
And the sparrows stop to listen,
And dream of spring-time coming,
And bees 'mid clover humming.

Soon comes April with its showers;
May and June all bright with flowers;
Jingle, jingle, minutes fly,
Quick as they hurry by.

Snow fades soon, and bells outwelling,
Its sweet requiem is knelling;
Jingle, jingle, here we go,
Spring will stop our song you know.

## In the Morning.

"In the morning," she said, looking away from the face which sought hers with a glance persistently questioning; "I cannot decide to-night. In the morning I will give my answer."

"Why not to-night?" he asked, in reply. "I have heard, Miss North, that your ideas are peculiarly romantic. Your acts are original and decided; you do not believe in walking in the same old path in which your mother and grandmother trod before you."

"True; but I usually please myself, Mr. Thorne. Therefore, my only answer now is—in the morning."

The moon shone brightly upon her, and she was very white to-night. Miss North seldom betrayed any nervous emotion before people. She was cool and self-reliant, rarely losing her self-poise. But now the slender ringed fingers of her fair shapely hand trembled a trifle as they closed tightly over her daintily carved fan; and she fluttered it a little unsteadily, though the breeze came strong and sweet from the garden below.

A hush seemed to come over them for the space of a moment. She waited, thinking he might answer, and drew back a trifle, leaning her head against the fringed cypress sprays that clung to the pillars of the portico.

He earnestly scanned her proud contour and figure, for he had met them for the first time that day, and had not become familiar with the shade of light-brown hair, nor the changing lights and shadows of her orbs.

They had been defiant, then frightened; now they were cold, and now tender, and at last they grew tired and wistful. Yet with all these changes, they never lost their honest expression, but looked like a great child's set in a woman's thoughtful countenance.

And as he watched her, his heart yearned towards her as it had never before done for woman's love.

"Miss North," he said; and then he paused a moment, seemingly to study her thoughts.

For answer, she looked up questioningly, and her weary look was more decided now.

"Ada!" he said, again, more softly; and, as he spoke her name, a flush crept over her cheeks and she dropped her head. "If you would only say 'yes' to-night?" he pleaded, and there was a soft light in his eyes, "I love you just as dearly as though I had known you for years. You are my sister's dearest friend, and you are almost as familiar with my character and my ways as if you were with me a lifetime. Mary would be delighted, and my parents pleased also. You have no friends to consult. Say 'yes' now, and if my love and devotion can repay you, you shall never regret giving your assent. And it will be so fond a recollection for me to remember hereafter, that I asked you to be my wife the first evening I ever met you, and you had faith enough to trust me and promise."

He was very manly and tender in his glance, and his smile loving and persuasive, and Ada could not meet them unmoved. She turned away suddenly, and looked steadily out toward the sky. A shiver passed over her frame, and she moved, as if to leave.

"The dew is falling," she said, seeming unable to find any other excuse, in her confusion, for going into the house.

"Yes," he answered, taking her hand and smiling, "it is falling in your eyes, my darling."

"Don't!" she said, with a half sob that touched him, and looking bravely up, though her tears flowed. "In the morning I will tell you—and tell, too, why I could not answer you to-night."

"In the morning, then," he answered, touching his lips lightly but tenderly to the hand he held within his own.

She turned quickly, and he heard her light, swift footsteps ascending the staircase and along the passage, the slight rustle of a train in their wake. The door of her room opened and closed; the key with a decided click shot the bolt in its place, and he heard no more.

Then he walked into the garden, rather restlessly, wondering within himself if he had not been a shade too rash, and feeling a slight sense of relief, if the truth were told, that she had reserved her answer.

He was wonderfully interested in her, certainly. For more than a year her praises had sounded in his ears, rung with constant changes by the voice of his sister Mary. He had not thought to like her; and when he had troubled himself to think of the subject at all, it was another women he pictured, stately, strong-minded, self-satisfied, and disagreeable in the extreme.

Without wealth she had maintained a prominent place in fashionable circles, he had been told. And without brains, he argued, she had palmed herself off for a woman who was both lovable and wise. Not the best logic in the world, but to be candid, it was only his first impression in the matter, and he had not taken the trouble to think upon the subject at all.

So, when he met her the next day, at the house of a friend, where she was spending the summer with his sister, his first sensations were of surprise—then pleasure.

A self-possessed, graceful girl bowed politely to a tall, handsome man, and then, as if it was an afterthought, quietly put out her hand to him.

He forgot to view her critically, as he intended to do. Afterwards, when his sister came to consult her about some trifle in the way of dress, he remembered his intention, but somehow it did not seem an easy thing to do.

A well-fitting white dress set off a round but not too tapering waist, there was a heavy braid of yellow brown hair, a drooping curl, a knot of ribbon here, a fall of lace there, a flower pulled carelessly through a soft-colored tie at the white throat. A combination he scarcely understood, yet harmonious in the extreme.

She was stately, yet there was a prettiness about her all her own. She seemed both gentle and strong, and before he was aware of it, she had entered a door in his heart, and she had fastened the door like she had fastened the door of her room that night. A recess, too, it was, that he had never known before.

He was not very young, this man of whom I am writing. He had not been without his flirtations—his love perhaps; but the girl's soft voice and manner touched a chord in his heart which had never vibrated before. He had been a generous man, because he had dispensed his charities with a lavish hand. He was very kind and tender to those he loved, but always best of all to himself.

If he fancied a house, a yacht, a horse, he purchased it at once. He never sold his present moment for the future, never longed for a time to come when he should be happier, but always grasped the present pleasure, preferring it to promises of future joy.

So, when he met Miss North, he said, at first.

"She's very lovely," and by-and-by when he had watched her more closely he told himself that in all his travels he had never before met a woman that in his heart of hearts he longed to call his own.

That night, when the stars were out and the moon was shining, they were all sitting upon the lawn. First one then the other, under various excuses, passed into the house; Miss Thorne went in to play, and Mr. Thorne and Ada still stood upon the lawn listening.

The words of a song floated softly out, and they seemed to stir his mind with a sudden purpose.

Many a girl have I loved for a minute,
Many a beautiful face have I seen;
Ever and aye there was something in it.
Something which could not be here, my queen.

He scanned her critically. There was not a feature or expression in her face he would change had he the power. There was more restlessness in her eyes to-night, and she looked paler than she had done in the day. Perhaps, her heart was touched also, but no matter.

He was sure she did not dislike him, and he could win her love in time. And then, without waiting, he asked her to be his wife.

When Miss Ada North had closed the door to the outside world, she went to the window, and throwing open the shutters, she knelt down in the moonlight. Tearing a crumpled letter from her pocket, she smoothed it almost fiercely, and read its meaning again, by the light of the moon. There was a wild restlessness about her, her hands trembled, and her red lips were firmly set. It was written by a man's hand, this letter: her heart had often throbbed with joy at the sight of this same writing, but now it only brought a feeling of cold distress and dislike.

She arose, closed the shutters, lighted the lamp, and taking a package of letters from her trunk, she sat down and read them slowly, one by one.

They were all in the same hand-writing, and all breathing of love and devotion to herself. Her task was not half accomplished when she heard quick footsteps in the hall.

She rose hastily and unlocked the door. Mary Thorne entered uttering an exclamation as she saw the letters scattered about the table.

"What is it, Ada, dear?" she said.

"There was one secret which I always guarded from you, Mary," Ada replied, quietly. "Sit down. I will tell you all to-night, for to-morrow I shall put it all aside."

"Don't tell me unless you feel inclined, Ada," her friend said gently.

"But I *must* tell you!" she exclaimed impetuously. "You know I received letters from John Easton, but, as he was the son of my guardian you were never sure whether they were upon business, friendship, or love. For two years I was engaged to be his wife. We kept it secret, for it was his wish. Three days ago his last letter came, saying he was mistaken in thinking he loved me, and asking me to release him from his promise. I have not answered him yet. Not that I hesitate for a moment, but I could not bring myself to write to him yet."

"Why should you allow this to trouble you? I, for one, am heartily glad, for though my acquaintance with Mr. Easton is very slight I have always disliked him, and then—"

"And then," interrupted Ada, with a smile. "I know what you would say, dear. And the tale is not half told. Your brother asked me to be his wife."

The words were uttered quietly, but the effect upon her listener was electric. She sprang up, overturned her chair, and caught Ada in her arms.

"I'm so glad!" she said. "You told him 'yes,' didn't you? Of course you couldn't well do otherwise."

"No," Ada answered, gravely.

"What?" And Mary held her out at arms' length and gazed upon her for a moment in speechless astonishment. "Did you refuse him?"

"No. I am to give him my answer in the morning."

"Oh, I see! Don't you dare to say 'no' to him, you darling. I have always coveted you for my sister ever since I first knew you. I'll hasten to bed, and then you put these old letters into the fire, make up your mind to say 'yes,' and go to sleep yourself."

"The letters I must return. I wish to read some of them first. I may sit up very late, but don't let me disturb you."

She sat down to her task, and looked the love missives over one by one. Selecting four as correct types of the others, she laid them aside, together with the last one received. Then writing a reply, she gathered the others together and put them away.

In the morning she arose early. Braiding her hair slowly before the mirror, she glanced into the garden below. Mr. Thorne was there chatting with the gardener, who was cutting some flowers. She scanned his tall and handsome figure critically for a moment, and when she turned back to the mirror she met wide-opened, half-frightened eyes, and a very wan face.

"What have I done?" she asked herself, with a feeling of doubt and foreboding. "Or rather, what am I about to do? I wonder if fortune favors the rash as well as the brave."

There was a tap at the door; a bouquet with Thorne's compliments, and a little note among the flowers.

He was waiting for her answer. Would she meet him in the garden in half an hour? It was a whole hour yet to breakfast time. He was impatient—would she come?

The messenger was waiting.

"Yes," she said in answer. "Tell Mr. Thorne I will see him."

Then she closed the door, and turning to her desk, she took out the four letters she had laid aside the night before. She sat down, shuffling them absently, as one would a pack of cards.

"It's all a game," she said, and I am playing in the dark." And she shivered, though the morning was warm.

The half hour had nearly passed when she rose, and taking the flowers Mr. Thorne had sent her, she pulled some of them through her braids, and taking her letters in her hands she went down.

He was waiting at the door with an expectant look it was hard to face in the full morning light, so that by the time they had walked down the path to a quiet nook in a shaded corner of the garden, her eyes were flashing, her cheeks glowing, and the hands that clasped the letters trembled a trifle; and as for Mr. Thorne he was, to be candid, slightly nervous, too.

Ada, giving him a shy, fluttering glance, saw it, and was inwardly thankful; for she had learned to be suspicious of those men who are always self-possessed and cool.

"Well?" she asked him, hesitating, and not knowing what to say.

"Have you the answer I am waiting for ready?" he asked.

"You have not repented?" she said. "You are still willing to take me for better or worse, in your morning conclusions?"

"Still willing and very anxious. Do you doubt it?"

"No," she replied, steadily. "I don't think I fully understand you, but I do not doubt. Now I will tell you what I could not explain last night. For a long time I was engaged to John Easton. I knew him from my childhood, a quiet boy, steady and studious to a fault. As a man he seemed the soul of honor, cautious, reliable and cool. When he asked me to marry him, I said, 'if there be a man in this world I can fully respect and trust, it is John Easton.' I never questioned him, never doubted anything he said or did. He wrote to me often, fond, almost foolish letters. Here are four I selected to show you. Would you like to see them?"

"No," he answered, taking the hand that held them in both of his. "You don't want me to read them, darling, and I will not; I can fully believe what you say, without proof."

Her looks expressed her thanks. Her lips were growing unsteady, and she waited, trying to find her voice.

"Don't tell me this if it distresses you," he said, touching his lips to hers tenderly. "Tell me that you are not bound to this man now, that is enough for me. By-and-by, when you feel more composed I will listen to the story, if you wish me to hear it."

She looked at him trustingly, and she looked more childish than ever in her surprise.

"You are not generous enough for this?" she asked.

"I am not generous when I do not love. But I love you truly—I trust you utterly; I know you would not stoop to deceive me in anything."

"How we may wrong one man by judging him by another!" she cried, impetuously. "No, I am not bound to this man. He, the honorable, noble-hearted gentleman, whom all his friends believe never made a mistake in his life, broke the bond after a two years' engagement, saying he was mistaken in believing he loved me; and you, though you have scarcely seen me for twenty-four hours, are willing to take me altogether on trust."

"Very willing, and very eager, too. There, you shall tell me no more, now. Only promise you will be my wife, and I am satisfied. Afterwards I will listen to any confidence you wish to bestow upon me, and I will make it my earnest care to keep trouble, as far as my power extends, away from you."

"But I hope you don't think me a saint?" she said, still afraid.

"A saint," he replied, with a smile. "No, little one, I know you are only a woman. I wouldn't care to wed a saint, but I want you very much, for I love you, and believe you are a true, noble woman. Of course I believe you have faults, but I love you well enough to bear with them. Do you still hesitate? What more, darling, can I say?"

"Nothing. I have many faults, I know, but I never yet deceived any one who was generous enough to trust me. I will be your wife whenever you desire. And more—though you have not asked me, though you have as yet been satisfied with avowing your love for me alone, without urging me, before I scarcely knew, to say I loved you—you are far dearer to me this moment than ever John Easton was in the full tide of my first devotion to him."

He clasped her still more closely.

"My darling," he said, "you are one after my own heart. There may be a life of trial before us—we cannot tell. But of this I am sure—you shall never regret that I offered myself to you the first evening I ever knew you, and you had faith enough to take me in the morning."

### Housekeeping by Proxy.

Nothing can be done by any one who does not care enough for the matter to take a good deal of trouble to get what he wants; and to those who insist so warmly that a house cannot be made pretty and attractive without money, I venture to insist as warmly that money is the least important element in the business! Taste and contrivance are of far more importance than money; and of all the attractive houses that it has been my good fortune to see, by far the greater number have owed their attractiveness to the taste and to the ingenuity of their owners rather than to their long purses. A person with no need to think about the cost of anything may go into Cottier's rooms and buy and order right and left, and give the house commission to decorate and furnish, and upholster, and fill his cabinets with "old blue," and never spare for cost, and when all is done, nobody who comes to visit him shall say, "How beautiful this is! How interesting! What taste you have!" but only, "Oh, then, I see Cottier has been with you!" There has simply been a transfer of goods from one show-place to another.

The truth is, we are depending too much in these days on furniture and bric-a-brac for the ornament of our houses, and not enough on things more permanently interesting. We ought to seek (at least so it seems to me) the individual expressions of ourselves, of our own family life, our own ways of living, thinking, acting, more than the doing as other people are doing, more than the having what other people are having. I am not in for a tilt against fashion; fashionable people may do what they like; 'twere vain to say them nay. They may buy embossed brass coal-scuttles and put them in the middle of their parlor hearths in front of dummy fire-places, neither coal-scuttle nor fire-place ever having been intended to be used; they may put china cats nursing their kittens on their satin sofas, and enjoy their being taken for real ones by old beaus and maiden ladies; they may put artificial flowers in garden-boxes in their windows; they may do anything that comes into their nonsensical pretty heads, and all we shall have to say about it is what old Mrs. G—— said after some stylish girls had been "going on" and "showing off" their new-fangled dress and airs: "How nice it is of 'em to do so, dear!"—*Scribner.*

### Wisdom of the Egyptians.

"When the wind is high, move your tent to the outside of the hedges *i. e.*, change your side according to the circumstances.

Never buy a handkerchief or choose a wife by candlelight.

Nice reeds make nice baskets.

It's like a kiss good for nothing unless divided between two.

Don't ask for a thing when you can get it.

It is always the largest fish that falls back into the water.

There may be adversity in a large house as well as in a small one.

Keep it a secret in your own heart and nobody will know it.

Clean water never comes from a dirty place.

Behind bad luck comes good luck.

There is a sweet peace at the end of a long road.

Wait till the moon rises.

An ass that carries you is better than a horse that throws you off.

Alcohol, in some of its numerous forms, claims its victims by thousands, and in its terrible work of ruin, ranks first in the estimation of the devil.

### Chinese Women.

The wife and daughter (says Powers) of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it has pleased God to give them; and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact whatever want of beauty of feature there may be among the Chinese women, no one can deny them the merit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently from their peculiar though not ungraceful costumes. In the country villages the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in farm or household occupation, laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often, from the back of my house, looked over the low walls at such a group—but the result was rarely complimentary; for some coy damsel catching sight of my Saxon face she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to giggle at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent, or sometimes the respectable bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders, and in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish, probably, to "eat them all up." I flatter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightful to alarm them much, with a stout wall between, and the whole village within call.

### A Singular Tradition.

St. Stephen's day, in the Isle of Man, is given over, among a great part of the population, to a cruel custom, that of hunting wrens with sticks and stones; and, when they succeed in capturing one, it is tied to the end of a long pole, and carried around the country. The custom arises from a superstition, dating far into the past, of a fairy so beautiful that all the youths of the island went to look at her, and then she would sing such wondrous songs that they followed where she chose to lead them, which was into the sea; for she was cruel and wicked, and led them, one after another, to their death, until at length scarce a young man was left, and trouble was in every man's home for the brother or son that was missing. At length there came a knight, who, vowing vengeance, laid a deep plot for the destruction of this wicked lady. He seized her by her long hair, but as he stood over her with his drawn sword, she suddenly changed into a tiny wren, flying away from under his very fingers, and so escaped with a mocking song of triumph; but by some power greater than her own, the wicked lady fairy was compelled once in every year to reappear in the island in her assumed form; and this is on St. Stephen's day, when the young men of the superstitious island hunt after her with a vivid memory of their ancient wrongs.

### Declarations of War.

It is, for many reasons exceedingly desirable that the precise date at which actual war shall be taken to have begun between the parties to it should be accurately and authoritatively ascertained, for this circumstance may materially affect the definition of the relative position of the belligerents before hostilities commenced, and also the settlement of the quarrel after the war is over. An English international writer writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, as long as primitive tradition held sway, and war was regarded, at first in fact and then in form, in a half religious, half judicious light, the steps needful to be taken for the regular beginning of it were elaborate and ceremonious. Everybody will remember the Greek *knrykes* and the Latin *fetiales*, with their official insignia, their reiterated demands for redress, and their verbal and symbolic denunciations. In the ages of chivalry, too, something of the same solemnity, though not of the same sanctity, clung round the constituted

METHODS OF DECLARING WAR.

The heralds, the attendants of the constables, and marshals of the mediæval armies and military courts, were the legitimate representatives, perhaps the intentional imitations, of their classical prototypes. Through them the sovereigns of Europe exchanged glances and defiances which were personally announced and delivered by them. The books of the Herald's College record many of such hostile missions performed by the Garter, Clarencieux and Norroy Kings of Arms. But this practice declined with the system with which it was associated, and the last occasion on which England adhered to it was in 1567, when Queen Mary, to use the words of Holinshed's Chronicles, 'sent a defiance to the French King by Clarencieux King of Arms, who, coming to the citei of Remes, where the said king then laie, declared the same unto him the seventh of June, being the Mondaie in Whitsun-weeke." On the Continent, however, instances of war being declared through heralds are to be found tor a century later. Louis XIII. despatched a French herald to Brussels to declare war against Spain in 1635, and in 1657 a Swedish herald was sent by Charles X. to Copenhagen to declare war against Denmark. But such modes of challenge and defiance had been by that period generally superseded by the despatch from one to the other of the disputant Powers of State papers announcing in terms, the causes, fact, and

ENDS OF ITS BELLIGERENCY.

And this continued, not, it is true, without several exceptions, to the usual course from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the reign of George III. Since the peace of Paris in 1763 a formal declaration of war has been held to be so superfluous as between belligerents that the last time we made one was against Spain in 1762. In 1778 the earliest notice of hostilities given by the British Government to France was the recall of the British Ambassador from Paris, and the seizure of all French shipping in British ports immediately upon the announcement made by the French Ambassador in London that France had acknowledged the United States of America, and entered into friendly relations with them. It was in regard to these events that the French Government issued the celebrated "Expose des Mottis," to which Gibbon replied on the part of the English Government in the still more celebrated "Memoirs Justificatifs." But although formal declaration of war fell into disuse, substitutes were found for them of an equally public character. The diplomatic connection between the belligerents being terminated by either the withdrawal or dismissal of their envoys, they severally announce in an official manner to their respective subjects that they are enemies to each other. In England a royal proclamation is made and published in the London *Gazette*, of which the date settles for legal purpose the commencement of hostility. In the United States, it is not within the province of the executive but of the Legislature to make war, and the

REQUISITE ACT OF CONGRESS

is full and sufficient evidence of the intention to do it, and that it is done. Moreover the government which has resource to arms prepares certain manifestoes which are circulated among its agents accredited to other and friendly Governments, and are by them communicated to these. Manifestoes are to be regarded, as Sir Travers Twiss says, as appeals or protests addressed by injured nations to the community of nations; and their general nature may be gathered from the rules which he gives for the drawing of them up. A document of this kind, ought, he observes, to set forth in dignified language the cause of complaint and the effort to obtain redress; it should speak with a certain reserve of the injuries which the nation has undergone and a certain moderation of the satisfaction which it seeks for such injuries. It ought to state the facts without color or animosity, and enunciate the principles of public law upon which it relies to maintain the justice of its cause. It should speak with respect of its adversary as its equal, and should avoid embittering the dispute by offensive expressions. In a word, it should avow regret that ancient friends should become temporary enemies, and express a hope of a sincere reconciliation after the dispute has been adjusted. "The Homeric heroes," adds Sir Travers Twiss, citing Vattel, "called each other 'dog' and 'drunkard.' The Emperors and Popes of the middle ages treated each other with as little delicacy. But we may congratulate our age on the superior gentleness and humanity of its manners, and not treat as vain politeness those courtesies which are productive of real and substantial effects."

Such have been the

ORDINARY PRELIMINARIES

to civilize warfare for more than a hundred years. One singular exception, however, is to be noticed. In 1870 France formally declared war against Prussia, and it is possible that the example thus set may be followed, and that a return to the old system, at any rate in part, may be the result. The ostensible provocation to the Franco-German war, it will be remembered, was described by Lord Beaconsfield at the time as "a breach of etiquette at a watering place," which was followed by a letter transmitted to Prince Bismarck through M. Le Sourd, the French Charge d'Affaires at Berlin. It is, after all, a matter of indifference by what formalities war are commenced, so long as there can be no doubt as to the exact time of their commencement and the inceptions of the new relations implied by that fact, both as concerns belligerents and neutrals. This object seems to be fulfilled as adequately as need be by the existing method of procedure, and in some places it has been settled by treaties, although they are not very important ones, what particular acts shall be accepted as indications of a condition of hostility between the parties to them. Some publicists have advocated the re-introduction of formal declarations, to the end of securing a period of grace to the subjects of the States involved or interested before war is actually begun.

### The Best Room.

The care with which the "best room" was kept from use by our ancestors, and indeed is now by some of the good country wives of the present generation, was illustrated by a good old lady who in her last illness was visited by her pastor. Being asked if she was resigned, she responded:

"I am perfectly happy, Brother B. I have made my peace with the Lord, an' got the key o' the keepin'-room under my pillow."—*Com. Bulletin.*

Brave actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornaments of it.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877.

Blaine howls most lustily because the Constitutional Convention of Georgia is going to strike out the "rebel" clause in the Georgia Constitution, and credits Mr. Hill with inspiring the "treasonable" thought.

CALHOUN GRANGE COLLEGE.—The committee to consider applications and recommend to the County Grange a principal teacher for Calhoun Grange College met in the Court House last Saturday and performed the duty assigned it. The committee decided to recommend that the school be a mixed one; and the question of securing house room and messing pupils by Granges was discussed at length. The committee very properly withhold from the public the name of the teacher selected, until the County grange shall have acted in the matter.

We publish elsewhere quite a lengthy editorial from the New York *Herald* on our complications with Mexico. It will be seen that paper is very apprehensive of war with our neighbor. Blaine, in his celebrated attack on the Administration on the Fourth of July, stated that the prospect for a war now was better than it was just anterior to our last war with Mexico. Upon the appearance of the President's order to General Ord we stated that the chances were that it would lead to a war with Mexico, and we also expressed the opinion that such a war would result in benefit to the South. We think so yet.

With the assembling of Congress we will be able to again present to our readers letters of our Washington correspondent, who so acceptably wrote for our columns last session. The correspondence we remember, at that time was highly appreciated by our readers, and for their benefit we shall secure the services of Maj. Francis again, at any reasonable cost. He has acquired a reputation with the Alabama press of being the most graphic and accurate correspondent that has ever contributed to its columns. Being a Southern man and an "old Confederate" he thoroughly understands what suits our people, and hence the attention his letters attract. Southern papers should have Southern correspondents. They have too long depended on the Northern metropolitan press and the Associated Press dispatches, which latter are notoriously under the management of Radicals, for their sources of information.

Isaiah Dill, Esq., of Huntsville, one of the best citizens of Alabama, committed suicide last Friday, 6th inst. He was a good and pure man, and his untimely death is sincerely lamented. The Nashville *American* of Sunday last contains the following particulars of the sad affair:

HUNTSVILLE, ALA., July 6.—Our community was considerably shocked this morning by learning that Isaiah Dill, Esq., had committed suicide by stabbing himself with a pocket-knife.

The facts as gathered from reliable sources are as follows: The deceased had been missed by his family since ten o'clock yesterday morning, and this fact having excited the suspicions of his friends, several parties went out this morning to try to find some clue to his whereabouts. His body was found about one mile from the city, lying in a very secluded spot. The wound which was the cause of his death, was a stab in the left breast, between the sixth and seventh ribs. The barlow knife, with which the deed was done, was found under the body. On a stone near by was scratched the name "Dill." Before committing the deed he carefully raised his underclothing, so as to leave bare his left breast, and there was not a tear or cut in any of his garments. The wound had pierced the heart, and the blood on the knife showed that the blade and more than half the handle had been inserted.

The deceased was a highly respected citizen in our community, a man sixty-seven years old, a lawyer by profession, and ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church of this city. He leaves a family of four daughters and two sons. Financial embarrassment was the cause of his act.

## The Grange.

The prejudice that once existed in this and other counties against the Order of Patrons of Husbandry is happily disappearing in the light of a better acquaintance with its objects. Men who were at first, without any very well understood reason, bitterly prejudiced against the Grangers, now freely admit that but for their combined efforts we would have had no County Fair—an institution that is an honor and material benefit to the whole county. Now that the County Grange has bought the College here, and has taken all the preliminary steps to the building up of a flourishing school, prejudice has turned to admiration. At one time it was apprehended that the Order would drift into politics and go to pieces, but that danger was happily averted, and faith in the ability of the Grange to accomplish much good for the communities in which it flourishes, is growing stronger and stronger every day.

All honor we say, to the Grangers of Calhoun for what they have already accomplished. They have reason to be proud when they look back and contemplate their work. Let them take courage in view of the past and move forward to yet greater achievments. In order that they may fill the measure of their mission, they must yet do much work. The Order is not so strong in the county as it ought to be. Some of the Granges are not so vigorous and healthy as they should be. They need a revival season, as the Churches sometimes require, for their refreshment. Let us have such a season in every Grange in the county. Let new men be brought in; pleasure parties organized, public meetings for the discussion of the agricultural interests of the county called, and every means resorted to that will tend to inject into the Order more life and energy, and thereby increase its power for good in our midst.

## Blaine on the Power of the South.

Blaine evidently does not regard the South as "under the weather" in regard to the political situation. On the contrary, he sees in her a "tremendous political force" that very nearly equals the combined strength of the Western, Middle and Eastern divisions of the country in the United States Senate, and that largely overshadows either division in the House of Representatives and the Electoral College. In a Fourth of July oration in Connecticut he thus publishes his alarm at her collosal political proportions. Hear him, and see if there is anything in the situation he depicts for Southern men to grow despondent over:

"The consolidated strength of the sixteen States that were lately slaveholding is a tremendous political force, embracing almost one-half of the United States Senate, more than one-third of the House of Representatives, and almost two-fifths of the aggregate Electoral College. This entire element is controlled by a small minority of the people of those States; it will be united in the future with the unity of an insolent despotism, and it aims at permanent domination in the government of the country. Let us look the future squarely in the face, prepare for the danger in season and avert it, if possible."

## The European War.

The Russians are not making much progress in Armenia. In fact the Turks have gained such important advantages there by reason of having surprised and defeated a large body of Russians that the campaign for this year in Asia Minor is virtually ended. In Bulgaria the Russians are advancing exceedingly slow. They have but one bridge over the Danube over which all supplies must be transported, and the result is that they are compelled to remain near the base of their supplies in Roumania. It is rumored that the Russians have taken Tirnova, an important Turkish position, after a severe conflict. But as the same report has been circulated before we give it but little credit.

## Mexico Invaded.

Dispatches of the 7th brought intelligence that United States troops have crossed the Rio Grande in pursuit of cattle thieves. The thieves proved to be Indians, and many of them were captured, wounded or killed. Inasmuch as Mexico has declared her intention not to tolerate such an act of invasion, it remains to be seen "what she will do about it." In the midst of these events Diaz' representative at Washington, and Secretary Evarts assure the country there is no danger of war, but ere this men have cried peace! peace! when there was no peace.

Attorney-General Ogden, of Louisiana, has filed information against all the members of the Louisiana Returning Board and had them arrested for fraudulently altering election returns, perjury, &c. They have been bailed in $5000 each, and the best informed Louisiana newspapers say their only chance to escape the Penitentiary is to jump their bail.

## The New York Sun on Grant in England.

"That aristocratic courtier, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, in advance of the coming of his patron, did the most arduous and delicate diplomatic manœuvering he has been called on to attempt since he went abroad as foreign Minister. He set himself the task of securing for Grant the honors and the social precedence accorded to retired sovereigns. He loathed the idea that the man who appointed him to shine at the Court of St. James should be treated in England simply as an American citizen, without title, and without office. He would have him received with royal distinction, go out to dinner with kings and princes, while the dukes and earls and the commoner crowd followed at his heels; thus on all State occasions Grant must have his place with the biggest swells on hand.

To bring this about, Mr. Pierrepont used every diplomatic art. Long before the sailing of Grant, he was at work laying pipe, manufacturing opinion in his favor, and adroitly putting forward the idea that official and popular honors paid to the retired President would stir the pride of the American people, and stimulate their friendly feelings toward England. Mr. Pierrepont worked like a Trojan to get the English to make a great fuss over Grant, and he did it so successfully that the attentions shown his patron have been of a very marked kind. But for him, Grant would probably have attracted little notice in England, the Mayors of cities would not have presented him addresses, the nobility would not have invited him to their houses, and he would not have been the lion of the London season. Surely Grant owes Pierrepont a great debt of gratitude.

* * * *

He has succeeded in launching him in London society with remarkable success. He has made the English people believe that by showering attentions on Grant they will thrill the hearts of his countrymen, cement the alliance between the two great English-speaking nations, create an era of good feeling, bring about free trade in this country, and cause all Americans to love all Englishmen with the ardor of a new-found affection.

## The Indian War.

PORTLAND, OREGON, July 9.—A dispatch from Lewiston, July 6th, says a courier just from Col. Perry, en route to Gen. Howard with a pack train and an escort of thirty men, says the train was attacked on the 4th and ten soldiers and two citizens killed. Capt. Whipple, in command at Cottonwood, came to the rescue and repulsed the Indians. The Indians are in force around Col. Perry and Capt. Whipple, who had only force enough for defence. The route to Cottonwood is unsafe. It is a bold strike of Joseph and his band, and it is reported by signal to Indians north and east, and will stir them up to the offensive. Parties just from the Spokane country report that all settlers between Spokane, Lower Ridge and Pelouse, except five, have left their homes and fled to Walla Walla.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says: "There have been some whisperings of late over in Brooklyn that there was to be, ere long, a grand reconciliation of all the parties to the recent suit of Tilton vs. Beecher. It is also understood that Mrs. Tilton is to be a participant in the reconciliation, and this will lead to the restoration of her broken home."

From the New York Herald, July 6.

## The Mexican Complication—Does it Mean War?

President Diaz sends Senor Mata to Washington, where he yesterday asked for the recognition of the Diaz government. But at the same time Diaz tells his generals that the order of President Hayes commanding General Ord to pursue cattle thieves across the border is an insult to Mexico, and that an entry by American forces on Mexican soil must be resisted. Secretary Evarts, we are told, does not mean to take too much notice of this absurd attitude of Mr. Diaz; and in this he is very wise. He will probably strive to convince Senor Mata that the best way to stop the cattle raids is to let us do it, especially as Mr. Diaz cannot do it. We do not doubt that our government will be sufficiently patient with the Mexican; but, after all, General Ord must do his duty, and if General Trevino should get in the way no doubt he will come to grief. As matters stand, a battle between our troops and Mexican forces is an event of which news may come at any time.

The Mexican question appears to us a troublesome one, chiefly because we have to do with a country subject to constant revolutions: with a government whose permanence, or even whose duration from month to month no prudent man would underwrite; with a ruler who evidently is not strong enough to be reasonable, and who dares not, or thinks he dares not, run counter to the popular sentiment in Mexico, even at the moment when he is seeking recognition at our hands. The cattle raids continue; there is no doubt that they are encouraged by the corrupt local officers in the Northern Mexican States; the only way to stop them is to let our troops pursue the robbers across the border; and Mr. Diaz insists that this would be an insult which his troops are to resist at all hazards. There is here a deadlock; sure, unless one or the other side backs down, to lead to a collision of arms.

But it is hardly to be expected that our government should change its announced policy. What the President requires, what Secretary Evarts has demanded of Mexico, what Secretary McCrary and General Sherman have commanded General Ord, is the merest justice. We want nothing of Mexico which one honest neighbor may not seek of another. We might even ask more and not exceed the bonds of justice. But our neighbor replies that we insult him, and begins negotiation by warlike menaces. It does not matter that such threats from so weak a Power as Mexico are absurd; the fact remains that there are Mexican robbers who cross the Rio Grande and murder and rob American citizens; that it is necessary to stop these outrages; that the Mexican government is unable to stop them, and that it proposes to resist our use of the only effective means to stop them. Clearly the situation is such that, though our government may exercise the utmost care and patience, unless Mr. Diaz recalls his instructions to the commanders on the border, or unless President Hayes surrenders our border people to the attacks of Mexican thieves, we may at any moment hear of a collision between American and Mexican troops; and that, we may as well remember, means war.

Senator Blaine, at Woodstock, attacked the administration on its Mexican policy, and charged it with a design to annex the Northern States of Mexico. But the policy of the administration is simply to secure the safety of our border people and their property, and in this it has the support of the patriotism of the whole people. Even Mr. Blaine would hardly venture to say that President Hayes ought to let these border outrages go on. Mr. Blaine says of the order to pursue the Mexican bandits across the line:—"A similar invasion of Canadian soil would produce war with Great Britain in sixty days." But he ought to have said that if Canadian robbers had invaded our soil, as Mexican robbers have done for years, we should have stopped it long ago, even if we had had to go to war with Great Britain and occupy all the British provinces. That is the real truth of this matter. If Mexico were a strong power we should before this have required her to do her duty, at the risk of war. It is because she is so lamentably weak that we have tolerated abuses which, if they had been suffered by the people of Maine at the hands of Canadian outlaws, Mr. Blaine would have been the first to cry out against. If he had addressed his remonstrance, not to President Hayes, but to President Diaz; if he had warned the Mexicans that they must keep the peace, we should have thought him reasonable and wise. As it is he seems to us to begin the new political year by putting himself against his country, which is a mistake. He ought to look at these matters from an American standpoint.

It appears to us that unless President Diaz acts more sensibly than he has done, unless he allows our forces to pursue and punish the Mexican outlaws, there may before long be serious trouble on the border; and it is worth while to examine the results of this possible collision. We take it for granted that the administration does not desire a Mexican war, and does not wish to annex Mexican territory. We believe this because neither war nor annexation would be popular. Secretary Evarts will no doubt do his best to bring President Diaz to some reasonable policy. But if he fails in this, or if Diaz, as the latest news from Mexico hints, is already tottering, and in such a state of weakness that he may at any time be overthrown; if neither he nor his successor will do the justice we ask, and at last a hostile collision takes place—what then? We cannot see that even in that case we should have on our hands a real war. We do do not propose aggressive hostilities; we shall not march on the Mexican capital, as in 1847; we shall have simply to occupy certain territory now without effective government and the refuge of notorious robbers. What may result from such an occupation is clear enough. We should remain. The Mexican government would not be expelled, for it exists in those States only in name. Wherever our troops appeared the respectable part of the people would hail them as deliverers, and our flag would be the symbol and assurance of peace and order where lawlessness and violence have heretofore prevailed. That is the plain truth of the matter, which might as well be told.

All this would not lessen the regret with which an overwhelming majority of Americans would witness these results. We have ceased to be missionaries of liberty, and the general and we think correct opinion is that, for the present at least, we need no new territory. But in this matter, unless we are uncommonly fortunate, it may be that we shall have no choice; it may be that the city obstinacy and half Spanish pride of the Mexicans will force us, [illegible] we do not need, and which we should be very glad to do without. If so we are to fall heirs to Naboth's vineyard it is at least a consolation that we do not as a nation covet it.

A Washington dispatch says there are strong indications that Georgia will have a Democratic Marshal. General E. L. Thomas, of Atlanta, is most probably the man.

## Address of the President OF THE Calhoun County Grange Fair.

*To the People of Calhoun and Adjacent Counties:*—Encouraged by the success that has characterized its past unselfish career of usefulness, and stimulated to greater exertions, and nobler achievements, by the manifest spirit of enterprise pervading the agricultural interests of the country, the "Calhoun County Grange," a body corporate under the laws of the State of Alabama, has organized an Association to be known as the "*Calhoun County Grange Fair*," for the purpose of holding an exhibition annually.

Called to the high and honorable position of President of this Association the duty devolves upon me of issuing this, my address, to all whom it may concern.

The Grange has purchased, after mature deliberation, the new, costly and commodious building in Jacksonville known as 'Calhoun College,' believing it to be better adapted to the above purpose, and to the educational institution which it designs to establish, than any other locality in this section of country. With a location centrally and accessibly situated as to this and adjacent counties; with grounds by nature admirably adapted to the purposes of exhibition, upon the attractiveness and convenience of which no pains will be spared; with a building completed in all its departments, which seems to have been unconsciously fashioned by the architect for the object to which it is to be applied; with a suitable and convenient camping ground for all who may desire to tent; with first-class board and lodging in the town of Jacksonville, I have no hesitancy in assuring all who may attend that they will be repaid with usury their time and expense by the pleasure and entertainment afforded by our exhibition. No more potent instrumentality than Fairs has been discovered by which the agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests of a country may be developed and fostered, and it is a well known fact that this agency is in successful operation in every really prosperous region of the United States.

The Grange has now laid the foundation for a Grand Exhibition at Jacksonville, in which it is hoped almost every house in Calhoun, and many in other counties, will be represented by their people or some product of skill and industry.

This enterprise has not been undertaken in the interest or for the benefit of a few, but for the good of all, and we cordially invite, and shall confidently expect the representations of every honorable pursuit or calling to enter the list of competition for the various prizes we offer as the reward of merit or evidence of superiority. Our premium list has been published, embracing the articles usually exhibited in county fairs, yet if anything of merit has been overlooked, and may be entered in the prescribed time, it shall be duly considered in awarding the premiums. No entrance fees will be charged on anything exhibited except in the speed ring. The admission fee will be so small that none can plead poverty as a cause for non attendance.

The Fair will be held three days during the month of October, which will be appointed and published hereafter.

R. B. Kyle, of Kowah, [illegible] of Choccolocco, [illegible] of Talladega, B. [illegible] Cherokee, and Maj Tr[illegible] having been elected V[illegible] of the Fair, by the County [illegible] respectfully ask the [illegible] advertising its objects and promoting the great interests we are trying to promote.

Papers friendly to our cause will confer a great favor by inserting this address.

L. D. MILLER,
President C. C. G. Fair.

## Insurrection in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, O., July 7.—For several days past rumors have been received here that an insurrection existed in Lewis and Carter counties, in Eastern Kentucky, some twenty miles back from the Ohio river. It seems that the Underwood gang, who several years ago were a terror to all honest citizens of that part of the State for their crimes of robbery, horse stealing and counterfeiting, have broken out again, and because of their formidable number (they embrace 150 to 200 noted desparadoes) have forced the farmers to abandon their crops and and take to the woods for refuge.

Some three or four men have been killed on each side already, and a sort of guerilla warfare has been going on between them for two weeks. The civil authorities have been found unable to check their depredations.

To-day a messenger arrived here from the town of Grayson with an urgent appeal to Governor McCreary, of Kentucky, to order out the militia to quell the outlaws and restore order. Correspondence was had between here and Frankfort, and resulted in the Governor ordering the Covington Light Guard and Van Voast Guards of Newport to the scene of insurrection. The two companies, including 100 men, left this city by boat this afternoon and will proceed at once to Grayson, where they will establish headquarters and attempt to quell the outbreak.

The section of country is wild and mountainous, being sparcely settled and without either railroad or telegraph facilities, so that the military sent there anticipate some pretty rough experience before they restore order.

The Nez Perces and other Indians of Idaho and Eastern Oregon, who have just instituted so serious a revolt against the Government, belong to what is known as the Sahaptin family, which is closely allied with the Salish, occupying the adjacent territory. The Nez Perces are physically superior to any of their neighbors; they are more coppery in complexion than the coast Indians, with a general expression of features that is stern, often melancholy, but not as a rule harsh or repulsive. Head-flattening obtains to a considerable extent among them, and they paint inveterately. Their voices are strong and manly. They dress like all other wild Indians, but through superior industry ornament their costumes much more elaborately; besides, their ideas of personal cleanliness are refreshingly above those of the average aborigine. From the Comanches and Apaches they obtained their horses and horsemanship. The Nez Perces live in dove-shaped lodges built with poles and skins, some of which are large enough to accommodate fifty or sixty persons, the several families getting along comfortably and harmoniously, though there are no partitions. Though not very warlike they are good fighters, fighting on horseback, taking scalps and submitting their prisoners to torture by the women of the tribe or sparing their lives to make slaves of them. The bravest and most experienced warriors are generally elected war-chiefs, the sceptre is a long whip, with which he enforces discipline by merciless castigations of his subordinates. Father de Smet baptized a great many of them, but their Christianity is only nominal, since it does not prohibit polygamy, as says a writer in the St. Louis *Republican*, "a baptized Nez Perce will marry the eldest daughter of a family and then take all her younger sisters for wives."

## Troubles of a Millionaire.

Mrs. Gaines has had entered up a great many judgments *pro confesso* against the occupants of the properties to which she had been adjudicated to have title. She has been kept busily employed before the Masters in Chancery in pressing her claim to back interest, rents and profits, while the defendants have been equally active in producing evidences of the value of their improvements. The Masters do not appear to have mastered the business committed to them, and their reports will not be handed in before the next term of court. In the mean time the indefatigable plaintiff relieves and diverts the tedium and dullness of this vexatious and wearying work by the perusal of the innumerable letters sent here from the North soliciting subscriptions to various churches, charitable institutions, impoverished, but always sympathizing and admiring friends; reverend widowers, poor but deserving artists, soliciting the privilege of painting her portrait; and literary bummers, ambitious of serving up her remarkably eventful life in a sensational sketch. Then there are letters of tender inquiry as to the branches of the very numerous Clark family, and suggestions of consanguinity of the affectionate subscriber, whose great grandmother was of the Clarks of Ireland, and had a very extensive connection. And so on, affording the jolly little lady infinite mirth, and provoking frequent explosions of laughter.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

"One of the first duties of the good citizen," says the *Courier-Journal*, and the Kansas City *Times* endorses the proposition, "is to aid as far as he can in supporting his county paper, for that can do more to promote the moral, intellectual and material interests of his county than any or all other agencies. Show us a county which liberally supports a good newspaper and we will show you a county whose people are intelligent, enterprising and prosperous. A good newspaper flourishes only where the people of the county are known abroad for their intelligence, their enterprise and their prosperity in all pursuits of life. About the best county to move into is one which does support, and supports liberally, its newspaper. About the best county to move into is one which does support, and supports liberally, its newspaper."

The ways of the candidate are often past finding out. The Toccoe (Ga.) *Herald* says: "It is said one of our convention delegates elect hoed twenty acres of cotton while engaged in the canvass. His plan was to never call a man from his work to talk about elections (Constitutional Convention), but to go right into the field, ask for a hoe, and go to work."



John B. Broughton, vs. J. W. Whisenant, W. A. Driskell. } April 21, 1877.

THIS day came the Plaintiff by his Attorney, and it appearing, that at the time of the issuance of the summons and complaint was issued out that Garnishment was issued against W. W. Webster, and J. D. Ussery, and that the Garnishees in pursuance of said writs of garnishment has, at this term of the Court, filed their answers, admitting an indebtedness to J. W. Whisenant, one of the Defendants in this suit; and it further appearing to the Court, that the Defendant, J. W. Whisenant is and was at the time this suit was commenced, a non-resident of the State of Alabama to-wit: resides in Hernando County, State of Florida, Brooksville Post Office. And thereupon the Plaintiff moved for an order of publication against the Defendant J. W. Whisenant, notifying him said defendant to appear at the next term of this Court, to answer Plaintiff's complaint.

It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in Calhoun County, for four consecutive weeks by the Clerk of this Court, and that the Clerk of this Court send to the said J. W. Whisenant a copy of this order, and this cause is continued.

A true copy from the minutes:
Witness my hand this 11th July, 1877.

G. B. DOUTHIT, Clerk.
July 14th



# ELECTION NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA. } CALHOUN COUNTY. }

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Alexander O. Stewart, as the Sheriff of said County, will cause to be opened and held, at the various places of voting in the Election Precincts in said County,

**On the First Monday in August, 1877.**

that being the 6th day of said month, an Election for the purpose of electing a Sheriff, County Treasurer, Tax Assessor, Tax Collector, four County Commissioners, and a Coroner for said County of Calhoun, and two Justices of the Peace and one Constable for each Election Precinct in said County of Calhoun.

And notice is hereby further given, that the following named persons, are appointed Inspectors of said Election, for the respective Election Precincts in said county, as hereinafter named, to-wit.

Precinct No. 1—Jacksonville.
T. R. Ward, Wm. M. Wier, J. J. Skelton } Inspectors.
J. L. Mattison, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 2—Alexandria.
W. F. Bush, Chas. Martin, L. D. Miller } Inspectors.
Ned Lee, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 3—Four Mile Spring.
Wm. E. Lambert, Thos. White, J. L. Turk } Inspectors.
Ed. Vernon, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 4—Court Ground.
E. A Walker, Wm. Self, P. N. Acker } Inspectors.
E. J. Haynie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 5—Polkville.
Wm. K. Mynatt, Mack Henderson, G. D. Meharg } Inspectors.
P. R. Hess, Returning Officer.

Precinct No 6—Peek's Hill.
Green Duke, John C. Archer, A. O. Finch } Inspectors.
Jackson Dickie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 7—Hollingsworth's School House.
Henry McBee, E. B. Dickinson, Wm. Nance } Inspectors.
Thos. Hollingsworth, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 8—Court Ground.
Benj. Nabors, Jackson Dale, W. B. Green } Inspectors.
Tandy Allen, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 9—Cross Plains.
J. C. Boles, John Craig, F. M. Savage } Inspectors.
John W. Pike, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 10—Cross Roads.
J. C. Watson, R. P. Morgan, Henry Warnock } Inspectors.
Henry Murry, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 11—White Plains.
D. S. Black, A. M. Whiteside, J. C. Wilson } Inspectors.
Allen Ward, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 12—Corn Grove.
Jno. F. Davis, J. T. DeArmon, H. J. Tumlin } Inspectors.
John Elston, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 13—Oxford.
S. C Kelly, D. P. Gunnels, Henry Snow } Inspectors.
J. M. Hayes, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 14—Sulphur Springs.
Miles Harrison, W. C. Martin, F. Crow } Inspectors.
J. B. Chappel, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 15—Woodstock.
W. J. Edmondson, T. P. Renfro, John Lloyd } Inspectors.
G. B. Skelton, Returning Officer.

ALEX. O STEWART,
Sheriff of Calhoun County.
L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.
G. B. DOUGHIT,
Clerk of Circuit Court.

June 26, 1877.

# The Republican.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

We return thanks to Mr. Isaac Frank for a "setting" of celery plants.

Dr. Burke, who has been spending a month in Jacksonville, left Wednesday for his home in Helena, Ark.

Rev. Julien C. Brown, the pastor of the M. E. Church, has a vacation of two weeks and is visiting relatives in Jackson county.

Jacksonville was visited by quite a threatening wind storm Friday evening before last, but no particular damage was done to property.

Mr. W. W. Woodward is at home from the University of Alabama, where he gathered laurels and honors in profusion. In his law examination he was marked perfect.

Walt Nisbit has fly traps that are decidedly the best thing of the sort ever brought to this market. He says, if there is a quart of flies on the place it will catch a half gallon.

Dr. P. P. Linder has a beet that was over twenty-one inches in circumference a week ago. He has also many that are eighteen inches long. Some of the largest he will exhibit at the Fair.

Mr. C. H. Skelton, of the *Alabama Baptist*, paid us a visit Monday. The *Baptist* is a very readable journal, fully worth the subscription price, and should be in every Baptist family in the State.

We are under obligations to Mr. W. F. Corley for a bucket of fine wild plums. Should have acknowledged his kindness last week but did not know until Tuesday to whom we were indebted for the present.

In our notice of the Dramatic Entertainment, that portion in relation to the music was not put in type. The colored String Band furnished most excellent music, for which they have the thanks of the performers and audience.

From a card published elsewhere it will be seen that J. M. Moore has declined to run the race through for Tax Assessor. He is well and favorably known, and no doubt would have received a handsome support had he continued in the field.

For some weeks there has been regular service at the Baptist Church, conducted by Rev. J. S. Dill, a young clergyman who is spending the summer here. It has been our pleasure to hear him twice, and each time we have been impressed with his spirituality, zeal and eloquence.

Quite a lively affair occurred on our streets Saturday, between Jno. A. DeArman and son and some of the Hinsons living near here. For a short time rocks flew quite thick, and some of the parties were struck, but no one was seriously hurt. The difficulty grew out of too free use of election whisky.

MARRIED—at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. W. P. Howell, last Sabbath, Mr. Jeff. Smith and Miss Josna Obryant, both living near Ladiga.

The manly young groom has found for a wife a pretty, domestic, and loveable woman, and if we were not afraid of our better half, we should say that we envied him his good fortune in the matrimonial lottery.

We direct attention of our readers to the advertisement of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railroad to be found in another column. Anyone contemplating a trip to Washington, New York, or any of the Virginia or Tennessee watering places, could not do better than to take this route.

We were very favorably impressed with Mr. Marmaduke, the Southern agent, and would say that he would take great pleasure in answering any inquiries addressed him at Atlanta.

Our efficient Post Master, Gen. W. O. Hutchinson, is making vast improvements in the Post Office here. He has already erected a partition wall that will enable him to leave the lock boxes accessible to the public at all hours, and has provided a desk and all the conveniences for letter writing for the benefit of the public. Add to this a most accommodating and punctual assistant, in the person of Walter Hammonds, and it will be found the people of Jacksonville are well fixed as regards their Post Office.

The Amateurs speak of putting another play upon the boards soon, in which event a portion of the proceeds of the last affair will be spent for suitable scenery for the new play. Twenty-one dramas and farces have been ordered from New York, under the direction of Mr. DeLeon of Mobile, from which to make suitable selections. Ample notice will be given of the time, and no pains will be spared to make the second entertainment more attractive than was the first.

We have been requested by one of our old and most respected citizens to compliment the young men of our town on their excellent behavior on the occasion of the late Dramatic Entertaiment. Both during the entertainment and the subsequent dance, the utmost order and decorum was observed, and not any person in the vast throng gave the slightest evidence of indulgence in the cup. Indeed, "Johnny" complained that he sold absolutely not one drop of "whis" during the whole affair. Such model conduct on the part of our young men is deserring of the highest praise, and it may encourage them in the pursuit of a like line of conduct in future to know that it has been remarked by our good citizens, and complimented most highly whenever the subject of the play has been introduced.

### Notes from the Oxford Tribune.

A part of DeArmanville locality, next to the creek, was visited by a hail, wind and rain Saturday before last. Some damage done to large corn.

Married—at Davisville, June 21st, by J. R. Scott, Esq., Wm. Boland to Miss Mollie Hand.

There is a severe type of distemper among the cattle at Bean's Gap, Cleburne county,

At the Regular Communication of Hartwell Lodge 101 A. F. M., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: S. C. Williams, W. M.; T. L. Robertson, S. W.; J. F. Graham, J. W.; D. P. Gunnells, Treas.; T. H. Barry, Sec'y; D. F. Shuford, Tyler.

The entertainment that was given at Jacksonville on the night of the 27th ult., was a grand success. The scenery for the play of the "Fair Maid of Croissey" was tastefully arranged, and the acting came fully up to the best class of amateur performance. The characters of "Francis" and "Austerlitz" were well sustained, respectively, by Messrs. L. W. Grant and J. H. Francis. The humorous simplicity of "Walter Barrier," the "much married" man, was represented by Mr. John M. Caldwell in his characteristic style, and brought forth continued applause. The acting of Misses Mary Avery Forney and Lizzie Hoke, as "Theresa" and "Manette" was charming. The "Dream in the Studio" eclipsed anything that we have seen outside of the Theatre, it being a representation of statuary, by throwing light upon the human form. Our opinion of the whiteness of marble has been overestimated. This feature of the entertainment was something new, and afforded enjoyment for all. Mrs. Jarley's wax figures kept the audience in a continual uproar. We never saw so much of life put into this exhibition as was done on this occasion.

Commissioners' Court was in session two days of this week, equalizing the assessment of property. It will meet again Monday, to consider plans for an iron cage in the jail, to render it more comfortable and secure. At its next meeting we understand the Court will reduce the rate of county taxation to a very considerable degree. Thanks to the able financial management of the Court it is able to do this and still meet legitimate county expenses.

[Advertisement.]

### A Card—To the Public.

From information and written evidence now in my possession, I am convinced that a report disparaging to my name has been created and promulgated by certain friends of one of my opponents in the canvass for the office of County Treasurer; and as the natural effect of such a report would be damaging to my chances for election I feel called upon, in justice to myself and others interested, to thus publicly denounce the report as false in every particular.

On or about the 1st day of June, 1877, Mr. R. F. Hughes, one of my competitors, while in conversation with a voter of Calhoun county in regard to the unsettled condition of Rev. J. C. McAuley's business as County Superintendent, told said voter that Mr. McAuley was all right himself, but that the *wrong* was with the County Treasurer, leaving the impression that money was in my hands that had not been accounted for. He also remarked that that matter would be *used* against me, and asked the said voter to investigate it and he felt confident he could not afterwards vote for me. Mr. Hughes then enjoined strict secrecy as to his (voters) authority for such information.

On or about the first day July, 1877, a friend, supporter and *relative* of Mr. R. F. Hughes made, to a voter of Calhoun county, a statement substantially the same as the one above referred to, leaving the impression that I was blamable with any discrepancy that appeared in the books of the Rev. J. C. McAuley.

I have the certificates of men to whom these reports were published, and they are men of honor, integrity and unquestionable veracity. These certificates can be seen and read by any one who may desire to do so.

The above reports are utterly untrue, and coming from such source constrains me to believe that my above named opponent seeks an advantage over me by their circulation. In vindication of myself, and as a complete refutation of said reports, I append to this Card an article from those most deeply interested in the adjustment of Mr. McAuley's business in connection with the office which his untimely death vacated.

I regret exceedingly the necessity which compelled me to resort to this public denial and denouncement of the things referred to, and the mention of an opponents name in this connection; but the voters of this county are entitled to know the truth or falsity of reports that are circulated by men who dare not hope for preferment upon their own merits and capabilities, but who expect to ride into office upon tricks and misrepresentations. I did hope that the canvass by the candidates for the office of County Treasurer would be conducted fairly and honorably.

Yours very truly.

I. L. SWAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA., July 12, 1877.

ALEXANDRIA, ALA., July 11, 1877.

We, the undersigned, hereby state for the information of the friends of Rev. J. C. McAuley, and the people of Calhoun county, that we have been pained to learn that certain persons in the county have fabricated and been endeavoring to circulate a base falsehood upon Mr. I. L. Swan (a candidate for County Treasurer), trying to make the impression that he had committed some great wrong, in regard to Rev. J. C. McAuley's business, as late County Superintendent. The business has been settled with us, so far as Mr. Swan is concerned, perfectly satisfactory, and with his efficient services in assisting us there has been money saved to the estate of deceased, and we are now satisfied that we will be able to finally settle up the business in strict justice both to us and the school fund, (which it takes time to do) and we must here say that we highly appreciate Mr. Swan's kindnes in assisting us in the matter, and could not commend him too highly for his faithfulness throughout; and we regard any reflection upon him in the matter as being wholly uncalled for and entirely unjust, and we believe that every fair minded man in the county (hundreds of whom have known him for years) will verify this statement, and sustain him from such unwarranted attacks as have been sought to be used.

J. D. McAULEY,
MRS. J. C. McAULEY.

## COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

CANE CREEK—Farmers are generally busy in their crops laying by. Corn and cotton both flourishing. Wheat and oats are stacked, ready for the thresher; so come on ye thresher men. Chickens are plentiful and fat. Whisky is scarce, and we want cake bread.

Tell "Mary Bridget" we are a poor, lone "widdy boy," fresh from the Emerald Isle, and don't want to be transplanted, but have no objection to transplanting some one; life's stream looks dark and cold, and I would like to get Mary to bridge it for me. For further information she can address me at Cane Creek P. O.

I agree heartily with the correspondent of the *Tribune* in regard to writers of anonymous letters, and think any one with three grains of sense will throw them in the fire as soon as he gets them, and pass them by with silent contempt.

We are having occasional rains and gardens look well, and like Mary B's spectacles, or eyes, are green.

PAT MCCARTY.

WEAVER'S STATION—We have an occasional rain and crops are looking tolerable well. Farmers are nearly all through with their present crop. Wheat is being threshed.

We have some sickness in our vicinity and some deaths. W. S. N. Smith Esq. lost a fine, handsome little boy on the 5th inst., named Thomas Hampton Smith, aged 2 months and 21 days, and he now has two girls that are not well. Mr. J. L. Turk also lost a child on the 8th.

Mr. J. M. Ledbetter is improving his residence, preparatory for his brother who is soon expected from off his bridal tour.

We have a very large Sabbath School at and near this place—I think about 60 scholars. We also have preaching by three different denominations—Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian, and prayer meeting once a week

T. & P.

MARSHALL.—Wheat threshing is about over. The yield not so good as was anticipated.

Health is very good.

Mr. J. M. Carrell has had the gold mania, and has been divining for aboriginal deposits, but so far has made no discoveries.

Dr. L. has the mammoth beet of this vicinity. He says it measures nineteen inches across. Huge proportions for a beet, being nearly equal to the "Ten Islands" snake.

In demonstration of the adage, "necessity is the mother of invention," the Dr. has discovered a novel mode of grazing stock, which he proposes to have patented, for the benefit of the stock grazing sections of the United States.

SANDY.

MARTIN'S CROSS ROADS.—We had a considerable storm last Friday evening. The wind blowed down timber and fences and done considerable damage to fruit and forward corn. Farmers are putting in double-quick time trying to get done laying by. The traveling threshers are moving with all possible speed, trying to thresh everybody's wheat. There seems to be several competitors, each one trying to excel the other. Toll is what's the matter.

Wheat is turning out very well—better than many expected.

What has become of all the candidates? I have not seen or heard of one being in five miles of this settlement in two weeks.

I hear of some sickness about, mostly among children, but no deaths.

Rev. Uriah Earnest preached last Sunday at Morrisville. Rev. T. K. Trotter preaches next Sunday (the 3rd) at Cane Creek. We have plenty of preachers of all kinds, and the morality of our neighborhood ought to be good.

MARION.

### A CARD.

*Editors Republican:*—Owing to the fact that my farming interests demand so much of my time that I cannot make a thorough canvass of the county I have decided not to run the race through for Tax Assessor, and you will oblige me by dropping my name from the list of candidates for that office.

Wishing my competitors a happy time from now until the first Monday in August, I am.

Yours Respectfully,

J. M. MOORE.

### OBITUARY.

In memory of CHARLES ADDERHOLD, little son of D. H. and M. E. Adderhold, who died near Jacksonville, Ala., June 23rd, ult., agec 3 years and 3 days.

He's dead! yes, lying beneath the clod,
While friends behind are weeping—
Yet we know he's gone to God,
And is not dead, but sleeping.

His earthly pilgrimage is o'er,
He's gone where angels greet him—
Where pain and death is felt no more,
And Jesus too awaits him.

The bud was plucked before it bloomed;
It robbed us of our hope and joy—
Nor 'till we from earth are moved
Meet our dear little boy.

Father, raise thy drooping head,
Mother, weep no more,
The lamb of God hath many led,
Can lead as many more.

Now thine hearts to Jesus give,
He will give you rest.
For he died, that all might live,
In that home of the Blest.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

We were exposed last week to a pitless storm, that wet our feet and stockings, and indeed our person all over. In fact we took a crackling cold, which brought sore throat and severe symptoms of fever. The good wife asserted her authority, plunged our feet in hot water, wrapped us in hot blankets, and sent our faithful son for a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is a splendid medicine—pleasant to take, and did the job. We slept soundly through the night, and awoke well the next morning. We know we owe our quick recovery to the Pectoral, and shall not hesitate to recommend it to all who need such a medicine.—*Tehuacana (Texas) Presbyterian.*

### The Attention of Farmers is called to our *American Mammoth Rye; or Diamond Wheat.*

For Fall or Spring Sowing. A new Variety, entirely distinct from the Common Rye or any other Grain ever Introduced.

It was first found growing wild on the Humboldt River, Nevada; since which time it has been successfully cultivated wherever tried. It yields from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre. Mr. A. J. Dufur, United States Centennial Commissioner from Oregon, asserts that he has known it to yield eighty seven and a half bushels to the acre. It was awarded the highest and only premium at the United States' Centennial Exposition, and pronounced the finest and only grain of the kind on exhibition.

It has been grown as a Fall and Spring grain with equal success. Single grains measuring one-half inch in length, and the average close to that.

Price per package 25 cents; Five packages, $1 00; one dozen packages, $2 00. Sent post paid by mail

Agents wanted everywhere to introduce this Wheat.

NOTICE.—We are in no way connected with any other Seed House in Cleveland or Chattanooga. All orders, letters, e.c., should be addressed thus

S. Y. HAYNES & Co.,
Cleveland, Bradley co., Tenn.

Samples sent free on receipt of a Three cent stamp. May 9, 1877—4t.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovic Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Macon, Jan. 8, 1876.

Dear Bro. Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit from any. Since conference some one sent me from Americus a bottle of Thrash's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now, this is the ninth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I came here, among other things, to supply myself with this medicine. No druggist here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thrash & Co., show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on finely.

(Signed) LOVIC PIERCE.

For sale by Dr W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville Ala. Sep. 23.—3m.

### THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

### MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin Dyspeptics made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without advertising, its sale has become immense. Druggists in EVERYTOWN in the United States are selling it. No person suffering with Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, etc., can take three doses without relief. Go to your Druggist Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottle 10 cents

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

### CIGARS.

Come, everybody, and smoke and treat your friends. Good Cigars at MADDOX & PRIVETT'S. Three for 10 cents.

Good Chewing Tobacco at the Red Store for 10 cents a plug.

Factory Yarn at Maddox & Privett's for $1.00 per bunch.

MADDOX & PRIVETT are selling good brown Sugar 8 lbs for $1.00.

MADDOX & PRIVETT will buy all the green beef hides you will bring them.

If you ride on horseback go to MADDOX & PRIVETTS and get you a good, neat Saddle Blanket. It will save its cost in preserving your pants one year.

A few pair of neat, strong and durable buggy harness on hand, will be sold cheap for cash or exchanged for wheat or flour. Apply at once at the Red Store.

Riding, Driving and Plow Bridles, Hames, Collars and Whips, at the very bottom prices, at

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Prepare in time for the immense crop of peaches that will soon be ripe, and supply yourself with those Shelby Ware Fruit Jars at the Red Store; also the Gem Self-sealing Glass Jar at $2 per dozen.

A few dozen excellent floor and hearth brooms at the Red Store.

## Second and Last NOTICE.

PERSONS who have not yet paid their taxes, if they wish to avoid cost and trouble, must call upon the undersigned immediately and pay their corporation and water tax.

anWM. H. FLEMING, Collector.
July 14, 1877—3t.

## DR. J. R. GARBER

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention. Special attention given to all *chronic* diseases.

Office on South street, two doors below the Wyl House. June 9 tf

## IMPORTANT.

### W. W. NESBIT

IS NOW prepared with Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper to do all kinds of work and repairing on Sorghum Machinery.

SMOKE STACKS of superior construction, which will make more Molasses in a shorter time than any other, a *specialty*.

MEASURES, SKIMMERS, DIPPERS, &c. constantly on hand for sale.

RAPID SORGHUM COOLER.—The best thing ever invented. Does away with the necessity of cooling in barrels.

Terms cash, or good barter.

Jacksonville, May 26, .877.

### "BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

**Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad,**

Taking Effect Sunday, June 3, 1877.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5:40 a m | Leave | Selma, | Arrive | 9.50 a m |
| 7:38 " | " | Randolph, | " | 7:18 " |
| 9:20 " | " | Calera, | " | 5:25 " |
| 11.22 " | " | Talladega, | " | 2:36 " |
| 12 23 p. m. | " | Oxford, | " | 1.24 " |
| 12.31 " | " | Anniston, | " | 1.12 " |
| 1.02 " | " | Jacksonville, | " | 12.36 " |
| 2.11 " | " | Stonewall, | " | 11.09 p m |
| 2.18 " | " | Tecumseh, | " | 11.00 " |
| 2.25 " | " | Pryor's, | " | 10.50 " |
| 2 45 " | " | Cave Spring | " | 10.25 " |
| 3 30 " | " | Rome, | " | ..... |
| 4 12 " | Arrive | Plainville | Leave | 8.25 " |
| 4 30 " | Leave | Plainville | Arrive | 8.05 " |
| 5.40 " | Arrive | Dalton, | Leave | 6.35 " |

Through Sleepers will run from Vicksburg to Lynchburg without change.

Connecting at Dalton with E. T., V. & Ga. R. R for Eastern Virginia cities, Virginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities

Close connection at Calera for Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans.

Close connection at Selma with Ala. Cen. R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans, and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations.

M. STANTON, Gen. Supt. RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agt.
April 7, 1877.

### Administrator's Sale OF Personal Property.

UNDER and by virtue of an Order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, the undersigned, as the administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth G. Walker, deceased, will,

**On Saturday the 21st day of July, 1877.**

Proceed to sell upon the premises of the undersigned, all the Personal Property of said estate, consisting of One MULE, and HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE—A credit until 1st day of January, 1878. Note and approved security will be required to secure the purchase money.

JOHN F. WALKER,
Administrator.

June 23, 1877—3t.

### *Notice to Creditors.*

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY. }

Probate Court, Special Term, May 15th, 1877.

Elizabeth G. Walker, dec.—Estate of.

LETTERS of Administration upon the Estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of May, 1877, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate court of Calhoun county: Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present them within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.

JOHN F. WALKER,
June 23, 1877—3t. Adm'r.

### POSTPONED SHERIFF SALE.

BY virtue of one Pls. fa. issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of W. Dickie, Administrator of E C Dickie, deceased, and against Elyphus Crossley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala. on the FIRST MONDAY IN AUGUST next, the following described land, to-wit: The west half of north-east fourth, & north east [illegible] east fourth, and north west [illegible] east fourth of north [illegible] 10, township 15, range [illegible] west fourth of south east [illegible] 3, township 15, of range [illegible] perty of defendant, to satisfy said [illegible].

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.

May 12—4t.

## The Rome Hotel.

Within Ten Step of the Rail Road.

BROAD STREET, ROME, GEORGIA.

NO OMNIBUS NEEDED.

The Hotel is situated in the principal business square of the city, is New and Clean from Bottom to Top, having been

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

In the last sixty days, and has received an addition of fourteen

ELEGANT, AIRY AND CONVENIENT ROOMS, NEWLY FURNISHED.

The Hotel is abundantly supplied with Fresh Milk, Butter and Vegetables from our own Dairy and Garden.

Rates Two Dollars per day, or seventy-five cents for single meal and single lodging, with no extra charge for handling baggage.

Representatives from the principal business houses of the city can be found boarding in the Hotel.

J. A. STANSBURY, Proprietor.
sept 30—1y.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1853.)

## H. A. SMITH

*ROME, GA.*

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**Bookseller and Music Dealer**

KEEPS constantly on hand, a large stock of School and Miscellaneous BOOKS, Stationery and Fancy Articles—Pianos and Organs, at prices that will defy competition in any market in the South.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

## CROQUET SETS

*In Wood Boxes* $1.50,

and upwards, complete. Orders by mail promptly filled—heavy discounts to Merchants and Schools. Jan. 27, 1877.

## Fashionable *Millinery.*

THE undersigned have just received a full stock of fine and fashionable material for Millinery: Ribbons, Laces, Ties, &c. Trimmed HATS of every variety and price, from 75 cents to $10 00.

LADIES DRESSES cut and made in the latest styles.

Room back of W. A. Dobbs's Dry Goods Store.

Ladies respectfully invited to call and examine Goods.

Misses KATE & LOU CRAWFORD.
Jacksonville, Oct. 21, 1876—tf.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### For County Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce
ISAAC L. SWAN,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
THOMAS L. WAKELEY,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
E. L. WOODWARD, Sr.,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
R. F. (Tobe) HUGHES,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH A. JONES
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. P. CROOK
as a candidate for County Treasurer.

### For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce
Capt C. W. BREWTON,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
Humphrey Posey Whiteside,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
M. D. C. SPRADLEY,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
E McCLELEN,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES M. WEBSTER,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH BORDEN
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun count

We are authorized to announce
JEROME B. SMITH,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. F. JORDAN,
as a Candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

### For Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN A. GLENN,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
W. F. HANNA,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
HON. A. WOODS,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
SAMUEL B. WHITE, Sr.
as a candidate for Tax Assessor for Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
A. B. LEDBETTER,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
ALFRED MOORE MORGAN,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WM. W. WEAVER
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

### For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce
B. J. (SEAB.) MATTHEWS,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. F. SHUFORD,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. L. GOODLETT,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WILLIAM J. BROCK,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. J. CLARK,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county

We are authorized to announce
JOHN H. CRAWFORD,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. A. STEWART,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

### For County Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce
R. H. GRIFFIN,
of Peek's Hill Beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
AD. LITTLEJOHN
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
BAILEY G. McCLELEN,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. C. SCARBROUGH,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES D. HOLLINGSWORTH,
of Beat No. 7, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WARREN HARRIS,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
MATTHEW E. EZELLE,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
Capt. M. H. FOWLER,
of Oxford Beat, No. 13, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
A. M. STEWART.
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH L. KIRBY,
of the south-west portion of the county, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
A. D. WILKINS,
of Alexandria beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
MARK DRISKELL,
as a candidate for Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce
L. H. WAURON,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

### For Bailiff.

We are authorized to announce
ROBERT F. RILEY,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
MARTIN McGINNIS,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
GEORGE W. LEACH,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
RUFUS ALEXANDER
as a candidate for Coroner.

We are authorized to announce
M. S. RAZEMORE
as a candidate for Coroner.

## Ayer's *Hair Vigor,*

**For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.**

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

PREPARED BY

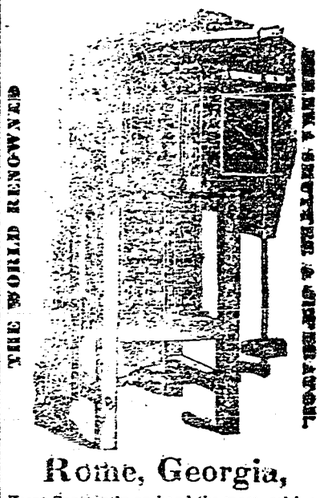
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

*Practical and Analytical Chemists.*

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

W. M. NISBET, Agent,
Jacksonville, Ala.

## J. J. Cohen,




### Rome, Georgia,

Keeps Constantly on hand the most celebrated and latest MILL MACHINERY, at Manufacturer's prices. Also, Importer of the Double Anchor Dutch Bolting Cloth, French Burr and Esopus MILL STONES, Double Turbine Water Wheel, and an assortment of Belting, &c. Dec. 30 '71.—1y.

## R. T. HOYT,

(Successor to W. D. HOYT & co.)

### Wholesale Druggist,

No. 43 BROAD STREET, ROME, Ga

Keeps constantly on hand,

*DRUGS, Field & Grass Seeds* of all kinds; ONION SETTS; Seed Irish Potatoes;

Buist's GARDEN SEEDS;

WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c

Rome, Ga. Jan. 20, 1877—tf.

## LIVERY & SALE STABLE

HAVING bought the entire half interest of J W Fullenwider in the stock and outfit of the late Hammond & Fullenwider's Stable, we will continue the same business place, and hope that by fair dealing and reasonable charges to merit a liberal share of patronage. A stable is an indispensable necessity to all villages, and we hope our citizens may give us sufficient patronage to make the stable self-sustaining. We will also continue the mail Hack to and from Gadsden daily except Sabbaths.

Price for Gadsden Hack $3 00 through or $5 00 return.

Hack to and from depot 25c day 50c night.

Horse, single feed 25c or $1 00 per day.

Horse and Buggy per day, ..... $2 00

Hack and two horses per day, ..... $3 00.

Waggons, Hacks, Buggies and Horses always on hand.

W. B. HAMMOND,
J. D. HAMMOND, Agent.

—Oct 7

## AGRICULTURAL.

NEGLECT OF PASTURES.—This is the only country in the world, the Chicago *Times* says, where any pretensions are made to good farming, that no attention is given to improving pastures. In taking up a new farm, the poorest portion is invariably set apart for the pasture. After the best portions are planted and sown to annual crops as long as they will pay the cost of cultivation, the land is seeded down to grass. This is cut and cured for hay until the farmer is ashamed of the small amount he gets from an acre, when he concludes that he will convert the field into a pasture. He seldom seems to think that his pasture is his great source of wealth; that his cows get from it the materials which furnish milk; that the grass it produces makes most of the wool, beef and mutton he has to sell, and that all the young cattle obtain their living from the pasture about seven months in every year. He seems to forget that he and his teams work all summer chiefly to obtain food which the stock consumes during the winter, while his pastures furnish a supply for a longer period without any labor being expended upon them.

Land once turned out to pasture is doomed to neglect so long as it is devoted to that purpose. Weeds and bushes are permitted to spring up and spread at will. As the grass in places becomes killed out the spots are allowed to remain barren. A large proportion of the stock kept in the pasture are yarded at night, and most of their droppings are left, when they are taken to cultivate fields. Even those that fall on the pastures are not broken up and scattered as they should be. The rank grasses which spring up, but which are not eaten by the stock, are allowed to go to seed, and in this way gradually extend over a large portion of the ground. No Western farmer thinks to apply farm-yard, mineral or commercial fertilizers to his pastures. If a portion of it happens to become rich by the cattle, sheep or colts remaining on it during the night, the chances are that he will plow it up and put it in cultivated crops, and turn out another piece of land that is in too poor condition to produce corn, grain or hay.

In England pastures receive constant attention, and increase in productiveness year by year. They are generally in so high a state of fertility that a good crop of hay may be harvested from them if the stock is taken off, as is done occasionally. They are manured like lands which produce annual crops, the fertilizers being applied late in the fall or very early in the spring. They are ordinarily mown at least once every season so as to keep down the weeds and coarse grasses. By cutting them off, short grasses spring up, while the weeds and rank grasses that are cut down help to enrich the soil. The turf once well established may not be turned during a century but it is occasionally scarified by a utensil made especially for the purpose, so as to lay bare some fresh soil, on which the seed of more valuable grasses may be sown. A great variety of grasses is produced on English pastures, and attention is given to seeding peculiar soils and locations with grasses that are adapted to them. In this country little or no attention is given to this matter, but the grasses are left to establish themselves as best they will. In some localities white clover, redtop and blue grass, all good pasture grasses, will, by a process of self-seeding or extension of their roots, establish themselves over a considerable amount of ground. Under unfavorable circumstances, however, sorrel, burdock, thistles and coarse grasses will take possession of the land.

CULTIVATION OF PEAS FOR FAMILY USE.—We take the following extract from the report of the Maine State Pomological Society, and the method recommended seems a good one for suburban gardens: Dig trenches in a warm, sheltered location, soon after the frost leaves the ground, about one and a half feet wide and three feet apart; fill the bottom with old compost and cover the manure with loam, upon which sow the peas very thick and cover them six inches deep. After the first weeding insert in the ground a row of sticks on each side of the trenches or rows, so that the tops of the sticks shall be at least five feet above the surface of the ground. The advantages of this mode of cultivation are, that this vegetable comes up strong and vigorous, is not preyed upon by fowls and pigeons, is not so easily pulled up, is not so much affected by the drought of summer, is more prolific and furnishes peas for a longer season, or about three weeks.

## SCIENTIFIC.

*The Alchemy of Light.*—The remarkable qualities of blue glass have, like all great innovations from time immemorial, been treated with ridicule by many persons. It cannot but be conceded, however, by the most inveterate old fogy that it is no more surprising that colored glass should have peculiar effects on the human system than that a few lenses should bring clear to the eye celestial worlds millions of miles away. The little spectroscope identifies the elements of the solar system with a faithfulness that few can now dispute, telling us of the carbon, sulphur, phosphorus, oxygen, hydrogen, &c. Will any one be startled if it be shown that the blue color of the sky, so permanent and all-pervading, and yet so varying in intensity, according to season and latitude, must have some abiding relation and intimate connection with the living organisms of this planet? Sir Isaac Newton, by the prism, found seven rays in the white light, but later scientists have resolved them into three primary rays—red for heat, yellow for illuminating, and blue for stimulating vegetable life. Life, animal and vegetable, it has been clearly defined, owes its existence in the main to electricity, which is one explanation why certain soils are unprolific. California, the land of electric atmospheres, earthquakes and blue sky, produces gigantic trees and extraordinary vegetable growth. The people of new and electric countries and sunny lands are tall in stature, whereas, under dreary skies they are stunted. If electricity makes the aurora, why may it not be related to the blue empyrean? Every one has noticed that the electric spark in atmospheric air is true blue. The green foliage of vegetation is thought by many to be the union of the blue ray with the yellow of the earth. From all of which it may be inferred that blue light may be studied with advantage.—*Baltimore American.*

*Boring for Coal in Switzerland.*—A remarkable example of rapidity in deep boring has recently been furnished by the first bore hole put down by a company formed to search for coal in Switzerland. A depth of 1,422 feet was reached in two months, including the reboring of the upper 640 feet from 9½ inches to 7 inches in diameter. The work was done, including all delays, at a rate of over 1,000 feet per month, the highest speed being nearly 77 feet in 24 hours. The results obtained were negative, the section showing about 1,200 feet of Permian strata resting upon old crystalline rocks; but the trial is only the first of a series.

## DOMESTIC.

CARPETS.—There is no question, says a lady in the *American Grocer*, but the bare painted floors of a German or Swiss home make the air of a house much more healthful to breathe than the thickly-carpeted English or American ones. Think of the accumulation of a year's dust under, or in, the substance of a carpet; rising in an imperceptible cloud at every foot-fall, to be inhaled by the lungs of all the dwellers in the house. Few housekeepers think of raising their carpets more than once, or at the most, twice a year—and under the prevailing fashion of covering every jog and corner of floor, and nailing the whole down with a firm, solid line of tacks, it is too formidable a task to undertake, except at those heroic periods of a woman's history yclept house-cleaning. Of course in this climate we cannot do without our warm carpets, not to speak of the fact that we have become accustomed to the furnished look which a carpet gives, and could not easily renounce it. Clearly we must have them, but a carpet would answer all the requirements of warmth and color, without covering every inch of floor, and without being nailed down.

A square of carpet which leaves bare a foot, or two feet of space along the sides of the wall for the chairs and furniture is quite as nice in effect, and has the advantage of being easily handled and shaken. Such a one, for an ordinary sized room, can be taken out of doors weekly or fortnightly, and hung upon the line, or laid upon the snow or grass, for a good sweeping or beating, and brings in with it a sense of cleanliness, when it is again laid down, which is highly refreshing. The writer of this adopted this plan some ten years ago, and finds such comfort in it that she feels impelled to state some of its advantages.

Firstly, then, there is the wholesomeness.

Secondly, saving of labor; a room covered with a square of carpet being much more easily kept clean than one entirely covered.

Thirdly, economy; as the amount of carpet which usually covers one floor, will in this case, nearly cover two.

And fourthly, the deliverance from annual or semi-annual house cleaning, which is so dreaded and so necessary in every household where carpets are nailed down, and must be "taken up."

Of course the space of floor which is left uncovered should be painted, and it is a very good plan to paint it in stripes to imitate the floors laid of alternate pine or oak and black walnut. When the planks are of uniform width, this effect can be produced by painting the half of every board (longitudinally) in dark brown, leaving the other half the natural color; if it is then oiled, a very poor floor will look well and be easily taken care of.

For ordinary rooms, a binding finishes the square of carpet sufficiently, but where something in the way of ornament is desired, a black yarn fringe, or a fringe of woolen cloth cut in short strips, or a border of carpet of some other color than the square central piece, answers the purpose well, and gives the look of a large rug, which is the thing to be desired. Every ingenious, intelligent woman will see how possible it is to make nice central rugs from carpets which are very much the worse for wear, by taking the unworn edges and putting them together and using the worn parts for fringes and borders. A painted floor, such as we have described above, is in summer pleasant and cool-looking without even the square of carpet.

WINE JELLY.—Two pounds white sugar; one pint Sherry wine; one pint cold water; one package of Cox's gelatine; juice of two lemons, and grated rind of one; one quart of boiling water; one good pinch of cinnamon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water one hour; add to this the sugar, lemons, and cinnamon; pour over all a quart of boiling water, and stir until the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Put in the wine; strain through a double flannel bag without squeezing; wet your molds with cold water, and set the jelly away in them to cool.

CRAZY BISCUIT.—Three pints of milk, five teacupfuls of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt; boil the milk, and then cool, stir in flour, making it a little thicker than pancake batter; add the salt, and when lukewarm put in the yeast. In the morning, add one egg, half cup sugar, one teaspoonful saleratus, mix, and let stand to rise; when light, make into biscuits; let rise again, and bake in a medium oven.

APPLE-BUTTER.—Apple-butter, or, as the Yankees call it, "Pennsylvania apple-sass." Take three gallons of cider, five pounds of white sugar; one bushel and a half of apples. First boil and skim your cider. Let it boil half an hour. Stew your apples in a portion of your cider. When your sauce is thick and glossy add the cider and sugar. Season with cloves, etc.

TO DRESS FISH A SECOND TIME.—To a small quantity of fish taken from the bones, add four tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two eggs, two ounces of butter, a little essence of anchovy, and a little pepper and salt. Mix these all well together; then steam it until well heated through.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE for potatoes is hasty-pudding of "mush" fried after the meat. Make the pudding and let it stand until cold, cut in slices and fry a nice brown.

### Mrs. Browning and Her Dog.

The following little anecdote will not be laughed at by any but the unhappy wretches who have the misfortune "to lead a dogless life:" "Yes I have recovered my pet," writes Mrs. Browning. "No, I have 'idealized' none of the dog-stealing. I had no time, I was crying while he was away, and I was accused so loudly of 'siliiness' and 'childishness' afterward that I was glad to dry my eyes and forget my misfortune by way of rescuing my reputation. After all, it was excusable that I cried. Flushie is my friend—my companion—and loves me better than he loves the sunshine without. Oh, and if you had seen him when he came home and threw himself into my arms, palpitating with joy—in that dumb inarticulate ecstacy which is so affecting—love without speech! 'You had better give your dog somethin to eat,' said the thief to my brother when he yielded up his prize for a bribe, 'for he has tasted nothing since he has been with us.' And he has been with them for three days, and yet his heart was so full when he came home that he could not eat, but shrank away from the plate and laid his head on my shoulder. The spirit of love conquered the animal appetite even in that dog. He is worth loving. Is he not?"

## HUMOROUS.

FACING DEATH. — Brother Gardner was yesterday whitewashing the back end of the oil house on Catharine street, when the staging gave way and he had a fall of about fifteen feet. He was senseless when picked up, but a man poured about a gallon of water down his back and brought him to. Mr. Gardner then explained matters to the reporters:

"Waal, I was up da, an' dar was de house an' dar was de scaffold, an' dar we all was. I was jess drawin' dat brush aroun' to kill when I felt a goneness. Seemed I was prancin' aroun' on de air wid no chance to dig in my toes."

"Why didn't you fall at once and have the affair off your mind?" asked a policeman.

"Why didn't I fall? Why, sah, I was falling all de time. I went down 'bout fifty feet head fust, an' den I changed an' went sideways, an' den I struck on one foot and boaf ears. All dis time I was doin' some powerful thinkin', I was."

"Did you think of oysters fried with crumbs?" asked a reporter.

"Doan't be talkin' dat way, boy. I 'membered all my bad deeds when I was gwine down, an' I called out dat I would lib a better life if de shock didn't kill me."

In the group was a colored man whose face brightened at these words, and he softly asked:

"Brudder Gardner, doan't you 'member de two dollars you borrowed o' me?"

"I do."

"Den pay it—han' it over. De shock did n't kill you, and now begin on dat better life."

"Brudder Jones," solemnly replied Gardner, "de shock didn't kill me dead, but befo' I pays out my money I's gwine to await de result o' my nervous system. I 'pears to be all right, but possumly I may be fatally injured in some of de corners and not know it fo' a month. G'lang, Brudder Jones, an' doan't rob de cradle an' de grave."

"SHE may be a very good woman," gasped Tomson, his breath almost choked off by the tightness of his new shirt, while the wrists were so loose that they seemed not to be buttoned at all; "she may be a very good woman, but she don't understand the practical application of topographical engineering to a fine shirt."

A MISS of seventeen summers has concluded to marry a big man for her first husband, and a little one for the second, so that she can cut the clothes of the first down, and make them over for his successor. Thus the hard times force home lessons of rigid economy and practical sense upon tender childhood.

"MAY they always live in peace and harmony," was the way in which an editor, wound up a notice of the marriage of a couple of friends; and it came out in his paper the next morning: "May they always live on peas and hominy."

"LET us discuss," says the *Woman's Journal*, "the question why a woman can pin on a man's collar the first time trying, when the very same pin, if engineered by a man, would double up and run backward to stick in his thumb."

"THE Prussians attacked Nancy yesterday," said a young man to his grandmother. "Well, well," said the old lady, wiping her spectacles, "I didn't think they'd be mean enough to strike a woman."

*SAID a faded belle to a fresh young rival:* "You are having a great triumph to-night. I wonder what your enemies will say how?" "I was just going to ask you," was the keen retort.

'I SHOULD have no objection,' said a henpecked husband, 'to my wife's having the last word, if I could only be assured that it would be the last.'

WHY are country girls' cheeks like well-printed cotton? Because they are "warranted to wash and keep their color."

A BOY READ that "the good die young," and is now going to be bad for self-protection.

WHAT is that by losing an eye has nothing but a nose left?—A noise.

CELERY is good for the nerves—but these times salary is better.

AT WHAT time was Adam born? Just before Eve.

HUSH MONEY—The price of a family cradle.

### California.

Many are the peculiarities of California. For example, the average of crops in California is only one full crop in three years, one fair crop, and one failure. But with reliable irrigation, every year will be sure of a full crop if well farmed and free from rust, &c. This is proved on some 20,000 acres now irrigated, where the harvest promise excites the envy and admiration of every one. Besides, irrigation enables the farmer to vary his crops and to double his hay and pasture, it trebles the toil, but it quadruples the product. Farming in California without artificial irrigation is vexatious, and in the end unprofitable. A letter from there to the Baltimore *Sun* says:

"Sheep suffer terribly from semi herbage. Hundreds of thousands have been driven from the extensive ranges of the southern half of California into the northern counties and across the mountains into Nevada. Fifty cents a head is the price of a shorn sheep. Mutton is the best meat. It is always free from the unpleasant flavor known on the Atlantic. In the markets, at retail, choice pieces are 8 cents a pound.

There is no such thing as buckskin shoe leather in San Francisco. Yet buckskin can be worn nine months in the year. The long drought shrinks and stiffens other leather. Patent leather is unfit for wear, because it shrinks and cracks. The objection to buckskin is there is no dry application to clean it, else the demand would be large. Many years ago there was a black stick which cleaned buckskin; it was applied dry. If this could be revived some Eastern shoemaker would do a good business by making buckskin shoes for California. Split leather will not answer.

Orange marmalade is a great relief to our overstocked supplies of oranges. It pays the curer, but the price does not pay the producer directly. Incidentally it benefits him by keeping the surplus from breaking the market. The consumption of orange marmalade is very large in Great Britain. It is all made in Scotland, where that fruit never grows. It is plucked green and bitter in Messina, Sicily, and were it not for artificial flavoring it would not pass for orange confection. Our California Oranges are inferior, but they are near by and may be allowed to ripen before shipment.


Bring distinctly before your own mind the well-known fact that children delight as much in exercising their minds as their limbs, provided only that which is presented to them be suited to their capacities, and adapted to their strength.

**Disease Is an Antagonist**

That should be attacked the instant he shows himself. Don't wait. At him before his nails are grown, and wipe him out. The great alterative and invigorant of the age, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will speedily infuse such healthful tone into your organism that it will be enabled to successfully resist future attacks. The Bitters prevent and remedy chills and fever and bilious remittents, and eradicate dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatic ailments, urinary and uterine difficulties. It is particularly beneficial when the system has been drained of its vitality or is inherently deficient in strength. The nerves gather from it both vigor and tranquility. But while it imparts strength and gives a wholesome stimulus to the animal economy, it does not unduly excite it like the cheap exhilarants sometimes resorted to under the erroneous impression that they can invigorate.

PATENTS.—References, terms, and all necessary information furnished by Worth Osgood, (late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Office) Att'y and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. Correspondence invited.

**"The Boys in Blue."**

This is the name of a bright 8 page monthly paper published at the National Capitol and devoted to pensions, bounties, claims, patents, and the army and navy. It is published by Nathan W. Fitzgerald, at the remarkably low price of twenty-five cents per annum. The general reading matter is most excellent, and the department devoted especially to the interest of soldiers and their representatives is very valuable. We advise every ex-soldier to send twenty-five cents to Nathan W. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C., and receive THE BOYS IN BLUE for one year.—*Storm Lake Pilot.* (Iowa.)

From the *Schuylkill Republican*, Minersville, Schuylkill County, Pa., April 28, 1877.

**Silver Plated Ware.**

We have received from the National Silver Plating Company, Philadelphia, a half a dozen of their teaspoons, advertised elsewhere in this paper, and after subjecting them to severe test are satisfied that they are even better than the *solid silver, since they are stronger* and brighter—while the size and pattern are most desirable. We have an arrangement with the company by which the subscribers and readers of the REPUBLICAN can get a half a dozen of these spoons with their initials engraved on each piece for the nominal price of seventy-five cents. All letters ordering silverware must be sent direct to the Silver Plating Company, Philadelphia, and no time should be spared in ordering, as our arrangement will only last ninety days. We have a sample of the spoons in our possession, which we shall be happy to show to all desiring to avail themselves of this splendid opportunity. There is no humbug in the matter, as you will learn.

**Mothers, Mothers, Mothers.**

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

**Rheumatism Quickly Cured.**

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great *Internal Medicine*, will positively cure any case of rheumatism on the face of the earth. Price $1 a bottle, six bottles, $5. Sold by all Druggists. Send for circular to Helphenstine & Bentley, Druggists, Washington, D. C.

# VEGETINE

—WILL CURE—

## SCROFULA,

### Scrofulous Humor.

VEGETINE will eradicate from the system every taint of Scrofula and Scrofulous Humor. It has permanently cured thousands in Boston and vicinity who had been long and painful sufferers.

### Cancer, Cancerous Humor.

The marvellous effect of VEGETINE in case of Cancer and Cancerous Humor challenges the most profound attention of the medical faculty, many of whom are prescribing VEGETINE to their patients.

### Canker.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inflexible case of Canker.

### Mercurial Diseases.

The VEGETINE meets with wonderful success in the cure of this class of diseases.

### Salt Rheum.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, &c., will certainly yield to the great alterative effects of VEGETINE.

### Erysipelas.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inveterate cases of Erysipelas.

### Pimples and Humors on the Face.

Reason should teach us that a blotchy, rough or pimpled skin depends entirely upon an internal cause, and no outward application can ever cure the defect. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

### Tumors, Ulcers or Old Sores

Are caused by an impure state of the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with VEGETINE, and these complaints will disappear.

### Catarrh.

For this complaint the only substantial benefit can be obtained through the blood. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

### Constipation.

VEGETINE does not act as a cathartic to debilitate the bowels, but cleanses all the organs, enabling each to perform the functions devolving upon them.

### Piles.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who have been long and painful sufferers.

### Dyspepsia.

If VEGETINE is taken regularly, according to directions, a certain and speedy cure will follow its use.

### Faintness at the Stomach.

VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitters which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic, which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

### Female Weakness.

VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs and allays inflammation.

### General Debility.

In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood.

**VEGETINE**

Prepared by

**H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.**

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

A PERFECT FIT.

I will send by mail a Dress, Basque, Sacque, Polonaise Wrapper, a Skirt Pattern cut to measure for fifty cents. Shirts and Ladies' and Children's Suits made to order. As a sample I will send prepaid, a Calico Princess Wrapper made to fit and the proper pattern for $2.00. Send postal for rules for self measurement. Mrs. ARANDA S. CASH, 231 N. 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TYPE FOR ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES. The National Type Co. Catalogue 6c. Philadelphia, Pa.

20 LOVELY RUSTIC BORDER CARDS with name 10c. Agents' outfit 10c. C. VANS & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

50 VISITING CARDS, with name, 10c. and stamp. Agent's Outfit 10c. J. WEBER, 256 Broome St., N. Y.

30 LOVELY BIRD CARDS, with name, 10c., 25 Masonic, 18c. Agent's outfit 10c. C. VANS & Co., N. Chatham, N. Y.

# POND'S EXTRACT.

## POND'S EXTRACT.

The People's Remedy.

The Universal Pain Extractor.

Note: Ask for **Pond's Extract.**

Take no other.

**"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."**

**POND'S EXTRACT**—The great **Vegetable Pain Destroyer.** Has been in use over **thirty years,** and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

**CHILDREN.** **No family** can afford to be without **Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains,** are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains of **Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns,** etc. Arrests inflammation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discoloration and heals rapidly.

**LADIES** find it their best friend. It assuages the pains to which they are **peculiarly** subject—notably fullness and pressure in the head, nausea, vertigo, &c. It promptly ameliorates and permanently heals all kinds of **Inflammations** and **ulcerations.**

**HEMORRHOIDS** or **PILES** find in this the *only* immediate relief and ultimate cure. No case, however chronic or obstinate can long resist its regular use.

**VARICOSE VEINS.** It is the only sure cure.

**KIDNEY DISEASES.** It has no equal for permanent cure.

**BLEEDING** from any cause. For this it is a **specific.** It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from **nose, stomach, lungs,** and elsewhere.

**TOOTHACHE, Earache, Neuralgia** and **Rheumatism** are all alike relieved, and often permanently cured.

**PHYSICIANS** of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings** of all kinds, **Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils,** simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh** (for which it is a *specific*), **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Musquitoes, Chapped Hands, Face,** and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

**TOILET USE.** Removes **Soreness, Roughness** and **Smarting;** heals **Cuts, Eruptions** and **Pimples.** It *restores, invigorates* and *refreshes,* while wonderfully improving the **Complexion.**

**TO FARMERS.—Pond's Extract.** No Stock Breeder, no Livery Man can afford to be without it. It is used by all the leading Livery Stables, Street Railroads and first Horsemen in New York City. It has no equal for Bruises, Harness or Saddle Chafings, Stiffness, Scratches, Swellings, Cuts, Lacerations, Bleedings, Pneumonia, Colic, Diarrhœa, Chills, Colds, &c. Its range of action is wide, and relief it affords is so prompt that it is invaluable in every Farm-yard as well as in every Farm-house. Let it be tried once, and you will never be without it.

**CAUTION! Pond's Extract** has been imitated. The genuine article has the words **Pond's Extract** blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the **only persons living** who ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

**HISTORY and Uses of Pond's Extract,** in pamphlet form, sent free on application to **POND'S EXTRACT CO. 2 PANY,** 98 Maiden Lane, New York.

# S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,

## Advertising Agents,

## No. 37 Park Row,

## NEW YORK,

Desire to call the attention of Business Men, who wish to reach the reading public, to the following

FACTS:

1.—They have been in the Advertising business for nearly thirty years, and given it constant attention and study during that time.

2.—They have had, and continue to have, cordial business relations with all the newspapers and other periodicals in the United States and Canada.

3.—Their record with all these publications is one of fair treatment, honorable dealing, and prompt settlements.

4.—In consequence of this, they can always have advertisements inserted at the publisher's *lowest rates.*

5.—They are so acquainted with the entire press of the country that they can select the *best mediums* for any given purpose.

6.—Having done advertising for all kinds of business, and noted the results to their customers, they can give valuable suggestions as to the *size, style, and position* which will make the most effective advertisement for the object to be attained.

7.—Having frequent orders for a large number of papers, they can, in most cases, get the work done for *less cost* than the advertiser would have to pay it he sent the order direct.

8.—They examine all papers, note all omissions or irregularities, and secure the strict fulfillment of every stipulation of the order.

9.—They give the advertiser the full benefit of their supervision *without charge,* all commissions being paid by the publishers.

10.—They submit estimates for any given list of papers, or for properly covering any given district.

11.—For a systematic working up of any large enterprise, they assist in the preparation of circulars, pamphlets, and general reading matter, in addition to newspaper advertising.

They invite a call from any parties who contemplate advertising in any way or for any amount.

**S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,**

37 Park Row, New York. 701 Chestnut St., Phila. 10 State St., Boston.

6

Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is the most perplexing of all human ailments. Its symptoms are almost infinite in their variety, and the forlorn and despondent victims of the disease often fancy themselves the prey in turn of every known malady. This is due, in part, to the close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, and in part also to the fact that any disturbance of the digestive function necessarily disorders the liver, the bowels and the nervous system, and effects to some extent, the quality of the blood.

C. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron a sure cure. This is not a new preparation, to be tried and found wanting; it has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success; it is not expected to cure all the diseases to which the human family is subject, but is warranted to cure Dyspepsia in its most obstinate form. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron never fails to cure. Symptoms of Dyspepsia are loss of appetite, wind and rising of the food, dryness of the mouth, heartburn, distention of the stomach and bowels, constipation, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Try the great remedy and be convinced of its merits. Get the genuine. Take only Kunkel's, which is put only in $1 bottles. Depot, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Advice by mail free, by sending 3 cent stamp. Try one bottle of Kunkel's Iron and be convinced of its merits. Sold by druggists and storekeepers everywhere.

Worms. Worms. Worms

Removed alive. Tape Worm removed alive in from two to three hours, with vegetable medicine. Head and all passing from the system alive. No fee till head passes. The Doctor never fails to remove Tape, Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price, $1 per bottle. It never fails, or send to Dr. Kunkel, 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for circular with full instructions, by enclosing 3 cent stamp for return of same. Kunkel's Worm Syrup is used for children or adults with perfect safety, as it is vegetable. Buy it, and try it.

10 Pictures of actresses and singers sent for 10c. National Monthly, L. Box 174, Washington, D.C.

$55 to $777 a week to Agents. $10 Outfit free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

MORRISON'S OLD ESTABLISHED BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE HAS REMOVED TO S. W. Cor. Second and Vine Streets, Where you can still get full value for your money

Gent's Fine Boots.....from $2.00 to $4.50
" " Congress Gaiters.....1.25 to 4.00
Children's School Shoes.....60 to 1.25

A full line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes at extremely low prices.

Agency for Rubber Boots & Shoes.

L. W. MORRISON, JR.,

S. W. Cor. Second and Vine Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

FOR NINETY DAYS From the date of this issue of this paper Elegant Table Silver-Ware

Can be secured by all who receive a copy of this week's paper, on compliance with the following conditions: The National Silver Plating Company, 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of Pure Coin Standard Silver-Plated Ware, will send to any one entitled to receive the same, a set of Double Extra-Plated Silver Spoons, and engrave on each spoon any desired initial. You are required to cut out the following Silverware Coupon and send it to the above Company, with your name and address, as a guarantee that the order comes through this paper. You are also required to inclose with your order the nominal charge of 75 cents to pay cost of engraving initials, packing, boxing, and express charges. The Spoons will be sent by express or mail (if you have no express office), and delivered in your hands without further cost. As the 75 cents barely cover express and engraving charges, the Spoons will cost you nothing. These Spoons are guaranteed to be of the best material, and equal to the best Silver-Plated Ware made, as the following letter from the National Silver Plating Company will testify:

OFFICE NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

To whom it may Concern.—The Spoons sent out under this arrangement we guarantee are of the best quality, first heavily plated with pure nickel (the hardest white metal known), and a double-extra plate of pure Coin-Standard Silver added on top of the nickel, thus rendering them the very best Silver-Plated Ware manufactured. In no case will they be sold at retail by us for less than $3.50 per set. Our lowest wholesale price is $65 per gross (12 dozen). We will honor no order which does not contain the Silverware Coupon, and we will not honor the Coupon after ninety days from the date of this paper.

NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO., Philad'a, Pa.
(Signed)

SILVERWARE COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon, together with 75 cents to cover express or mailing, engraving and boxing charges, we hereby agree to send to any address a set of our pure Coin-Standard double-extra plated

SILVER SPOONS,

and on each Spoon engrave any desired initial. All charges are to be prepaid by the 75 cents sent in, and the Spoons will be delivered at destination free of any other charges.

Good for ninety days from date of this paper, after which this Coupon is null and void. (Signed) NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO., Philad'a, Pa.

Should it be desired, any one of the following articles will be sent in lieu of the Spoons on payment of the following charges: Six solid steel knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel, double nickel and silver plated, $2; retail price, $6. Six forks, double nickel and silver plated, 55 cts.; retail price, $4.50. If all these goods are desired, inclose the total charges, which will be 75 cts. for spoons, $2 for knives, and 95 cts. for forks—total, $3.70—thus securing for $3.70 what would cost you $14 in any other way. Remember, under this arrangement each article, except knives, will be engraved with any initial desired without extra cost.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the terms of this contract, this liberal arrangement holds good for only ninety days from the date of this paper, therefore it is to the interest of all who are entitled to its benefits to see that they are not debarred by reason of the expiration of the time specified. All letters ordering Silverware should be addressed direct to the

NATIONAL SILVER PLATING CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Letters containing subscriptions must be sent direct to the office of this paper.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

FORNEY'S WEEKLY PRESS,

THE FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL OF THE COUNTRY,

Reduced to $1.50 per Year.

The WEEKLY PRESS will in the future, as in the past, maintain the high standard of excellence which has made it such a prime favorite in Pennsylvania its Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, Fashion Gossip, Associated Press, Cable Telegrams and Special Despatches will keep its readers advised of everything going on in all the leading centres of Politics, Commerce, Finance and Fashion. The Literary Department remains under the supervision of Dr. R. S. Mackenzie, whose Reviews and Criticisms enjoy a world-wide fame. To it will also be found able and impartial Editorials upon the Current Topics of the Day from the pen of the veteran Editor-in-chief, who has secured the services of a large and effective Staff of Writers. The Agricultural Department of this paper is a marked specialty. Full Market Reports—Money, Grain, Cattle, and General—of Philadelphia and all the leading cities of the Union, constitute a prominent and invaluable feature of the WEEKLY PRESS. Read the following inducements to individual Subscribers and Clubs:

One Copy one Year (including prepaid postage).
Five Copies (including prepaid postage).....
Ten Copies (including prepaid postage).....11.
Twenty Copies (including prepaid postage).....21.00

To the getter-up of Clubs of Ten or more, an extra copy will be given for one year. Specimen copies of the WEEKLY PRESS will be sent free to all applicants.

All orders should be addressed to

JOHN W. FORNEY, Editor and Prop'r,
Philadelphia, Penna.

LIFE AND HEALTH WITHOUT DRUGS.

BLUE AND RED LIGHT. Dr. Pancoast's great work is now ready for agents. The only book practically treating this now universally absorbing topic. Shows how to apply the treatment, and tells of many successful cures made by the use of this wonderful medium. Circular and best terms to early applicants. J. M. Stoddart & Co., 723 Chestnut St., Phila.

PENSIONS—No, matter how slightly disabled. Increases now paid. Advice and circular free. T. McMICHAEL, Att'y, 707 Sansom St., Phila. Pa.

—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—
—Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—
Maize Flour Toilet Soap!—

A great discovery!—A new soap compound! It soothes, softens, and whitens the skin, has wonderful healing and superior washing properties, and is equally suited for the bath, nursery, and general toilet. It is delightfully perfumed, and sold everywhere at a moderate price. Registered in Patent-Office, 1876, by the manufacturers.

McKEONE, VAN HAAGEN & CO., Philad'a.

THO'S E. & BEN. F. LLOYD,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Law & Collection Office & Claim Solicitors, ESTABLISHED IN 1857. Suspended and Rejected Claims a Specialty.

$10 to $1000 invested in Wall Street Stocks, makes fortunes every month. Book *sent free* explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall Street, New York.

THE BALTIMORE DAILY and WEEKLY AMERICAN.

1773 Over One Hundred Years Old. 1877

The Daily American,

*By Mail, Postage Paid:*

One Year.....$10 00

THE WEEKLY AMERICAN.

The Oldest Most Reliable, and Cheapest Family Newspaper in the world.

*Terms Cash in Advance, Postage Prepaid.*

One Copy for Six Months.....$1 00
One Copy for One Year.....1 50

CLUB RATES:

Four Copies, One Year.....$4 40
Six Copies, One Year.....6 60
Ten Copies, One Year.....11 00
Fifteen Copies, One Year.....15 00

Liberal premiums to getters up of clubs.
Address: CHAS. C. FULTON & SON,
American Office, Baltimore, Md.

WM. H. BONER & CO., *Agts.,*
MUSIC PUBLISHERS AND DEALERS,
1102 Chestnut Street, Philad'a, Pa.

THE MUSIC READER.

By Dr. L. MEIGNEN and W. W. KEYS.

Price $1; $9 per doz. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. This book is recommended by Teachers (who *have* used it) to all students of Vocal Music desiring to become *good music readers,* also to the profession at being eminently calculated for the use of *Schools, Classes* and private instruction. Published and for sale as above.

PENSIONS No matter how slightly disabled. Increases now paid. Advice and circular free. T. McMICHAEL, Att'y, 707 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

A HOME & FARM OF YOUR OWN.

On the line of a GREAT RAILROAD with good markets both EAST and WEST.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SECURE IT.

Mild Climate, Fertile Soil, Best Country for Stock Raising in the United States.

Books, Maps, Full information, also "THE PIONEER" sent free to all parts of the world.

Address, O. F. DAVIS, Land Com. U. P. R. R., OMAHA, NEB.

COMMON SENSE CHAIRS & ROCKERS. Solid comfort all around the house. Send stamp for Illustrated Price-list to F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, N. Y. For sale by the Trade.

30 EXTRA Mixed Cards, 10c.; 25 *Ladies'* Favorite 10c., any name. STECONEZ & Co., Kinderhook, N. Y.

A GREAT OFFER!! We will during these Hard Times dispose of 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, new and second-hand of first-class makers including WATERS' at lower prices for cash or Installments or to let until paid for than ever before offered. WATERS' GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOS & ORGANS (INCLUDING THEIR NEW SOUVENIR AND BOUDOIR) are the BEST MADE. 7 Octave Pianos $150, 7 1-3 do $160 not used a year. 4½ Stop Organs $50, 4 Stops $58.7 Stops $68, 8 Stops $75, 10 Stops $88, 12 Stops $100 cash, not used a year, in perfect order and warranted. LOCAL and TRAVELING AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. A liberal discount to *Teachers, Ministers, Churches, etc.* Sheet music

# Jacksonville Republican.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLI. JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877. WHOLE NO. 2101.



## THE REPUBLICAN.

PUBLISHED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

**Terms of Subscription:**

For one year in advance.....$2 00
If not paid in advance..... 3 00

**Terms of Advertising:**

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Obituaries charged at advertising rates.
Marriage notices..... 50

ANNUNCIATION OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices.....$5 00
For State Offices..... 10 00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

**Rates of Advertising:**

One square of 10 lines, three months.....$5 00
One square six months..... 7 50
One square twelve months..... 10 00
One-fourth column three months..... 15 00
One-fourth column six months..... 20 00
One-fourth column twelve months..... 30 00
One-half column three months..... 25 00
One-half column six months..... 35 00
One-half column twelve months..... 50 00
One column three months..... 40 00
One column six months..... 60 00
One column twelve months..... 100 00




### Curious Origin of Words.

The derivation of many words in common use is curious. Probably few have an idea whence comes the word "tramway," by which the English denote a horse-car track. It is derived from the second syllable of the name Outram. An ancestor of Sir James Outram, a distinguished general, who died a few years ago, took a leading part in extending horse railroads for drawing coal, etc.' and his roads were called outram ways, and gradually the first syllable was dropped. Another curious derivation is that of the word "wallop," meaning to beat. "I'll wallop you," is still a frequent expression in rural England. It arises from a complete naval victory of Admiral Wallop, a member of the very ancient family of which the Earl of Portsmouth—who also has the honor to represent Sir Isaac Newton—is now the head.

### Don't be Exacting.

An exacting temper is one against which to guard both one's heart and the nature of those who are under our control and influence. To give and to allow, to suffer and to bear, are the ends more to the purpose of a noble life than cold, exacting selfishness, which must have, let who will go without, which will not yield, let who will break. It is a disastrous quality wherever to go through the world: for it receives as much pain as it inflicts, and creates the discomfort it deprecates.

You may discover tribes of men without policy, laws or cities, or any of the arts of life; but nowhere will you find them without some form of religion.

Beauty may be said to be God's trademark in creation.

Modern poets put a good deal of water with their ink.—*Goethe.*

### DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd, the world is large enough.
For you as well as me;
The doors of all are open wide—
The realm of thought is free.
In all earth's places you are right
To chase the best you can—
Provide that you do not try
To crowd some other man.

Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad.
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
To each day's record such a one
That you might well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

[From the Haddonfield Asteroid.]

## NITA.

BY LILIAN LESTRANGE.

It was growing late in the afternoon when my sister Addie and I stepped from the train which had stopped at the pretty little village of Cedar Grove, where I had not been since my childhood, and now looking around me, everything was changed. The old-fashioned farmhouses had given way to the newer and prettier cottages.

Addie and I had spent many happy days in the dear old Grove, and were now coming back after ten long years to visit it again.

As we walked towards the house where we intended to stay, we passed by a neat little trimming store, and Addie, glancing in, said admiringly, "Look, Percy, what a beautiful woman."

I looked, carelessly enough, and saw a face which had once been dearer to me than all others, and now, when I thought I had forgotten it, it appeared again, and my passionate thrill of joy told me that I still loved it.

Such an exquisite, sad face, framed in with masses of dark auburn hair. A complexion pure and white as the drifted snow, dark eyes, but oh! such a weary, weary look in their brown depths. I knew the possessor of all this beauty well, and now will tell her sad history.

Nita Douglass in her younger days had "all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave." I loved the girl wildly, but was afraid she did not return my passion, and so waited to see what time would develop. At length Nita, tired of my trifling, as she called it, was allowing a rich Mr. Ashton to visit her.

In the meanwhile Mr. Douglass had been losing very much money in speculations, and so encouraged this suitor for his daughter's hand in every imaginable way, as he wished to see her comfortably settled before he lost all, which would certainly happen if things went on as they had done for the last month.

Nita, who was very proud, and also piqued and angry at my silence, though she must have known that I loved her, led Mr. Ashton on, while he, all unconscious that "a smiling face may shine above a broken heart," was fascinated by her beauty, and also—money, for as yet no rumors of her father's reduced circumstances were known.

Of course I thought Nita loved him and was not surprised when I heard of their marriage.

Only a few months after the wedding Mr. Douglass failed, and the people said Mr. Ashton did not treat his wife kindly.

Afterwards we found out that the man had only married her for her money, and finding she had none took his revenge in this cowardly treatment.

At last he came home one night intoxicated, and when Nita, who had waited up for him asked him a trifling question, he struck her in the face. The next day Nita had fled with her five months old baby and we had not heard of her since; and now, after all these long years I had met her again.

But I was recalled from sad recollections of the past by Addie saying, laughingly, "Well, Percy, have you done gazing at "la belle amie," for such she must certainly be?"

"You are right," I replied, "she is a friend of mine; surely you have not forgotten Miss Douglass?"

"Nita Douglas!" said Addie, turning around in astonishment. "Was it really her, Percy? I did not recognize that sad-faced woman as the beautiful Nita of old." Then she added, "We must make her a visit to-morrow."

The next day Addie and I walked down to the pretty little store.

Addie wished to see if her old friend would recognize her, so when we went in she asked for some ribbon.

At the sound of Addie's voice Nita looked up, and a glad surprise came over her face and lightened the great dark eyes wonderfully as she reached out her dainty little hand and said, "Why, Addie Hall, is it possible?" Then, as I came forward I saw her blush a rosy red as she turned to me and went on, "And Mr. Hall also. It really does one good to see a familiar face, for since I have been here, nearly a year now, I have met no one whom I knew." Then she led us into the tasteful little sitting-room behind the store. We stayed a little and then went away with cordial invitations to come soon again, which I, for one, certainly availed myself of, spending many pleasant hours with her, learning to love her more and more every day. I would have told her of my love, only for the one torturing thought "Perhaps her husband is still alive," but as she never alluded to him in any way I did not ask her. She had given her name as Mrs. Douglass, and was only known by that here.

She had but one child, who inherited her mother's great beauty. Nita adored her, and would scarcely allow the little one out of her sight, so afraid was she that something might happen to her darling.

One morning, as I was sitting in the store Nita stepped outside a moment to call her daughter in; as she glanced down the road I saw a deadly pallor overspread the white beautiful face, and she almost fell to the ground, but, gaining a little composure, she came in and sank down on the nearest chair.

"Nita," I cried, going to her side, "what is the matter my darling?" forgetting everything except my great love for her.

"Oh, God! let me die," she murmured, piteously. "Am I to be forever tortured in this way? And I thought I had gotten away from him at last."

Just then the store door opened and a man came in dressed in the height of *fashion*. Broadcloth coat, high hat, kid gloves and large diamond studs and ring.

One glance at the cold, triumphant, but still handsome face told me it was Harold Ashton.

I thought my presence would not be desirable and so went back into the sitting-room, for I was afraid to go and leave Nita with this man, but just as I was going I heard her voice, sweet and winning as ever, say, "Do not go, Mr. Hall, go on with your interesting description of the painting you were telling me about a few moments ago."

I was amazed at the calm fortitude she showed, and, retracing my steps, I seated myself beside her and went on talking as though no third person had been in the room. I watched Nita narrowly and saw nothing to tell me how frightened she really was except the slight trembling of the dainty hands.

At last I heard him say, "Mrs. Douglass," with sarcastic emphasis on the name, "will you be so kind as to tell me where my child is?"

No answer. Nita's eyes filled with wild dread as she compelled herself to turn and ask me some trifling question.

Would he never go? I thought. Much more will kill the poor child.

A short silence, then the cold, cruel voice again asked, "Nita Ashton, will you answer my question?"

Mrs. Douglass," I said hastily, "it is growing rather warm here, had you not better go into the sitting-room? So I led the trembling form into the cool room and went to bring her a glass of water, all the time the man in the store was watching me with bitter hatred in his black eyes and a sneering smile wreathing itself around the mustached lips.

Just then Nita's little daughter Lily came in.

Instantly Mr. Ashton turned and said, "My dear little girl, come here to papa, who has come on purpose to see you, and look what I've brought." And he handed her a large box of fine French candies.

I looked at Nita and saw her watching the two with eager, dilated eyes. Then I glanced at Lily, who was sitting on her father's knee. Did she love him? I wondered.

At last Mr. Ashton rose to go, saying, "Lily I wish you to walk to the station with me. Run get your hat."

Lily went to find it rather unwillingly, I thought, but first threw her dimpled arms around her mother's neck, whispering something to her.

"Come, child, hurry," called her father impatiently.

In a moment Nita Douglass stood between them, saying proudly, "Harold Ashton you can come here and torment me, but you cannot take my darling, my little Lily from me," and she burst into passionate sobs, clasping the child wildly to her breast.

Mr. Ashton watched her for a minute, then he said, scornfully, "Perhaps you are not aware that I have the law on my side."

An expression of sickening horror came across Nita's beautiful face, and it was as much as I could do to keep from knocking the hardened wretch down.

Lily stood watching the two with a puzzled expression on her pretty, childish face.

"Come," her father commanded, "I told you to hurry long ago." But Lily, who had a little will of her own, looked him fearlessly in the face and said, defiantly, "I don't want to go with you. I love my mamma, and want to stay with her."

Nita glanced at him appealingly.

"You see she loves me," she said, simply. "And oh, Harold Ashton, will you not have to answer before the great white throne of God for taking my child, not because you love her, but because you know how it will torture me? Let me keep her, that is all I ask."

Any other man but him could not have withstood her yearning mother's request, but Harold Ashton only turned away with a cruel laugh.

"How very religious all of a sudden," he sneered, and then to Lily, "Come, child."

"Harold, may God forgive you this day's work, I never can," and with a moan the poor mother sank to the floor insensible.

I came hurriedly forward and put the unconscious form tenderly on the sofa, saying sternly as I did so, "If she ever recovers from this, Mr. Ashton, you may thank heaven for not being a murderer."

Without a word he turned and walked away. Perhaps the man was sorry—who knows?

After a while Nita recovered, and looking around, said faintly, "Is Lily here?"

"Yes, mamma," and the child came forward and sobbed out "Oh, mamma darling, I thought you were dead."

"Would to God I could die," I heard her murmur; then she said, "No, I will live, I must live for my little one." And she clasped the child in her arms.

When Lily had gone from the room Nita turned to me and said, "Perhaps you were surprised to see Mr. Ashton, I cannot say my husband, here this morning, and now I will explain all to you. After marrying him I found he had wedded me only for my money, and when father failed he was very angry to think now I would have none. Then after that he often used to come home intoxicated, and when he struck me that night I could stand no more and took my child and fled. One would naturally suppose I would go to my father's house, but I could not bear to, and was also afraid Mr. Ashton would try to compel me to come home again, a thing which I determined never to do. First I went to Galburg, but he soon tracked me there and threatened to take my child. I was dreadfully frightened; then I came here, where I thought he could never find me: and now, after staying this long it begins to feel like home, and it seems so hard to leave it."

"But, Mrs. Ashton, why must you go away?" I queried. "He will most likely follow you everywhere you go, and believe me, I scarcely think he would dare to take Lily."

Nita seemed a little relieved, and after a few more words, I rose to go, thinking truly that

"Our fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary."

When I reached home I told Addie all Nita had just been telling me, and the warm hearted girl went right away to her friend, to cheer and comfort her as best she could.

The next week the papers were full of an accident that had occurred at a fashionable watering place.

It appeared that a party had hired a yacht and gone out on the ocean for a few days. On the second day a violent thunder storm arose. The yacht sunk and all on board perished. Among the drowned was the name of Harold M. Ashton.

What more remains to be told except that in a few months more peerless Nita will be my own.

### Old Coats.

All men love old coats. By an old coat I mean, not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers shadowy and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting house desk, or a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust and rain, has lost all pretensions to unsocial formality and gives the shoulders appearance of ease and the waist—of a holiday. Such a coat is most men's delight. It presents itself to the mind's eye mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and recalls even the very faces—even to the particular expression of the eye, brow or lip—of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled.

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness and healthy condition, for his familiar easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless, old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as "Christabel!" Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the color of his conscience. &c., &c.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it has a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm firesides, long flowing curtains, a downy armchair, a nicely trimmed lamp, a black cat fast asleep on the hearthrug, a bottle of old port (vintage of 1820), a snuffbox, a cigar, a good novel, and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. And, were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favor of an old coat. —*San Francisco Call.*

### Thought.

If a reflective, aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting, verbatim, many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost any other writer could at his age inspire? He would lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of his immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with which he had no connection but that of name.

Every abstract truth if practically applied, is brought home to human understanding by action and observation, and so the human understanding is led on to abstract reasoning.

### Society Fibs.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a vivacious young friend of ours the other day, "I have just had to tell the most shocking *fibs!* My conscience troubles me yet."

"Why, and about what did you tell your fibs?" we asked, and the answer was:

"Oh, I went to see my friend Mrs. Brown, who has just gone to housekeeping, and nothing would do but I must go over the whole house, and admire it, of course. Helen kept asking all the time: 'Now isn't this carpet lovely?' and 'Did you ever see a more beautiful table?' or 'Is not that the easiest armchair you ever sat in?' until I was both tired of agreeing with her, and ashamed of myself for doing it; for to tell the truth, I didn't like her taste at all. It is *so* hard to be enthusiastic to order."

"Then why attempt it at all?" we inquired.

"What would you have one to do? be candid and disagreeable? vex your friends by speaking your mind, and expect them to take your uncomfortable sayings amiably? You must remember that we do not live in the Palace of Truth now-a-days."

"Then it would be better if we did, since one must be untruthful to be liked."

"Not *untruthful!* that is such a harsh, ugly word," objected our companion. "I said *fibs*, you know."

"Well 'fibs,' are untruths, it seems to us, and when you agree with your friends because you fear to offend or annoy them by disagreement, you do violence to your sense of truth, and impair the sensibility of your conscience. The same fibs will be easier next time, and the passive untruth may merge into the active falsehood."

"Then would you have me *always* say what I think? Can the truth be spoken at all times?"

"It is quite possible to be kind and polite, even in our truthtelling. Offensive candor is not a Christian grace, though we have known many people who were frank even to positive rudeness, under this misapprehension. But conscientious souls, with ordinary tact, will preserve their own integrity without wounding others."

"But what would you do if you went to see a baby as I did lately, and had to say it was a perfect beauty when it was positively ugly? Wouldn't *that* test your principles?"

"No, because we would not say any such thing. A baby is always a precious gift to its mother, and one might speak of its sweetness and lovableness gracefully enough, without mentioning beauty. Rest assured, that all the fibs which you think friendship and social intercourse demand of you, can be avoided by a little thoughtfulness on your part; and you will not only save your conscience many a pang, but your friends will grow insensibly to realize your exactness of speech, and to prize your words the more."

### The Flight of Birds.

In regard to the flight of birds, I think that there is no necessity to resort to such theories as the figure of S motion to understand how a bird flies when it beats the air with its wings. I think that the formation of the feathers, and their imbrication in the wing, ought at once explain that kind of flight. When the bird makes the down stroke, the wing offers a solid resistance to the air, and the motion imparted to the body of the bird must be upward. The wing must then be raised to come into position for another stroke. In so doing, each feather lets the wind pass through in an oblique manner, which causes them to act as sails on a windmill or on a ship, thereby propelling the bird forward. The bird instinctively knows how to direct these strokes, as it wishes to ascend, descend or move straight forward. The effect of the down stroke can be seen when a large bird such as a turkey buzzard begins to fly in a place where there is not room for rapid headway. Each down stroke is more violent than the up one, and the body is jerked up each time.

A flying machine might be made so that the wings would have a sufficient resistance to the air to keep it up, and the propelling part could be arranged independently. But there is another mode of flight that has puzzled the minds of men. It is a remarkable thing that man has seen beyond the Milky Way, and is now studying the constituents of the sun, yet he cannot understand the sailing of birds. I have seen many attempts, but they all fall short of the mark. I have seen buzzards with outstretched wings rise in a spiral course, when it was so calm that a leaf on a tree was not moved. I have seen the frigate bird wheel in graceful curves upward when the sea was as smooth as a mirror. I have seen the buzzard sail nearly in the eye of a strong wind without any other motion being perceptible than a little balancing. I have looked down hundreds of feet on them as they sailed beneath me, and never could detect any motion of the wings. The theory of inclined planes will not explain it. I have also noticed large butterflies float about in a most heavenlike enjoyment, in some cozy opening among trees, on a fine summer evening, when there was not a breath of air, without once moving their wings, as if they were some disembodied spirits that had neither attraction or gravitation, but only will. I have seen a motion very similar to the sailing of birds in fishes. I saw a number of porpoises sailing immediately in front of the prow of the steamer. They were packed quite close together, and moved exactly as fast as the steamer. As it was necessary that they should breathe occasionally, they were continually rolling over each other to come to the service. Sometimes half the fish would be out of the water, yet the uniform motion was kept up, and no one on board could detect any motions of fins or body to warrant such speed. There are others modes of flight such as by bats and insects, the dragon fly as an instance; but the sailing of birds is a most interesting study for philosophers, and it will be safe to say that man will never be able to put it in practice. But the knowledge may come in play in explaining some things yet in embryo.—*Scientific American.*

### The Duty of a Woman to be a Lady.

Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes woman exalting and ennobling.

"The World is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all."

Nothing? It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is an immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of punishment called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worthy of respect. To a lady prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought: feel differently. Be sure that you confer honor. Carry yourselves so lofty that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.—*Gail Hamilton.*

### Feeding-Habits of Owls.

The owls are intensely carnivorous. The diminutive ones will feed largely upon insects, and some of the large kind will eat them occasionally. But Nature has made them for prowlers, and as such we find them fond of flesh, fowl and fish. So immense is their destruction of the rodents, that they are worth millions to the agriculture of our country. They are the feathered Nimrods of the night. Even the American hare, the rabbit wrongly called, falls an easy victim. Some of the owls can fish, too. But whether hunting, fowling, or fishing, they lack the style of doing it which belongs to the falcon tribe; and when out bugging it is but a bungling business compared with the professional *role* of the insectivorous birds. Their angling, too, is simply upon quiet waters. They cannot brave "the mutinous winds 'twixt the green sea and the asured vault." In common with all the *Raptores*, they catch their prey with the talons, not with the beak. In eating birds the owl prefers to tear his prey in piecemeal, but a small rodent is swallowed entire being usually tossed into the air to adjust its position, so that it may fall head first into the bird's mouth. It disappears in one astonishing gulp. A second gulp is usually needed, as the tail is often after the first left hanging from one side of the mouth. The indigested mass forms a roundish ball or pellet in the stomach, which the bird vomits up. These pellets or castings indicate what enormous feeders the owls are. One which I took out of the stomach of a little screech-owl was as big as a walnut, and made up of hair and bones, and had in it the skulls of six mice!—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### The Women Of Servia.

They wear on their heads red kerchiefs, with the ends hanging down their backs, bound on their heads by a velvet fillet, embroidered with coins, in which were often stuck flowers, chiefly in red and white. They were generally dressed in white, but invariably with the brilliant aprons sewed down to the skirt, and often with a gaudily-embroidered stomacher, or, perhaps, breast-plate would be the more descriptive term, studded with coins on black velvet. The working-dress of the women in the fields is a short jacket, braided and slashed in the fashion, and of that worn by the men, a red and yellow kerchief crossed over the bosom, a petticoat striped mostly in the parallel stripes of a Moorish pattern, but occasionally in the checkered which makes the pattern a tartan, a tapestry-like apron of brighter colors than the petticoat, and bare legs and feet. The men are a fine race, tall, with a certain stateliness and self-respect in every gesture; their faces are almost always good, and often quite intellectual and chivalric, but in muscular development the peasant women of Servia can give their husband's a stone and a beating.—*Letter from Servia.*

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.

The nearer anything comes to mental joy the purer and choicer it is.

A good cause is more injured by a weak defence than by a strong attack.

A good discourse is that from which one can take nothing without taking the life.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing.

More shillings conceded to the making of a shirt would double the religion of mankind.

Let us be patient. It is the hour for calmness, quiet and trust, with sharp watching.

Snodgrass says, in his dry, sarcastic way, that self-made men are apt to worship their maker!

Mean spirits, under disappointment, like small beer in a thunder storm, always turn sour.—*Randolph.*

There may be many doors to shut; close them all, for it is in closet prayer that the voice of the Beloved is heard.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

Violent passions are formed in solitude. In the bustle of the world no object has time to make a deep impression.

The exhuberance of youth may betray good girls into little indiscretions, but not into vulgarity, which is only one remove from vice.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning glories.

When the heart pronounces strongly, its meaning is sure to appear in the countenance, and lend to conduct the purple of victory.—*John Weiss.*

It is one thing to love truth, and to seek it for its own sake; and quite another to welcome so much of it that tallies with our impressions and prejudices.

In all places, and in all times, those religionists who have believed too much have been more inclined to violence and persecution than those who believe too little.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world; at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty.

Carlyle does not believe that the affairs of this world can be settled by talk. No, they are oftener unsettled than settled by the wagging of the unruly member.

Love is circumspect, humble, and upright; not yielding to softness or to levity, nor attending to vain things; it is sober, chaste, steady, quiet and guarded in all the senses.

How violently do rumors blow the sails of popular judgments! How few there are that can discern between truth and truth-likeness, between shows and substance!—*Sir P. Sidney.*

Persons who like to contemplate their own importance, should consider that the world got along very well before they were born and will probably get along equally well after they are dead.

Mirabeau was busy and had no time for duels. He answered challenges with this stereotyped formula: "Monsieur you are put upon my list; but I warn you that it is long, and I grant no preferences."

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they should be suddenly intercepted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest on the far horizon.

All our sufferings are ordered by a father; 'tis the potion our father gives to drink, and whatever bitter ingredient there is in it, still it is of a father's procuring, and why suspect it to be poison and be afraid of it?

"Man thinks of the sorrow," observed the lamented Bulwer Lytton, "woman of the consolation." After a domestic unpleasantness it is always she who does him up in liniment or rubs him down with arnica.

Pope says that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement; from twenty to thirty for improvement and instruction; that during the first period he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavored to judge.

Time is lent to us to be laid out in God's service to His honor, and we cannot be too diligent in it if we consider that time is precious, short, passing, uncertain, irrevocable when gone, and that for which we must be accountable.

Conscience has a thousand witnesses. A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body. It preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions that can befall us.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by meditating upon them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight becomes an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

Most people use their minister as Moliere did his physician. "Of what use is your doctor?" said the king to him one day. "Well sire," was the reply, "he gives me prescriptions and I never follow them—that is all."

Louis XIV., of France, used to carry a watch about him that was set in one of his finger-rings. This was rightly considered a marvel in the horological art, but the expense of producing such diminutive machines has doubtless prevented their coming into general use.

No mocking in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato to be planted in mold and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropped upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise. —*Charlotte Bronte.*

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877.

The Turkish Government has raised a loan of £2,000,000 on the jewels of the late Sultan.

Judge Cunningham, of Atlanta, Ga., has shipped peaches from his farm near Griffin, to New York. in the last two weeks amounting to $5,000.

Ben Hill has no knowledge of any political gathering at the White Sulphur Springs, and says that he is only going there for the benefit of his wife's health on the advice of her doctor.

Suicides are becoming terribly frequent. In new York, from June 1st to the end of the first week in July, no less than sixty-three people have attempted to make way with themselves, and of this number thirty-eight were successful.

It is given out that Gov. Nicholls, of Louisiana, will pardon the Returning Board rascals if they are convicted of the crime with which they are charged. If he does it will be an acknowledgment of a bargain on his part with the Hayes managers, and the Legislature of Louisiana ought to impeach and depose him.

The case of the State of Alabama vs. Arthur Bingham, charged with embezzlement as State Treasurer, was before the City Court in Montgomery last week Wednesday and Thursday, and went to the jury Thursday evening. The jury remained out all Thursday night, and Friday morning brought in a verdict of "*not guilty.*" He is to be tried on still another indictment.

The Oxford *Tribune* holds the scales with exact impartiality in weighing the words of Col. Bradford and the REPUBLICAN on the subject of Grant's visit to England. According to the *Tribune* both are partly right and partly wrong. This is equal to the effort of the immortal "J. N.," who a few years ago "lifted the veil" and showed that both sides were both right and wrong in the war between the States.

The struggle between labor and capital culminated in a bloody encounter at Martinsburg, W. Va., on the 16th, in which two men were killed. The firemen and brakesmen on one of the roads running from Baltimore through Martinsburg struck against a reduction of wages, and detained the freight trains until their demand should be complied with. The civil authorities attempted to move the train, but failing called upon the military. About seventy-five militiamen under Col. Faulkner took charge of the train and attempted to move it, when the strikers fired upon the train and wounded a soldier. The soldiers returned the fire and killed one of the rioters. The strikers then uncoupled the cars and prevented the removal of the train. Later the soldiers sympathized with the strikers and were removed. At last accounts the strikers were masters of the situation and no freight trains were allowed to pass.

Later.—The State militia failing to quell the riot the Governor has called upon the President for troops, and several companies of United States soldiers have been sent to the scene of the disorders.

The Montgomery *Advertiser* has published by telegraph from the cotton exchanges at various points reports of the cotton crop in many States. It may be summed up as follows: The crop in North Carolina and Virginia is not as good as last year, the lice and grass doing much damage. In Arkansas the rain has been too heavy and too continuous for the good of the cotton. The present condition of the crop is not as good as last year, the plants being small and backward ten days. From Georgia the most pleasing report is sent. The stands are good, the plant forming well, and though the crop is a little backward, everything seems favorable. Seventy-nine reports from Mississippi were all encouraging. In Louisiana the crop is fine, though the plants are backward. Florida sends much the same report. Middle Tennessee will yield more than last year; while Alabama is rather more uncertain, and the reports are not so hopeful. Texas sends up a report that is full of promise—"doing splendidly; look out for a magnificent crop." There is plenty of time for all these hopeful indications to be knocked to pieces by the dreaded cotton-worm. It is too soon to talk about a crop 5,000,000 bales.

For the benefit of our readers interested in the great war now waging between Russia and Turkey, we publish the following Turkish official titles:

SULTAN—The sovereign of the Turkish empire, the recognized organ of all executive power in the State. His headquarters are at Constantinople.

PORTE—The government of the Turkish empire.

SUBLIME PORTE—The official name of the government, so-called from the gate of the Sultan's palace.

GRAND VIZER—The chief minister of the Turkish empire.

DIVAN—The Turkish council of State—the "Cabinet."

GRAND MUFTI—Chief interpreter of the Mohommedan law and head of the "wise men"—jurists, theologians and *literati*—who assemble for consultation on his order. He is mostly styled the "chief of the faithful." A writer says a *fetwa* or decree from him would summon around the standard of the prophet all the fanatical hordes of Islam to fight to the death against the "infidels, in the firm belief that death on the battle-field is a sure pass-port to Paradise."

PASHA—Governors' viceroys, commanders, civil and military rulers of provinces.

DEYS—About the same as Pasha.

SHIEK—The name given the heads of Arabian tribes or clans. It means elder, or eldest in dignity and authority.

OSMANDI—Turkish officials.

ISLAMS—Mohammedans themselves.

MUSSULMAN—A follower of Mohammed.

OTTOMAN EMPIRE—Another name for the Turkish empire, and derives its name from Osman, its founder.

OSMAMLIS—The Turks proper.

[Advertisement.]

*Editors Republican*.—Dear Sirs:—In the Saturday's issue of your paper of the 14th inst., there appeared a card from Mr. I. L. Swan, stating that from information and written evidence now in his possession, he was convinced that certain friends of one of his opponents had created and promulgated a report disparaging to his name; and from the subsequent tenor of his card I infer that he intends the readers of your paper shall understand that he referred to me and my friends: and if so, I have to state in reply that no friends of mine, with my consent or connivance, are guilty of the above charge, and any insinuation to the contrary by Mr. Swan is doing me great injustice. Again, Mr. Swan says that I stated to a voter of this county, while in conversation relative to the unsettled condition of the late J. C. McAuley's business, as County Superintendent, that the wrong was with the County Treasurer. In reply to this, I will state said voter interrogated me as to whether I had heard anything in relation to the above matter. I replied that I had, and also gave him the name of my author (P. D. Ross.) He then asked me how it was. I replied that I did not know, but I would say in justification of the memory of Mr. J. C. McAuley, that if there was any fault it was not his. He said he reckoned the fault was with Mr. Swan, and said he would investigate the matter, and if the fault was with Mr. Swan he could not vote for him. He then remarked that I might make a good electioneering scheme out of the report. I told him I did not choose to do so, nor did I say that the matter could be used against Mr. Swan, but said I would rather it should not; neither did I enjoin secrecy, as is indicated in Mr. Swan's card.

The foregoing is a true statement of what occurred between me and the voter referred to in Mr. Swan's card, from which it evidently is intended that I am the man who is to suffer from misrepresentation and trickery. In order that the public might see the certificate held by Mr. Swan as to this conversation and compare its statements with my own, I applied to Mr. Swan for a copy of the document. He at first consented to give a copy, but after it had been almost copied refused to do so. It was given by one W. L. Robertson, of Beat No. 4. So far as the report circulated by my relative is concerned I know nothing, but would not be surprised that it too could be simmered down to as small a compass as the one just referred to, and any insinuation of his that I have fabricated and promulgated a falsehood on him is a slander, which I hurl back into his face. I have neither sought to misrepresent Mr. Swan or do him any injury in any way, and if I can succeed in my election no other way than by misrepresentation and trickery, then I will be defeated. Mr. Swan has intimated that I have neither merits nor capabilities. Fortunately for me, that matter is not left with Mr. Swan, but to the voters of Calhoun county.

I was at his office on Wednesday just preceding the publication of Mr. Swan's card, and if he had treated me as I think one gentleman deserves to be treated by another he certainly would have made his grievances known, but instead of doing so he preferred publishing them through the paper; when, if he had called upon me I would have told him all I knew of the rumor and gave my authority. R. F. HOOD.

July 19, 1877.

## THE SILENT CAPTAIN.

### How Stonewall Jackson Slept—His Singular Reticence.

Col. Kyd Douglas, in Phila. Times.

General Jackson's troops and his enemy's believed he never slept. The fact is, he slept a great deal. Whenever he had nothing else to do he went to sleep, especially in church. I remember during the invasion of Maryland, on Sunday night he rode three miles in an ambulance to attend church in Frederick, and then fell asleep as soon as the minister began to preach; his head fell upon his breast, and he never awoke until aroused by the organ and choir. He could sleep anywhere and in any position, sitting in his chair, under fire, or on horseback. On a night march towards Richmond, after the battles with McClellan, he was riding along with his drowsy staff, nodding and sleeping as he went. We passed by groups of men sitting by the roadside and engaged in roasting new corn by fires made of fence rails. One group took us for cavalrymen with an inebriated captain, and one of the party, delighted at the sight of a man who had found whisky enough to be drunk, sprang up from the fire, and brandishing a roasting ear in his hand leaped down into the road, and seizing the General's horse cried out: "I say, old fellow, where the d—l did you get your liquor?" In an instant, as the General awoke, the fellow saw his mistake; and then, bounding from the road, he took the fence at a single leap, exclaiming, "Great God, it's old Jack!" and disappeared in the darkness. Yes, General Jackson slept a great deal, but he was never caught napping. He gave to sleep many moments which other men would have given to conversation. He was essentially a silent man; not morose, but quiet. He smiled often, rarely laughed. He never told a joke, but did not discourage them in others, and if one struck his peculiar fancy he would smile in mild approval. He did not live apart from his staff, but liked to have them about him, and they were nearly all very young men. Universally polite in manner, he encouraged the liveliest conversation among them, although he took little part in it. He was not a man of words; they seemed to embarrass him. When he had ideas he put them into action, not into language. His military dispatches were as brief as if studied, like the one he sent after the defeat of Milroy: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday." He never discussed his plans; indeed, he never told them. The next officer under him never knew his intention or object. He never volunteered his opinion to his superior, nor asked advice of his subordinates. He was as self-reliant as he was silent, and believed "he walks with speed who walks alone." He was reticent to a fault. "If my coat knew what I intended to do, I'd take it off and throw it away," was one of his sayings. This reticence often led to embarrassment and complaint from the officer next in command, and might have led to disaster in case of his death; but he evidently thought it better to run that risk than the risk of having his plans discovered.

A SOCIAL SENSATION.—New York, July 10.—James Gordon Bennett's courier, Albert Vogal, arrived here last night by the steamship St. Laurent. He has instructions to prepare Mr. Bennett's villa at Newport for the latter's immediate arrival. Fashionable gossip has it a long delayed wedding, in which Mr. Bennett will be one of the principals, will take place shortly after the latter's arrival in this country. He is expected in New York by the next steamer from Havre.

## WAR NEWS.

LONDON, July 15.—There is no trustworthy news from the armies in Bulgaria. The position in Asia Minor is tolerably clear. Mukhtar Pasha is at Kars with about 40,000 men all told. Gen. Melikoff is at Zaim with about 35,000 men, but superior to the Turks in cavalry and artillery. The Russians still hold Ardahan. The Turks have withdrawn all troops from the Montenegrin frontiers, except the garrisons of the forts and block-houses. Prince Nicholas is preparing to besiege Niesics again.

Official declarations of Austria's neutrality continue to be issued in answer to reports persistently circulated in a contrary sense. That such neutrality is zealously watchful of Russian progress may be inferred from the fact that Roumania and Servia still refrain from active co-operation in the war. Both are the merest creatures of the Russians' will. Their help would be valuable in Bulgaria, especially that of Servia. If Russia hesitates to call it into action, the reason, in all probability, is fear of Austrian intervention, which would be fatal to Russian plans.

PARIS, July 15.—It is stated that Austria intends to propose mediation as soon as the decisive action of either belligerent has clearly defined the military situation.

LONDON, July 16.—A report from Constantinople states that the Turks have beaten the Russians and reoccupied Tirnovia; also, that Ismail Pasha has entered Russian territory and advanced six miles on the road to Tiflis.

Hobart Pasha had a long interview with the Sultan yesterday, who gave him permission to command an expedition to the Black Sea, with complete liberty of action.

Preparations continue for battle near Rutschuk, whither a portion of the garrison of Silistria has already gone. The approaches arround Rutschuk are becoming closer and closer.

A London *Times* correspondent who is *with the Turks telegraphs* under date, Kars, July 12: "Mukhtar Pasha, with the main army, is strongly entrenched on a ridge 8 miles south. The Russians have completely withdrawn from the siege. I have visited their batteries, which are constructed with much skill but show traces of the accuracy of the Turkish fire. The Turks have a very fine force here now. The men are in excellent spirits and very confident. I doubt the possibility of Russia gaining any more successes on this side this year, unless she has a very strong reinforcement at Akaltik and Tiflis. Turkish supports are steadily flowing in. The Russians, despite their strength, have sustained a heavy reverse.

A Reuter's St. Petersburg dispatch says, a large contingent of the Russian army is marching on the Balkans. The news of the crossing of the Balkans has evidently caused great excitement in Constantinople. Newspapers urge the inhabitants to form another corps, as the enemy is at their gates. Work on fortifications is being pushed on with great activity in the Turkish quarter. There is a general impression that the foreign powers will intervene.

LONDON, July 17.—The Russians, under command of Czarevitch, occupied Villava, on the railroad between Rasgrad and Rutschuk, cutting off communication on that line. The Czar has left for Tirnova, where it is intended the Empress shall join him.

It is reported that the Russians have captured Nicopolis, which involves the surrender of Hassan and Achmet Pashas' garrison, 40 guns and two mortars. Other accounts represent that the Turks evacuated Nicopolis before the Russians entered the town. They manned the guns with little skill to carry off 40 guns which constituted the armament of the works.

A Vienna dispatch says Gen. Gourkos' command will operate as a detached force in the Roumanian valley until it is joined there by the main body of the Russian invading column, marching by a circuitous route through the Balkans.

A dispatch from Yena Saghai gives a long and somewhat sensational account of a battle on Sunday at Pelitich, twelve miles from Yena Saghai, which is represented to have been obstinately contested and to have resulted in the Russians being driven back through the pass.

VIENNA, July 17.—Report says it is definitely decided that the Roumanian army will not assume the offensive, but will confine itself to covering the line of the Danube.

LONDON, July 17.—A Russian official account of the crossing of the Balkans: Gen. Gourkos, with an advance guard of Cavalry, infantry and artillery, has crossed the Balkans. On the 14th he surprised and defeated a Turkish battalion which guarded the outlet of the pass near the village of Klankhoi. Gen. Gourkos is now marching upon Kasanlik, in rear of the enemy, who occupy the fortified Shipkade file. Cossacks arrived at Yeni Soghra and cut the telegraph between that place and Montagara and Slivno. On Sunday an engagement was fought near the village of Orzagare between a Cossack force and some detachments of Bashi Bazouks and Circassians supported by Turkish infantry. The enemy held their ground until the arrival of the dragoons and a battery of artillery sent by Gen. Gourks. On perceiving the approach of these reinforcements the Turks fled.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—The South is free. Our people can now build up their wastes. The financial condition of the Southern States is improving. Money is scarce, but improvement continues on a safe and solid basis. The general wreck of bankruptcy in the North and West only contracts the aspirations of the Southern people.

It is true that the depressed state of affairs in other sections protracts our prosperity by keeping capital from our midst; but this is perhaps, all the better. By the time the country recovers the Southern people will know better the advantages they possess, and will reap large benefits by slow processes. Solid improvements is always early and cautious in its advances. What we are to look at now for encouragement is, that we have honest and efficient managers, public expenses are kept down, the indebtedness of the States and counties are being lifted from the shoulders of the tax payers, public education is working well, and altogether everything points to a prosperous future, of which we now have the beginning.—*Ashville Aegis.*

The New York *Day-Book*, in a lengthy editorial on the South, thus speaks of the ante-bellum Southerner:

"The men of the South had few equals and no superiors in Christendom. Their social condition formed the highest type of manhood. Instead of an artificially depressed class of their own race, as in Europe, they were in juxtaposition with a naturally subordinate species of men, who formed the basis of social order, and therefore, while it brought out all that was noble and elevating in the ruling race, it also brought into action the best possible qualities of the subject race, and if Washington presented the finest possible type of the Caucasian, Washington's 'family servant' also presented the highest possible type of the negro.

Ex-Gov. Samuel J. Tilden sailed for Europe on Wednesday, the 18th inst.

## Quick trip around the World.

The Omaha (Neb.) *Republican* prints a letter from Dr. F. S. De Hass, American Consul at Jerusalem, in which he gives an account of a tour he has lately made around the world in 68 days of actual tual traveling time. The letter is is dated at Jerusalem, May 10. 1877. The outline of the journey is greatly condenced into the following:

"Having safely returned to my post I take pleasure in furnishing your readers, agreeable to promise, with a brief notice of my quick and successful tour around the world. Not counting the time I lay over at several points, as these breaks on the journey could all have been avoided, I made the entire circuit in exactly sixty-eight days, and but for heavy weather on the Pacific would have made it in sixty-two days. The journey from Alexandria, Egypt, via Brindist and Paris to London, and from thence to New York and San Francisco, was accomplished in twenty-eight days, and we were just the same number of days going from San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan. Crossing over from there to Canton, in China, took six days. A sail of ten days over the China Sea and through the straights of Malacca, touching at several points we have not time to notice, brought us to Ceylon, off the southern coast of Hindostan, one of the richest of the East India Islands. Thence we sailed directly to Suez, in Egypt, which took twelve days, and from thence in a few hours by rail, to Alexandria, our starting point, making the entire distance of 25,000 miles—16,000 by water and 9,000 by land—in sixty-eight days, without any accident or detention of any kind."

## A Pleasant Reminiscence of the War.

In one of the hotly contested fights in Virginia during the war, a Federal officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks. While lying there wounded and crying piteously for water a Confederate soldier (Jas. Moore, of Burke county, N. C.) declared his intention of supplying him with drink. The bullets were flying thick from both sides, and Moore's friends endeavored to dissuade him from such a hazardous enterprise. Despite remonstrance and danger, however, Moore leaped the breastworks, canteen in hand, reached his wounded enemy and gave him drink. The Federal, under feelings of gratitude for the service, took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. The officer then asked the name of the man who had braved such danger to succor him; the name was given, and Moore returned to his position behind the embankment. They saw nothing more of each other. Moore was subsequently wounded and lost a limb in one of the engagements in Virginia, and returned to his home in Burke county. A few days ago he received a communication from the Federal soldier to whom he had given the "cup of cold water" on the occasion alluded to, announcing that he had settled on him the sum of $10,000, to be paid in four equal annual installments of $2,500 each. Investigation has established the fact that there is no mistake or deception about the matter.—*Raleigh, N. C., News.*

## A Wonderful Alabama Giant.

The Huntsville *Advocate* of the 6th inst. gets up the hugest story yet about a giant who was captured on July mountain, in Jackson county, Ala., a few days ago. People had been seeing his tracks for several weeks. They measured 34 inches in length, and 14 in breadth, and he stepped over seven rows of cotton at each stride. Several hundred men and dogs gathered for the purpose of capturing him, and did find and capture him by running him up a ravine, in which they penned him. They bound him, and he remained quiet until they took his measurement, which showed him to be 21 feet 3 inches in height, and 6 feet 8 inches across his shoulders. After the measurement he deliberately and easily burst his fetters and took to flight again—neither the dogs nor the men carcing to follow him further. He crossed the river near Bellefonte, and struck out for Sand Mountain. Such is in brief the story which the *Advocate* solemnly tells in a column and a half. Our readers can place their own estimate upon it.

Every one who writes from Florida, says the Selma *Times*, tells of the golden orange in its glossy-green bower, of the lemon, the banana, and of the apple from nine, of the odorous woods, the ever blooming flowers and the glorious green sward; of the birds of gay plumage and the sweetest song, the heron, the flamingo, the mocking bird, and the glaring oracle; but who tells of the snakes, the red-bugs, and drought, the general cursedness of the sand-crackers? Who sings the praises of the dignified alligator, or the cruelties of the shark? Who tells of the swamps, and their nox as vapors, the drien up rivers, the dire night? Who tells that Florida is a sand-bed where it is not a swamp, and hotter than blazes when, when, &c.

PRAYER OF ROYAL PERSONAGES.—"With humility I pray the Lord to grant us victory over the enemies of Christianity, and send down His blessing upon our just cause." So the Czar concluded his manifesto to the Bulgarians after the crossing of the Danube. There is so much piety in it that the Brooklyn *Eagle* is reminded of *Punch's* rendering of a famous dispatch of King William—who is also very pious—by telegraph to his consort, after the French had got the worst of it in the last war:

I want to tell you, my dear Augusta,
That we've given the French a regular buster.
We chased 'em as far as we could go.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

That Jackson county giant, of which we read the other day, turns out after all to be an amiable citizen of this community. He went on the raid against the illicit distillers, and it was the unexpected success which caused him to perforate so largely. He is something of a giant, however, but is as docile as a little child when not off from home. He works in a gun-shop on Court street, but a little child may approach him without fear of danger.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

Charles O'Conor began life as a newsboy; but the newsboys have rarely mentioned him since he quit the business.



## Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that application will be made to the August term of the Commissioners Court of Calhoun county, for the opening of a new road from Patona, Ala. to run north-west, on a line with present neighborhood road, and to intersect with public road leading to Gadsden at or near the residence of James Prater, Esq.—this June 12, 1877. M. M. KIERNAN,
July 21—3t. and others.

## Land Sale.

THE undersigned will sell, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala.,

**On the 9th day of August next,**

Two tracts of Land lying in Calhoun county, one known as the Nelson place, to-wit: the north west fourth and part of the south west fourth of section 12, township 14, range 7—about 180 acres more or less. The other the Usry place, being in the south west fourth section 5, township 14, range 7.

Terms—cash.

JOEL R. LOVE,
Adm'r of J. R. Love.

July 21, 1877—3t.

John B. Broughton, vs. J. W. Whisenant. W. A. Driskell. } April 21, 1877.

THIS day came the Plaintiff by his Attorney, and it appearing, that at the time of the issuance of the summons and complaint was issued out that Garnishment was issued against W. W. Webster, and J. D. Ussery, and that the Garnishees in pursuance of said writs of garnishment has, at this term of the Court, filed their answers, admitting an indebtedness to J. W. Whisenant, one of the Defendants in this suit; and it further appearing to the Court, that the Defendant, J. W. Whisenant is and was at the time this suit was commenced, a non-resident of the State of Alabama to-wit: resides in Hernando County, State of Florida, Brooksville Post Office. And thereupon the Plaintiff moved for an order of publication against the Defendant, J. W. Whisenant, notifying him said defendant to appear at the next term of this Court, to answer Plaintiff's complaint.

It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in Calhoun County, for four consecutive weeks by the Clerk of this Court, and that the Clerk of this Court send to the said J. W. Whisenant a copy of this order, and this cause is continued.

A true copy from the minutes:
Witness my hand this 11th July, 1877.

G. B. DOUTHIT, Clerk.

July 14th.



## ELECTION NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
CALHOUN COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Alexander O. Stewart, as the Sheriff of said County, will cause to be opened and held, at the various places of voting in the Election Precincts in said County,

**On the First Monday in August, 1877.**

that being the 6th day of said month, an Election for the purpose of electing a Sheriff, County Treasurer, Tax Assessor, Tax Collector, four County Commissioners, and a Coroner for said County of Calhoun, and two Justices of the Peace and one Constable for each Election Precinct in said County of Calhoun.

And notice is hereby further given, that the following named persons, are appointed Inspectors of said Election, for the respective Election Precincts in said county, as hereinafter named, to-wit.

Precinct No. 1—Jacksonville.
T. R. Ward, Wm. M. Wier, J. J. Skelton } Inspectors.
J. L. Mattison, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 2—Alexandria.
W. F. Bush, Chas. Martin, L. D. Miller } Inspectors.
Ned Lee, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 3—Four Mile Spring.
Wm. E. Lambert, Thos. White, J. L. Turk } Inspectors.
Ed. Vernon, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 4—Court Ground.
E. A Walker, Wm. Self, P. N. Acker } Inspectors.
E. J. Haynie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 5—Polkville.
Wm. K. Mynatt, Mack Henderson, G. D. Meharg } Inspectors.
P. R. Hess, Returning Officer.

Precinct No 6—Peck's Hill.
Green Duke, John C. Archer, A. G. Finch } Inspectors.
Jackson Dickie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 7—Hollingsworth's School House.
Henry McBee, E. B. Dickinson, Wm. Nance } Inspectors.
Thos. Hollingsworth, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 8—Court Ground.
Benj. Nabors, Jackson Dale, W. B. Green } Inspectors.
Tandy Allen, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 9—Cross Plains.
J. C. Boles, John Craig, F. M. Savage } Inspectors.
John W. Pike, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 10—Cross Roads.
J. C. Watson, R. P. Morgan, Henry Warnock } Inspectors.
Henry Murry, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 11—White Plains.
D. S. Back, A. M. Whiteside, J. C. Wilson } Inspectors.
Allen Ward, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 12—Corn Grove.
Jno. F. Davis, J. T. DeArman, H. J. Tumlin } Inspectors.
John Elston, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 13—Oxford.
S. C. Kelly, D. P. Gunnels, Henry Snow } Inspectors.
J. M. Hayes, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 14—Sulphur Springs.
Miles Harrison, W. C. Martin, F. Crow } Inspectors.
J. B. Chappel, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 15—Woodstock.
W. J. Edmondson, T. P. Renfro, John Lloyd } Inspectors,
G. B. Skelton, Returning Officer.

ALEX. O STEWART,
Sheriff of Calhoun County.
L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.
G. B. DOUGHIT,
Clerk of Circuit Court.

June 26, 1877.

# The Republican.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

Mark Pinson's store at Arbacoochee was burned recently.

Delightful and refreshing rain Sunday. Crops needed it very much.

We announce to-day the name of Wm A. Beal as a candidate for Bailiff.

Walt Nisbit has sold all his Excelsior Fly Traps. He will have another dozen in a few days.

Died—Near Oxford, Wednesday morning, 18th inst., FIELDING SNOW, aged about 23 years.

Martin McGinnis requests his name withdrawn as a candidate for Bailiff and that of W. T. Kirby substituted.

We will take corn or wheat in payment of subscriptions to the REPUBLICAN if brought in within the next month.

Capt. Jas. Crook has a pig two months old the 13th. of July, which weighed fifty-two pounds. It is of the Berkshire breed.

A mill in Clebarne county recently caught fire in the night time and one or two men who were sleeping in it burned to death.

As the campaign draws to a close candidates are becoming more active. Well, we shall all know how it is in a little over two weeks.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Joel R. Love, Administrator. This is a fine chance to get a desirable home on good terms.

Quite a heavy hail storm visited the country some seven or eight miles south of this, in some instances beating the corn and cotton to the ground.

The last Oxford *Tribune* having been mislaid before we had an opportunity to read it entire we cannot give the usual extracts of local news from it this week.

Our merchants have about quit keeping corn-meal, and flour is scarce, despite the new crop of wheat. A good market could be found here for flour, bran and meal.

We have received a postal card from Rev. Julien C. Brown stating that Rev. W. P. Howell will occupy the pulpit of the M. E. Church the morning and evening of Sunday the 22nd (to-morrow.)

Ed. Caldwell, Emmet Laird and Sharpe Stewart have been following a travelling thresher and working like Trojans the last w weeks. A great many more such young men is what the country needs now.

Snake article from a friend in Beat 8 has been crowded out so often by the press of important matter, that the time when it would have been interesting has passed, and we shall, therefore, not now publish it at all. It is not left out because it has not merit.

Jacksonville has had a phrenologist the past week, who has divided his time between examining heads for 25 cents each and preaching to our colored fellow-citizens. If he made no more among the negroes than he did among the whites his stay was not very profitable.

One day last week Mr. Robert Alexander was found in his field almost at the point of death, from something like a sun-stroke apoplectic fit. He was removed to his residence and medical aid summoned. At present he is better, but still very feeble.

George Hoke (colored) was tried again Saturday night for assaulting his wife, from whom he is separated. This is not the first time Gronge has been hauled up for such an offence. He ought to remember that a distinguished author has said, in substance, "'twere base flattery to call that man coward who raises his hand in anger against a woman;" but it is barely possible he never read it.

Mr. Hammond has solved the problem of cool water from the works during the hot months. He has run his pipe to the bottom of a well on his place, coiled it sufficiently to hold several buckets of water and brought it back again to the top, from whence he draws his supply. In passing through the coil at the bottom of the well the water becomes very cool. Those who have no wells can dig to a depth of some eight or ten feet and arrive at the same result, we imagine.

We attended, a few days ago, a part of the time, the examination of the pupils of Miss Sallie Lester's school in this place. Most of them were very young, and considering their age, acquitted themselves very creditably. Miss L. we understand, commenced her school with the expectation of not taking more than ten or twelve; but such was her talent and capacity for imparting instruction, and rapid progress of her pupils, that her school soon increased to about twenty-five. Her diligence and success in the useful calling she has chosen are eminently worthy of liberal encouragement and patronage.

Some of our citizens met Tuesday night and organized a new Temperance Lodge, under the name of Phœnix Lodge No. 4, Alabama Templars. This is part of a State movement to substitute a new order for the I. O. G. T. It has an exclusive white membership—this not being the case with the old order in some jurisdictions. Indeed the question of white and colored membership was the cause of the rupture of the old order and the substitution of the new one for it in this State. We understand there are some fifty lodges already organized in the State, and that the new order is rapidly taking the place of the almost defunct order of Good Templars.

We have noticed lately quite a disposition on the part of some of the young negro bucks of Jacksonville to swell around and swear loudly whenever one of their number is arrested for a violation of any ordinance of the town. In one instance they went so far as to resist the officer in the discharge of his duty, and Saturday night some few of them carried their protests almost to the point of resistance. This thing, if carried on, must eventually end in a riot, in which the colored bucks will most certainly come out second best. If they take the patience of the white people with them as evidence of the slightest fear of them they are very much mistaken, as they will find to their cost, if they force an issue. If it becomes necessary every man in town will support the Marshal in the discharge of his duty and the enforcement of the law, and will arrest all law-breakers, white and black, even if it be necessary to kill those who resist them. It is the duty of the Marshal to deal with white and black alike, and when he does this it is the duty of the law-abiding part of the community, both white and black to assist him, when he calls for aid, in preserving the peace of the community. They will do it, and we warn those who have heretofore shown a disposition to provoke a riot to desist, or they will bring sorrow and trouble upon their own heads.

THE ECLECTIC for August is on our table. In the frontispiece the *Eclectic* pays a just tribute to Southern genius by re-producing, in fine steel engraving, a portrait of Mr. Paul H. Hayne, poet and man-of letters. An appreciative biographical sketch accompanies the portrait, in which appropriate mention is made of the difficulties with which Mr. Hayne has had to contend in pursuing his chosen career. The literary contents of the number are fully up to the usual high standard of the magazine, and comprise the following articles: The Contest of Church and State in Italy; Twenty Years of African Travel; Genius and Vanity; To Victor Hugo, a Sonnet by Alfred Tennyson; Life and Times of Thomas Becket, by James Anthony Froude; Pera, a Sketch of Constantinople; Is the Moon dead? George Frederick Cooke, the actor; Ex-Voto, by Charles Algernon Swinburne; Young Musgrave, three chapters of a novel by Mrs. Oliphant; George Sand, by Matthew Arnold; Ave Maria: a Breton Legend, by Alfred Austin; Amongst the Cossacks of the Don; Teaching to Read, by James Spedding; and Lines on a Beautiful Girl. The instructive and the entertaining are happily commingled in the foregoing list, and copious editorial notes on current literature, science and art complete an interesting number.

Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single number, 45 cents. The ECLECTIC and any $4 magazine to one address for $8.

NEGRO SHOT.—During a picnic near Alexandria, a party of negroes retired to the woods near by and engaged in a game of cards. A dispute arose in the course of the game, and the sharp report of a pistol startled the picnic party that a serious difficulty had occurred. Upon reaching the spot they found a negro named Crook stretched upon the ground and apparently breathing his last. Examination revealed the fact that he had been shot—that the ball had penetrated the breast and inflicted a very serious wound. The negro who did the shooting was also named Crook. Immediately upon firing the shot he fled, and up to this writing has not been caught. The wounded man is still living as we write.

Some weeks ago we published a little poem entitled "If we Knew," sent us by a gentleman of this county as the production of a little girl. It was complimented at the time of its appearance, and the following week we stated as much, and gave some words of encouragement to the little Miss. We are sorry now to have to say that the poem was not original. It was clipped bodily from a stray newspaper waif that went the rounds of the press some two or three years ago, and which we now have in our possession. Thus our little contributor finds her literary laurels stripped from her brow, and the lesson impressed upon her that it is better to always appear what we are than to endeavor to pass for more, on borrowed plumage.

BIG OXEONS.—Mr. J. O. Camp has laid us under obligations for a new kind of onion that he raised this year. It is very large and mild, and is of the multiplying variety. Around the main onion a great many smaller onions form, and one of these planted the following year make the larger onion, such as he has laid upon our table. On a spot eight feet square he raised about one bushel and a half. After next year he will have a large quantity of the seed on hand, and we hope to see them introduced freely throughout our county.

We publish the following, just as it was received by postal card from DeArmanville. Probably there are persons in this county who understand it better than we do, and we leave it for them to make out:

"Died on Tugalo River: (heretofore) Mrs. Davis, 89 years old; Joshua Jones, some 60 years old; Kennedy Jarrett, some 55 years old, and Kennedy, grown son. Berry Elston, died in Arkansas, 80 years old. This July, 1877—Corn Grove, Ala."

Some time ago we promised to try and find a market for dried blackberries. Messrs. Hammond & Williams have been in correspondence with dealers, but so far have been offered only eight cents per pound. Dried peeled peaches always find a ready market at good figures right at your doors. Do not fail to dry large quantities of them.

Our fellow-townman, Mr. John M. Wyly, has been appointed General Agent of the Alabama & Chattanooga Railroad, and will make his headquarters at Gadsden, from which point he will direct shipments over his road. He thoroughly understands his business; is very energetic, and will no doubt be of great benefit to the road.

Mr. M. S. Bazemore is this week announced as a candidate for Coroner.

## COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

ALEXANDRIA.—Mr. Sam I. McClelen is dangerously ill at his home. Mr. W. P. Cooper fainted and fell from his horse, & received slight injuries a few days ago.

What has become of our friend "Greenbacks" of the Tribune. We put a stop to his enthusiastic crusade on our whiskey. We did not want it stopped, (I mean the whiskey) because we like a "wee drap of the good creater" occasionally. It is useless for any body to try to stop our whiskey. A majority of our citizens want it here, so who can stop it.

Greenbacks was very frisky
In trying to put down our whiskey.
Now he should stop awhile, & think
Then call around & take a drink.
He says he belongs to the temperance Lodge,
But he can give the boys the "dodge,"
I know he is a temperance boy,
But wont he drink with PatMaCoy?

Cotton has improved very much in the last week, will make a fair crop. Corn is excellent and will make the largest crop for years. The wheat crop did not come up to our expectations, most of the farmers make a fraction over a half crop. The hail storm totally destroyed several crops in the Post Oak country on Sunday 15th inst. The stones were as large as guinea eggs. The cloud extended 1 mile in length and half a mile in width. We had a splendid rain on the night of the 18th.

PAT MACOY.

### What Ailed the Pup.

When that cultivated and intellectual middle-aged person, Miss Mary Ann Moxon, of Cambridge, Mass., had the collar of her offensive little poodle inscribed: "I'm Mary Ann Moxon's dog; whose dog are you?" she thought it was rather a clever joke on the casual citizen who might encounter the pup and investigate his reason for being. But one morning, the poodle, howling as though he was carrying all the smarts of Sirius in the chorus of the morning stars, and suddenly, as if fired out of a shot gun into the Moxon presence with his tail tucked very close and a business card tied to his collar. Divining that some one had set the poodle up in the carrier-dove business Miss Moxon seized the missive and read: "Turpentine is what ails me; what's the matter with you?"—*New York Tribune.*

A YOUTHFUL GROOM AND BRIDE. Last Thursday afternoon, in the parlor of the Rome Hotel, Mr. Matt Thomas and Miss Mollie Clack were joined together in holy wedlock. Col. Towers performed the ceremony. The couple are quite youthful, the groom seemingly being about 18 and his bride about 14 or 15. Both are from Anniston, Alabama. They flanked parental wishes in reference to their marriage, and thus coming to Rome realized their blissful dream.

As the years of their life go by, may they have ever increasing reasons for congratulating themselves upon their early marriage, and at last, when separated by Death, may they be relatively as old a couple as they are now youthful.—*Rome Courier, 14th inst.*

There was a colored picnic at Leoti, Calhoun county, on the glorious Fourth. Many from the surrounding counties were present. Late in the day, the patriotic effect of too much "bug-juice" culminated in a regular pitched battle between the Calhoun and St. Clair forces, in which shot-guns and rifles were met by pistols and pocket knives. The St. Clair troops, thinking discretion the better part of valor, recrossed the Coosa river in great disorder and fell back to their base of supplies. Nobody killed, wounded or missing.—*Ashville [illegible]*

Sam Jones preached two interesting sermons in Anniston last week, one on Sunday by invitation of Julien C. Brown, on "What think ye of Christ?" and his style in the pulpit is brilliant and masterly, and this effort was scholarly and fine. Mr. Brown is considered the most promising young minister belonging to Conference. On Tuesday night Rev. Dr. Banister held service here, and his subject was handled in a manner that left nothing to be desired—a sermon full of fine thought and sound logic.—*Scottsboro Herald.*

A terrible tornado visited the town of Pensaukee, Wisconsin, recently, and left but three houses standing. The Gardner House, a large hotel, was wholly demolished. Saw mills, residences, trees, fences, &c., were swept away. Six persons are known to have been killed, twenty wounded, and five are missing; some guests of the hotel, of whom no account has been made. The losses are heavy. The storm tore up trees as though they had been weeds, and whirled them in the air like feathers. The tornado was not over 1000 feet in width, and lasted not more than three minutes. Its velocity and power were terrific.

A young lady of Shelbyville, Ky., while visiting a sister in the country, had a singular adventure with a snake. She was engaged with her sister in gathering pears. Feeling a compression about the waist, upon loosening her dress a large black snake was discovered coiled twice around her waist over the corset. The brother-in-law killed the snake.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

All persons who aspire to beauty or personal appearance should not neglect that natural accessory, the hair. By many it has been neglected until the hair has become thin, gray, or entirely fallen off. Messrs. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., have produced an effectual remedy, called Sicilian Hair Renewer, which cures all diseases of the scalp. This wonderful preparation acts upon the glands, which support and nourish the hair, restores gray hair to its original color, makes the scalp white and clean, removes and prevents the formation of dandruff and all cutaneous eruptions; and, by its tonic and nutritive properties, restores the scalp to a healthy state, and creates a new growth. As a dressing, it is unsurpassed, giving the hair that brilliancy so much admired by all.—*Boston Commercial.*

The Attention of Farmers is called to our

***American Mammoth Rye, or Diamond Wheat.***

For Fall or Spring Sowing. A new Variety, entirely distinct from the Common Rye or any other Grain ever Introduced.

It was first found growing wild on the Humboldt River, Nevada; since which time it has been successfully cultivated wherever tried. It yields from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre. Mr. A. J. Dufur, United States Centennial Commissioner from Oregon, asserts that he has known it to yield eighty-seven and a half bushels to the acre. It was awarded the highest and only premium at the United States' Centennial Exposition, and pronounced the finest and only grain of the kind on exhibition.

It has been grown as a Fall and Spring grain with equal success. Single grains measuring one-half inch in length, and the average close to that.

Price per package 25 cents; five packages, $1 00; one dozen packages, $2 00. Sent post paid by mail.

Agents wanted everywhere to introduce this Wheat.

Notice.—We are in no way connected with any other Seed House in Cleaveland or Chattanooga. All orders, letters, &c., should be addressed thus

S. Y. HAYNES & Co.,
Cleveland, Bradley co., Tenn.

Samples sent free on receipt of a Three cent stamp. May 9, 1877—4t.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovic Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Macon, Jan. 8, 1876.

Dear Bro. Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pray in a family. Had tried many things. Got no benefit from any. Since conference some one sent me from Americus a bottle of Thrash's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now, this is the ninth day, and I can talk now with some ease. I came here, among other things, to supply myself with this medicine. No druggist here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Thrash & Co., show them this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on finely.

(Signed) LOVIC PIERCE.

For sale by Dr W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville Ala. Sep. 23—3m.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of Gazzam's Angelica Flower we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 dozen sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "Angelica Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few this Dyspeptics made known to their friends. So easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of Gazzam's Angelica Flower became bruited through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without advertising, its sale has become immense. Druggists in EVERYTOWN in the United States are selling it. No person suffering with Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, etc., can take three doses without relief. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

*CIGARS.*

Come, everybody, and smoke and treat your friends. Good Cigars at MADDOX & PRIVETT'S. Three for 10 cents.

Good Chewing Tobacco at the Red Store for 10 cents a plug.

Factory Yarn at Maddox & Privett's for $1.00 per bunch.

MADDOX & PRIVETT are selling good brown Sugar 8 lbs for $1.00.

MADDOX & PRIVETT will buy all the green beef hides you will bring them.

If you ride on horseback go to MADDOX & PRIVETTS and get you a good, neat Saddle Blanket. It will save its cost in preserving your pants one year.

A few pair of neat, strong and durable buggy harness on hand, will be sold cheap for cash or exchanged for wheat or flour. Apply at once at the Red Store.

Riding, Driving and Plow Bridles, Hames, Collars and Whips, at the very bottom prices, at

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Prepare in time for the immense crop of peaches that will soon be ripe, and supply yourself with those Shelby Ware Fruit Jars at the Red Store; also the Gem Self-sealing Glass Jar at $2 per dozen.

## Second and Last NOTICE.

PERSONS who have not yet paid their taxes, if they wish to avoid cost and trouble, must call upon the undersigned immediately and pay their corporation and water tax.

WM. H. FLEMING, Collector.
July 14, 1877—3t.

## DR. J. R. GARBER

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity.

All calls will receive prompt attention.

Special attention given to all *chronic* diseases.

Office on South street, two doors below the Wyl House. June 9 tf

## IMPORTANT.

W. W. NESBIT

IS NOW prepared with Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper to do all kinds of work and repairing on Sorgaum Machinery.

SMOKE STACKS of superior construction, which will make more Molasses in a shorter time than any other, a *specialty.*

MEASURES, SKIMMERS, DIPPERS, &c. constantly on hand for sale.

RAPID SORGHUM COOLER.—The best thing ever invented. Does away with the necessity of cooling in barrels.

Terms cash, or good barter.

Jacksonville, May 26, .877.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."
Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad,
Taking Effect Sunday, June. 3, 1877.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5:40 a m | Leave | Selma, | Arrive | 9.50 a m |
| 7:38 " " | | Randolph, | " | 7:18 " |
| 9:20 " " | | Calera, | " | 5:25 " |
| 11.22 " " | | Talladega, | " | 2:36 " |
| 12.23 p. m. | | Oxford, | " | 1.24 " |
| 12.31 " " | | Anniston, | " | 1.12 " |
| 1.02 " " | | Jacksonville, | " | 12.36 " |
| 2.11 " " | | Stonewall, | " | 11.09 p m |
| 2.18 " " | | Tecumseh, | " | 11.00 " |
| 2.25 " " | | Pryor's, | " | 10.50 " |
| 2.45 " " | | Cave Spring | " | 10.25 " |
| 3.30 " " | | Rome, | " | ..... |
| 4 12 " | Arrive | Plainville | Leave | 8.25 " |
| 4.30 " | Leave | Plainville | Arrive | 8.05 " |
| 5.40 " | Arrive | Dalton, | Leave | 6.35 " |

Through Sleepers will run from Vicksburg to Lynchburg without change.

Connecting at Dalton with E. T., V. & Ga. R. R for Eastern Virginia cities, Virginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities.

Close connection at Calera for Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans.

Close connection at Selma with Ala. Cen. R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans, and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations.

M. STANTON, Gen. Supt. RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agt.
April 7, 1877.

### Administrator's Sale OF Personal Property.

UNDER and by virtue of an Order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, the undersigned, as the administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth G. Walker, deceased, will,

**On Saturday the 21st day of July, 1877.**

Proceed to sell upon the premises of the undersigned, all the Personal Property of said estate, consisting of One MULE, and HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE—A credit until 1st day of January, 1878. Note and approved security will be required to secure the purchase money.

JOHN F. WALKER,
Administrator.
June 23, 1877—3t.

*Notice to Creditors.*

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, Special Term, May 15th, 1877.

Elizabeth G. Walker, dec.—Estate of.

LETTERS of Administration upon the Estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of May, 1877, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate court of Calhoun county: Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against said Estate will be required to present them within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.

JOHN F. WALKER,
June 23, 1877—3t. Adm'r.

POSTPONED

SALE OF SLAVES.

By virtue of an Execution issued from the Circuit court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of W. Dickie, Administrator of E. C. Dickie, deceased, and against Elyphus Crossley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala., on the FIRST MONDAY IN AUGUST next, the following described Land, to-wit: The west half of north-east fourth, & north east fourth of north-east fourth, and north west fourth of south east fourth of north east fourth of section 10, township 15, range 6. Also the south west fourth of south east fourth of section 3, township 15, of range 6, as the property of defendant, to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.
may 12—4t.

## The Rome Hotel,

Within Ten Step of the Rail Road.
BROAD STREET, ROME, GEORGIA.
NO OMNIBUS NEEDED.

The Hotel is situated in the principal business square of the city, is New and Clean from Bottom to Top, having been

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED

In the last sixty days, and has received an addition of fourteen

ELEGANT AIRY AND CONVENIENT ROOMS, NEWLY FURNISHED.

The Hotel is abundantly supplied with Fresh Milk, Butter and Vegetables from our own Dairy and Garden.

Rates Two Dollars per day, or seventy-five cents for single meal and single lodging, with no extra charge for handling baggage.

Representatives from the principal business houses of the city can be found boarding in the Hotel.

J. A. STANSBURY, Proprietor.
sept 30—1y.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1853.)

## H. A. SMITH

*ROME, GA.*

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**Bookseller and Music Dealer**

KEEPS constantly on hand, a large stock of School and Miscellaneous BOOKS, Stationery and Fancy Articles—Pianos and Organs, at prices that will defy competition in any market in the South.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

## CROQUET SETS

*In Wood Boxes* $1.50,

and upwards, complete. Orders by mail promptly filled—heavy discounts to Merchants and Schools. Jan. 27, 1877.

## Fashionable *Millinery.*

THE undersigned have just received a full stock of fine and fashionable material for Millinery: Ribbons, Laces, Ties, &c. Trimmed HATS of every variety and price, from 75 cents to $10 00.

LADIES DRESSES cut and made in the latest styles.

Room back of W. A. Driskell's Dry Goods Store.

Ladies respectfully invited to call and examine Goods.

Misses KATE & LOU CRAWFORD.
Jacksonville, Oct. 21, 1876—tf.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**For County Treasurer.**

We are authorized to announce
ISAAC L. SWAN,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
THOMAS L. WAKELEY,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
E. L. WOODWARD, Sr.,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
R. F. (Tobe) HUGHES,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH A. JONES
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. P. CROOK
as a candidate for County Treasurer.

**For Tax Collector.**

We are authorized to announce
Capt C. W. BREWTON,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
Humphrey Posey Whiteside,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
M. D. C. SPRADLEY,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
E McCLELEN,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES M. WEBSTER,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH BORDEN
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun count

We are authorized to announce
JEROME B. SMITH,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. F. JORDAN,
as a Candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

**For Tax Assessor.**

We are authorized to announce
JOHN A. GLENN,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
W. F. HANNA,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
HON. A. WOODS,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
SAMUEL B. WHITE, Sr.
as a candidate for Tax Assessor for Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
A. B. LEDBETTER,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
ALFRED MOORE MORGAN,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WM. W. WEAVER
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

**For Sheriff.**

We are authorized to announce
R. J. (SEAB.) MATTHEWS,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. F. SHUFORD,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. Z. GOODLETT,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WILLIAM J. BROCK,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. J. CLARK,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN H. CRAWFORD,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. A. STEWART,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

**For County Commissioner.**

We are authorized to announce
R. H. GRIFFIN,
of Peck's Hill Beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
AD. LITTLEJOHN
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
BAILEY G. McCLELEN,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. C. SCARBROUGH,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES D. HOLLINGSWORTH,
of Beat No. 7, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WARREN HARRIS,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
MATTHEW E. EZELLE,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
Capt. M. H. FOWLER,
of Oxford Beat, No. 13, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
A. M. STEWART,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH L. KIRBY,
of the south-west portion of the county, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
A. D. WILKINS,
of Alexandria beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
MARK DRISKELL,
as a candidate for Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce
L. H. WAGNON,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

**For Bailiff.**

We are authorized to announce
ROBERT F. RILEY,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
W. T. KIRBY,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
GEORGE W. LEACH,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

**For Coroner.**

We are authorized to announce
RUFUS ALEXANDER
as a candidate for Coroner.

We are authorized to announce
M. S. BAZEMORE
as a candidate for Coroner.

We are authorized to announce
WM. A. BEAL,
as a candidate for Bailiff in Beat No. 1.


THIS standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

**Price, One Dollar.**

## Buckingham's Dye

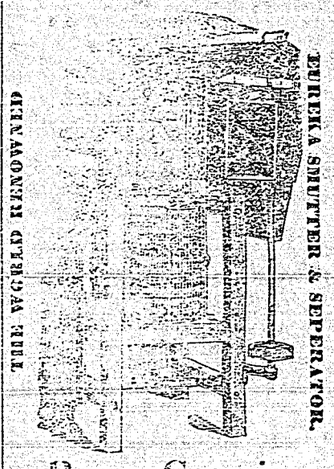
FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,
NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

W. M. NISBET, Agent,
Jacksonville, Ala.

## J. J. Cohen,




Rome, Georgia,

Keeps Constantly on hand the most celebrated and latest MILL MACHINERY, at Manufacturer's prices. Also, Importer of the Double Anchor Dutch Bolting Cloth, French Burr and Esopus MILL STONES, Double Turbine Water Wheels, and an assortment of Belting, &c. Dec. 30 '71.—1y.

## R. T. HOYT.

(Successor to W. D. HOYT & CO.)

**Wholesale Druggist,**

No. 43 BROAD STREET, ROME, GA

Keeps constantly on hand,

*DRUGS, Field & Grass Seeds* of all kinds; ONION SETTS; **Seed Irish Potatoes;**

**Buist's GARDEN SEEDS;**

WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c

Rome, Ga. Jan. 20, 1877—tf.

## LIVERY & SALE STABLE

HAVING bought the entire half interest of J. W. Fullenwider in the stock and outfit of the late Hammond & Fullenwider's Stable, we will continue the same business place, and hope that by fair dealing and reasonable charges to merit a liberal share of patronage. A stable is an indispensable necessity to all villages, and we hope our citizens may give us sufficient patronage to make the stable self-sustaining. We will also continue the mail Hack to and from Gadsden daily except Sabbaths.

Price for Gadsden Hack $3 00 through or $2 00 return.

Hack to and from depot 25c day 50c night.
Horse, single feed 35c or $1 00 per day.
Horse and Buggy per day, .....$3 00
Hack and two horses per day, ..... $3 50

Waggons, Hacks, Buggies and Horses always on hand.

W. B. HAMMOND,
J. D. HAMMOND, Agent.
—tfoct 7

### The Fiend of the Jungle.

The tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle, called the Terai; this is his chosen home. Cradled in the long, feathery grass of the jungle, he gambols about in his infancy playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild hogs, deer, and all the larger species of game, are his usual prey; but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular fore-arms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: "I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges." In his old age, when his teeth becomes worn he not unfrequently becomes a man-eater; and such is the devastation he then occasions, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and extensive districts laid waste from dread of these feline scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman with his rifle and elephants is hailed as a god-send by the whole neighborhood. A tiger often when brought to bay "spits" exactly like a cat. Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom roar; but at night the forests resound with the hideous din of their cries which resemble the cater-wauling of a whole squadron of gigantic tom-cats. In making a charge the tigers utters a series of short, vicious, coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrific roar.—*Chamber's Journal.*

### How a Boy Enjoys Spring.

These are the days when a boy starts away from home at seven o'clock in the morning, with a market basket and a case knife, to go to the woods to get wild flowers, and comes back any time after dark, without any handle to the basket, with a broken knife, the rim of his hat gone, his trowsers rent in every variety, hungry as an Indian and tired as a tramp, and after he has eaten enough supper for six men, and has failed in three determined effort to get past you and go to bed without washing his face and hands, replies to inquiries about spring flowers by pulling out of his pocket a mile and a half of string, five fish hooks, two spools, four walnuts, vintage of '76, a bird's wing, part of a squirrel skin, a thorn three inches long, a big tooth, buck-eye, and a wan, wilted, crumple little bit of something which on close inspection proves to be the remains of a violet.—*Hawkeye.*

### The Function of a Newspaper.

There has grown up a sort of common law of obligation, recognized mutually by the press and by the people, by which the people expect that the press, as distributors of useful intelligence, shall inform them, as well what is to be avoided as what is to be sought, as well who is to be suspected as who is to be confided in. And a newspaper, as a garnerer and distributor of news, is a public monitor, and it is its duty to admonish the people against frauds and shams, and impostures and dishonesties. It is to be a beacon as well as a guide; and whenever a public newspaper, through its diversified appliances for the collection and distribution of information, discovers anywhere in public life and in public avocations, whether it be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a physician, a man who, instead of securing the public welfare by honorable methods and practices, simply prowls about in the back yard of his profession, and uses the means and instrumentalities which honorable title gives him to pander to his own lust or avarice, or any other vile passion, and that paper fails to send out some admonitory voice, and sound some signal of warning, it is recreant to every principle of duty and responsibility, and should be stigmatized by the public it pretends to represent and to serve.

I cordially, however, give my assent to the doctrine that a newspaper has no right in its endeavors to minister to the public to sacrifice private character. The public too has a stake in the good name of its citizens, and he who defames a good citizen does it at his own peril. The public press should inculcate the sentiment that he who maliciously or wilfully or wantonly or carelessly even, and falsely, charges a man with a crime, is a foe to society, and an enemy to the law. The law recognizes this, and always has, so that from the earliest history of civilization, and in the rudest stages of society we have found the law furnished protection to every man in the full and complete enjoyment of a well earned reputation.

### Truth.

There is an innate principal in the human heart which causes men to love truth and regard it as something particularly valuable, beautiful and majestic. The images of a lively fancy or the fairy forms of the ideal world may delight for a moment the restless mind but truth alone can impart a spirit which partakes of its own dignity simplicity and eternity. Those who are charmed with finely wrought tales, imaginary joys and woes, and are wont to feel the immortal intellect with airy nothing,' feel too painfully the insufficiency of fiction to supply the necessities of the soul, and though such seldom becomes the lovers and defenders of truth, they are accustomed to regard it as a treasure which possesses the power of imparting a lasting satisfaction to its possessor.

So spontaneously does the love of truth spring up in the human heart, that the system of error, however studied and specious, would meet the approbation of mankind, did it not assume the garb of reality, and present itself to the inquiring mind as the object of his search.

Truth, then, may be regarded as having an original abode in the human soul; and doubtless that man stood on the earth, and held 'sweet converse, and cherubim and seraphim,' saw it in full perfection and loveliness. But when the polluting and destroying influence of sin introduced disorder and confusion into harmonious universe and marred the beautiful symmetry of man's moral constitution, prejudiced in part gained the ascendency over the principle, and obtained a seat in the heart, there to defend error and counterfeit truth.

## AGRICULTURAL.

WATERING OF HORSES AFTER FEEDING.—The *National Live Stock Journal*, in giving directions for the care of horses, says: Another common fault in the alimentation of horses is the leading to water just after a full feed of grain. The first effect of this is to largely distend the stomach, and the result may be as serious as if the material were masticated grain and saliva. But, should this danger be avoided, matters are not necessarily left in a better state. The sudden and excessive influx of water is likely to wash much of the contents of the stomach into the intestines before the nitrogenous principles have been digested, and fermentation, extrication of gases, over-distensions, colics and inflammations result. Even this is not all. The application of an excess of cold water on the stomach and intestines causes vascular congestion and violent muscular contractions, so that all tend to digestive disorder of a dangerous nature. Copious draughts of iced water are hurtful alike to man and beast. If it must be taken it should be in small quantities only, and frequently. But a drink of water, of moderate temperature, just after a feed of grain is full of peril. Thirst should be allayed before feed is given; and if any is allowed after, it should be merely a mouthful, until the lapse of one or two hours' time has been had for gastric digestion. After a feed of hay there is comparatively little danger. From the excessive salivary addition to the hay, and the comparatively small amount of its albuminoids, these are rapidly dissolved out and digested, and the further addition of water is often rather favorable than otherwise in hastening its progress into the bowels, where the digestion of its starch, sugar, fat and other respiratory organs may be completed.

EARS OF SWINE.—A breeder, writing in the *Iowa Producer* says: It seems to me that there is enough in this subject to engage the attention of those employed in the improvement of swine in this country. One objection made to the Berkshires is that they are too nervous. This is true of some individuals of the Berkshire family, but does not hold good as a universal rule. It has been and probably now is practiced by some, to breed for small, upright ears. That a small, upright ear is a mark of beauty, I will admit, but after close observation for a number of years, I am satisfied that this style of ear is indicative of a nervous, restless disposition, a thing not desirable in any animal, especially in a hog. It is necessary that a hog should be docile and of a quiet disposition whose natural inclination is to take on fat. On the other hand, breeders may run to extremes on the side of large ears. I think that this has been done by breeders of Poland and China swine. There is no sensible reason for a hog's ears hanging down over his eyes so as to obscure his vision. Such hogs often labor under continual fear because they are nearly blinded by their enormous ears. Now it seems to me that these extremes should be avoided. Let the Poland and China breeders breed for a medium ear, and the Berkshire breeders be less anxious for small, upright ears, and I think both breeds will be improved in this regard.

PROTECTION.—All orchards and fruit gardens, whether of old or young trees, should be carefully protected against the depredations of cattle or other animals. Good fences to secure them are indispensable, as it is utter folly to expend time and money in planting and rearing a fine orchard, and then allow animals to disfigure, maim, and destroy the trees. Cattle, horses, or sheep should never be allowed to run in orchards; nor should swine be admitted except at intervals of very short periods, in order that they may have time only to eat up the fallen fruit, and not to bark the trees or root up the ground.

In some sections birds are great depredators upon fruit, but as a general thing they do more good in devouring the insects than harm in consuming the fruit. If they become too numerous, they can be frightened away with guns.

BONE MANURE.—The reason why bone manure is so valuable is that the great utility of bones as a manure arises from the large amount of phosphate which they contain. On all pastures which have been long fed the phosphate of lime is exhausted. It is constantly taken from the earth in the grass to form the bone, and the muscle, and the milk of animals. Of the earthly matter in bones, nearly five-sixths consists of phosphate of lime or magnesia. Nitrogen is also abundant, and of course ammonia. A few bushels of bonedust will often quite restore old, worn-out pastures. The ashes of all grains are very rich in phosphate of lime, which goes to prove the importance of furnishing this element for their use.

### A Very Little in Bank.

Among the subscribers to Audubon's magnificent work on ornithology was John Jacob Astor. He was always ready to encourage such works, and he put his name down upon Audubon's books for one thousand dollars. During the progress of the work, which proved to be more expensive than had been at first anticipated, Mr. Audubon often found himself obliged to call upon his generous patrons for assistance; but he did not call upon Mr. Astor until the letter-press and the plates have been delivered

When the final delivery had been made, however, he called upon the great merchant for his thousand dollars.

'Ah, Mr. Audubon,' said the owner of millions, 'you come in a very bad time. Money is scarce and hard, and I have everthing snugly aud tightly invested.'

And so the ornithologist called again, and was often put off. It was not because Mr. Astor did not wish to pay, but it was from that strong desire growing stronger and stronger with his years, to keep his property intact, and see it increase. When he had paid away a hundred thousand dollars for a really benevolent purpose, he felt good, as a man feels good who has got rid of an aching tooth. It was only the wrenching away of the money that hurt him.

At length Audubon called the sixth time. Mr. Astor had commenced to be bemoan the low condition of his cash at hand, when he caught a disapproving look from his son William, who happened to be present.

'But,' said the old man, after a pause: 'I suppose you want your money, and, really, I should like to let you have it. I may have very little in bank—William, have we any money in bank?'

Evidently John Jacob had expected his son only to answer a simple 'yes;' and it may be that William B. thought his father really wished to learn something of the bank account. At any rate, he was just fresh from the cash-on-hand page of the ledger, and he answered:

'Yes; we have a little over a hundred thousand in the Bank of New York; eighty thousand in the City Bank; ninety-eight thousand four hundred in—'

'That'll do! I guess, Mr. Audubon; William can give you a check for the money.'

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—*Cicero.*

## SCIENTIFIC.

*The Effect of Tobacco on the Human System.*—In the fourth annual report of the Michigan State Board of Health, Dr. Scott relates something new in the influence of tobacco on the human system, as follows:

"There has come under my notice for several years, but more particularly during the last two years, a kind of rheumatic condition of the walls of the chest. The patient complains of a dull heavy pain in the chest walls. The disease in a large majority of cases is confined to the left side. The pain is circumscribed and limited to a space of not more than two inches in diameter, just below and a little to the left of the left nipple. At times the pain is very severe, and always constant day and night, when the patient is awake. I have investigated the disease to some extent, and find it to be more common among tobacco users, especially those who use the weed to excess. Patients suffering from this complaint invariably come to their physican with the belief that they have heart trouble. I have not found signs of organic lesion in any of the cases that I have examined, but there does exist in some of them what might be called 'irritable heart.' I am convinced that the greater number of these cases are the result of intemperance either in the use of tobacco or other stimulants, for the reason that, when the patient abstains from the use of them for a short time, his pain ceases and his condition improves. In one case, where the patient abstained from the use of tobacco for thirteen months, the pain entirely ceased; but at the end of this period the gentleman recommenced the use of tobacco, and after three weeks' use the old pain returned with all its severity. I am certain that quite a number in this vicinity are receiving treatment for heart disease, when, if they would reform in tobacco using, they would speedily recover."

*Substitute for Sulphate of Quinine.*—Dr. Woodworth, Supervising Surgeon-General, calls the attention of medical officers of the U. S. marine hospital service to the extraordinary increase in the market price of quinia sulphate, and at the same time to the accumulating testimony in favor of the employment of the quinidia, chinchonidia, and chinchonia sulphates, of which the two first named are believed to be as efficacious as the quinia sulphate. He suggests that the less costly salts be accorded a fair trial, and that medical officers take this matter in consideration in preparing their next semi-annual requisition for medical supplies.

*Action of Sea Water on Lead.*—The *Journal of the Chemical Society* says that, after keeping strips of new cut lead in a bottle of sea water, frequently shaken, for four days, no trace of lead could be detected in the water, but the bright surface of the strips was coated with an insoluble lead compound. Hence, lead pipes may be used in marine aquaria without any fear of injury to their inhabitants.

*A New Fire Extinguisher.*—A new fire-extinguishing chemical compound has been lately devised, which, in its application for extinguishing fires, is quite different from the fire annihilators in general use. The new composition is a mixture of chemicals which on being ignited, evolve sulphurous acid and carbonic acid gases, which fill the apartment or building, producing an atmosphere which smothers combustion.

### Anecdote of Telegraphing.

The following is told by Mr. Rogers: "I think the most curious fact that I have ever heard of the electric telegraph, was told me by the cashier of the Bank of England. 'Once upon a time,' then, on a certain Saturday night, the folks at the bank could not make the balance come out correct by just £100. This is a very serious matter in that little establishment. I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic, for it requires a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known. I am told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes the whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after this £100, as if the old lady in Threadneedle street would be in the Gazette for want of it. Luckily on Sunday morning, a clerk in the middle of a sermon, I dare say, if the truth were known, felt a suspicion of the truth flash through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race, lightning against steam! steam with eight and forty hours the start. Instantly the wires asked, 'Whether such a vessel had left the harbor?' 'Just weighed anchor,' was the reply. 'Stop her!' frantically shouted the telegraph. It was done. 'Heave upon deck certain boxes marked so and so: weigh them carefully.' They were weighed, and one—the delinquent—was found heavier by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns than it ought to be. 'Let her go,' said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indies were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into the boxes or delaying the voyage an hour. Now, that is what we call doing business.'

### Dress and Furniture.

How can dress long continue artistic? Fashions in dress depend upon uglinesses more than beauties. Some leading Parisian lady of pleasure is of small stature, and mounts on stilted heels, and her deformity becomes a law for all the modest women in Europe. Half-tint colors suit some beauty of brilliant complexion, real or artificial; and all manner of pale or olive cheeks are deprived of any background except sickly drabs and greens. A fashionable color changes suddenly, and economical dames and damsels wear it with the totally incongruous hue last in vogue. This is complicated in England with their extraordinary way of buying all sorts of pretty articles of dress, and wearing them promiscuously. And, in principle, all domestic art depends on dress, for all the decorative part of the house is meant to become the women of the house. There is nothing within its walls more important than its mistress and daughters: they ought to be the central ornaments of their own drawing-room: and its walls, carpets and curtains depend on their dress; and that on their style. Graduations of blue and maize for blondes, varieties of gold and green for pale brunettes; white, pink and gold for compromise; character above all in furniture and ornament, the stamp of a genuine taste, of something loved and fancied or enjoyed, something that shall tell of heart, or brains, or delicate senses, or well-taught choice—where that is seen, all is well. It is a curious proof of the morality of art, that the word character sums up, in fact, all that can be done in ornaments of house or furniture.—*Contemporary Review.*

Never make that man your friend who hates bread, music or the laugh of a child.—*Lavater.*

## DOMESTIC.

ABOUT FLIES.—Every one ought to know that this is the season to get rid of flies. They begin now to crawl half dead from their winter hiding places in attic and closet, and the careful housekeeper should not omit to put an end to as many as possible. A pail of hot water into which they can be swept is the best plan; but the torpid insects suffer but little in whatever way they may be executed. It is from these that the swarms of August will originate. Dr. Harris, in his book on insects, says, speaking of the house-fly: "The swarms of Summer are doubtless the progeny of a few individuals who have survived the winter in some protected nook, and are not produced from eggs laid the preceding season. A single female will produce about 20,000 young." It is mistaken kindness to brush these creatures out of the window, as so many do, who though they do not hesitate to kill mosquitoes, feel bound to spare the lives of equally noxious flies.

TO CLEANSE THE WOODWORK AROUND DOORS.—Take a pail of hot water; throw in two tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax; use a good coarse house cloth—an old coarse towel does splendidly—and wash the painting; do not use a brush; when washing places that are extra yellow or stained, soap the cloth; then sprinkle it with the dry powdered borax, and rub the places well, using plenty of rinsing water; by washing the woodwork in this way you will not remove the paint, and the borax will soften and make the hands white—a fact well worth knowing. The uses of borax in domestic economy are numerous; and one of the most valuable is its employment to aid the detergent properties of soap.

VIENNOISE PUDDING.—Put into a mixing basin five ounces of bread cut into dice; five ounces of dry bread-crumbs; the grated rind and juice of a lemon; three ounces of sugar; three ounces of sultana raisins; three ounces of candied orange peel, and a glass of sherry wine. Then brown in a sauce-pan one ounce of lump sugar, after which pour into it a half pint of milk. (This is the caramel, or browning of French cookery, and imparts both flavor and color to puddings). Break the yolks of four eggs, and add to them a gill of cream. Mix with the caramel, and pour over the ingredients in the basin; let the mixture stand two or three hours to soak. Butter a mold, pour the mixture into it, (but do not fill the mold quite full,) and steam two hours.

AN EMINENT English physician says he has found sulphur almost a specific for scarlet fever. He anoints the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment, gives from five to ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day, and burns sulphur in the room of the patient twice daily. He says that he has given this treatment extended trial for over two years, and that under it not one of his patients was more than eight days in making a complete recovery, although the cases were all well marked, the surface skin on the arms coming away like the skin of a snake.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM MARBLE.—The *German Banzeitung* says: To remove grease-spots from marble is no very easy task; for the most part the grease penetrates deeply, and is very obstinately retained by the crystalline substance. A satisfactory result is obtained most quickly by smearing a semi-fluid paste of benzole and chalk mud, in a layer about twenty millimeters thick, over the spots, and covering with a wet cloth. The operation must be repeated until the spots disappear.

OYSTER CABBAGE.—Take cabbage enough for a good sized dishful, chop considerably finer than for cold slaugh, and boil till tender. Then turn out in a collander and strain.

FRIED CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half teaspoonful of soda; spice to taste; mix in flour, and fry in lard.

APPLE PIES, when made, should have a little salt sprinkled on before the top crust is put on.

### A Timely Warning.

He was an elderly man of remarkably thin features. His dress consisited of a high crowned hat, a worn black suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limpid and scrumbled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. He entered a saloon on Pearl street, and after saluting the bartender, and making some comments on the 'disagreeableness of the weather,' backed up against the stove, and proceeded to take the cheerful warmth therof.

A second party entered the room.

He was a young man and his makeup styled him a verdant country youth.

He approached the bar and signified to the waiter that he wished for a glass of whiskey, which was placed before him After paying for the beverage he rested one arm upon the bar, and was passing the glass to his lips when the thin man sprang to his side and in an excited voice cried:

'Young man, be ware!'

'Wh-wha-what?' said the country man as he, half frightened emptied a portion of the beverage out on the floor

Set down that cup, continued the slim man. 'It's loathsome dregs are remorse, disgrace and death.,

'No 'taint, 'tis whiskey,' said the youth, and again attempted to imbibe; but the slim man held his arm and yelled:

'Set down that cup. A demon's spirit is hidden in its sparkling potion.'

'Is there?' inquired the verdant, staring hard at the thin man, and setting the glass on the bar.

'The evil is contagious and the infection death,' continued the slim man.

'You don't mean it?' replied the other in a frightened voice.

"Distilled by fire that scarce is quenched, it kindles fire in the soul that burns and burns, stillburning until a bleak desolation of all that is pure and noble' resumed the thin man. Set down that cup or fear the overwhelming woe of a drunkard's doom!'

'Oh, my Jemmy!' moaned the young man, turning pale, and leaning on the bar for support.

'Look forward with hope; but beware continued the thin man, 'there are fascinations which charm one on, where virtue shrinks with horror.

There are enticements which draw the wavering from the road of honor, and which even beguile the innocent to the abandonment of all that adds beauty to the youthful character, or honor to the name of man. The rapids are surging around you; hear you not the thunder of the fall?'

But there was no one to answer his question, the young man had fled, and the thin man turning to the bar-tender, said:

'It would be a shame to throw away that whiskey these hard times,' and so drank it himself.

The over-curious is not wise.

## HUMOROUS.

SOME HOPE LEFT.—When the oxyhydrogen microscope was first exhibited in Edinburgh, a poor woman whose riches would never hinder her ascent to the kingdom above, took her seat in the lecture room where the wonders of the instrument were shown and which were for the first time to meet her sight. A piece of lace was magnified into a salmon net, a flea was metamorphosed into an elephant, and other like marvels were performed before the eyes of the venerable dame, who sat in silent astonishment, staring, open-mouthed, at the disk. But when at length a milliner's needle was transformed into a poplar tree, and confronted her with its huge eye, she could "hold in" no longer. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, "a camel could go through that! There's some hope for the rich folks yet."

IT HAS always been customary in Paris and other large cities, to name the streets and boulevards after the members of the governing powers, and eminent statesmen and savants, but it is also customary to change those names again at every overthrow of the government. This has, of course, caused many inconveniences, and Madame Zedde had a proof of that nuisance when her husband came home at 4 o'clock in the morning.

"What kept you so long?" she inquired.

"Well, my love," he answered, "it is not my fault if I come home at this time. They have changed the name of our street, and I could not find my way home."

A CERTAIN Widow O'Keefe, who flourished in the city of Cork, and who did a little banking business on her own account, cashing bills for gentlemen in distress, her stylish dress and impressive manners made her an object of interest.

"She must be a lady of quality," said one gentleman.

"A marchioness," said another.

"A duchess," said a third.

"By the powers! ye are all wrong," said an Irish officer. "I know the lady well; she is not even a countess."

"What then?" was the simultaneous question.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, she is a *discountess.*"

"YOU COULDN'T," shouted our irrepressible, as a bachelor visitor finished a eulogium on cremation by an expressed wish that, rather than be "coffined, cribbed, confined," he might become the subject of a Hindoo suttee; "you couldn't, you haven't got any wife!" "That's no matter," growled the colonel as he beat a hasty retreat (the colonel is also not connubial), "that's no matter. Plenty of men would be glad to lend me theirs for the occasion." The colonel has no card for our suburban kettledrum next week.—*Boston Advertiser.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The Turco-Russian war reminds Mrs. Partington that just before our own "little unpleasantness" circumstances were seen around the moon nightly, shooting stars perambulated the earth, the desk of the moon was covered with black spots of ink, and comics swept the horizon with their operatic tales. Everybody said that it profligated war, and sure enough war did come.

CONSOLATION.—The *Ohio State Journal* tells of a village clergyman who, visiting a parishioner suffering from a lingering disease, expressed to his wife a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future. "I do, indeed, sir," was the reply. "Often and often I wakes him in the night and says: 'John, John, you little think of the torture as is prepared for you."

STAINS ON WOOD.—Stains and spots may be taken out of mahogany furniture by the use of a little oxalic acid and water. Rub the spot with the liquid by means of a cork until the color is restored, then wash the wood with water; dry and polish as usual with wax.

A WRITER says that candles with only four or five threads in the wicking make a better summer candle, burning clearer and steadier, giving more light (unless those with larger wicks are constantly snuffed) and do not use more than two thirds as much tallow.

A WITTY French lady who was an "adopted" member of a famous military corps, when a cigar was lighted in her presence with the remark, "I suppose they smoke in your regiment?" said, "Yes, but not in my company."

COMMERCIAL.—Four pound tare—a twenty dollar spree.

A FIGURE of speech—an exhortation to for-ty-tude.

THE Easter prayer of the Hen—"Now I lay me."

A CHECK mate—A liberal husband.


### A Medicine of Many Uses.

A medicine which remedies dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, intermittent and remittent fevers, urinary and uterine troubles, depurates the blood, counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and gout, and relieves nervousness, may be truly said to have many uses. Such an article is Hostetter's Bitters, one of the most reliable alteratives of a disorderly to a well ordered state of the system ever prepared or sold. It has been over a quarter of a century before the public, is endorsed by many eminent professors of the healing art, and its merits have received repeated recognitions in the columns of leading American and foreign journals. It is highly esteemed in every part of this country, and is extensively used in South America, Mexico, the British possessions and the West Indies. If its increase in public favor in the past is to be regarded as a reliable criterion of its gain in popularity in coming years, it has indeed a splendid future before it.

### Mothers Mothers, Mothers.

Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

NATURE'S REMEDY.
VEGETINE
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

VEGETINE—No medicine has attained such a great reputation as this justly celebrated compound.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

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OLD ESTABLISHED
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Where you can still get full value for your money
Gent's Fine Boots,.....from $2.00 to $4.50
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VOLUME XLI. JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877. WHOLE NO. 2102.



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### Stumped.

The vicar and church-wardens of an English church objected to having in their churchyard the tombstone of a professional cricketer, on which are sculptured stumps, balls, and bat. In Scotland, however, it is not unusual to cut upon the tombstone the symbols of the trade followed by the deceased. Thus at Dunblane about one-quarter of the tombstones that are from one to two hundred years old are marked with such symbols. A sugar-cone shows the grave of a grocer; an axe and saw the grave of a carpenter; while a hammer and awl are found on the tombstones of shoemakers; while at Burny Church, Nottinghamshire, the monument which was erected about the middle of the last century to Sir Thomas Parkyns, who was famed as a wrestler, represents him in the cap and dress of a wrestler, wrestling with Death. At Brompton Cemetery, the monument of a well-known Thames waterman exhibits his wherry and sculls.

### The Treasures of Islam.

All the pilgrims who visit Mecca cast an offering into the three sepulchres for the defence of Islam. It is calculated that not less than 15,000,000 francs a year are thus contributed, and from one of the sepulchres, which was opened in 1829, immense sums were drawn. Another sepulchre was opened during the Crimean war, and now the Sheik-ul-Islam has gone to Mecca to draw funds from the third, which has not been opened since the year 1415. Taking the three sepulchres together, it is computed that they must contain about 600,000,000 francs. It is possible that the Prussians may have derived their war-treasure system from this Eastern custom.

## TWO SUITORS.

One sends a lily, cold and white—
White, with a heart of gold!
And one a bud, not open quite,
Whose pale lips just unfold
To whisper—hush, I know, dear rose!
Not yet, not yet, your lips unclose!

One says, "O lady, wear to-night
This lily for my sake;
And let me read this sign aright,
A fairer flower to take!"
The other—hush! I know, dear rose!
Not yet, not yet, your lips unclose!

Lily, I hate you—proud and grand,
Death, with a heart of gold!
Rose, dear rose, do you understand
To tell what you are told?
A word—a kiss—to-night, dear rose,
To-night to *him*, your lips unclose!

## The Landlady of the Golden Sheaf

It is just forty-five years since my education was finished at Mrs. Middleton's Seminary for Young Ladies, the most genteel school in our part of Hampshire. I was seventeen, and the eldest of ten children. My father's farm was but a small one, held on lease from our rich neighbor Dickson, the principal man in our parish after the 'Squire. He had two farms leased from him besides my father's and a large one which he tilled himself, kept a retinue of men and maids, did the best plowing, turned out the finest cattle, and made a deal of money by his dairy.

His wife had died before I was born, and his house was kept in prime order by the youngest of his aunts, Miss Millwood. He had neither son nor daughter but Master Harry, whom everybody thought a sensible and very handsome young man, and not half so purse-proud as his father. Being our landlord and next neighbor, Farmer Dickson took a great interest in us. He said the family was too large for my father and mother to manage without advice; that providing for them was his chief difficulty, and hearing that a distant relation of his, Mrs. Williams, landlady of the Golden Sheaf, wanted a well-brought-up girl, not as a servant, but to help in the housekeeping, they thought it might be a good situation for me.

To tell the whole truth, there was another reason for my going. Before I left school, Harry Dickson began to pay me attentions. Not that I encouraged him much, but he came after me, and it did not please his father. The old man thought his son should look higher than a poor farmer's daughter, and my parents having a good deal of pride, were just as angry when they came to know it. My father said he hoped no daughter of his would tempt a young man to disobey his father. My mother said she hoped I had more spirit than to wish to marry into a family who did not think us good enough for them. Of course my father and mother were right. I gave Harry back his ring, but it was after a good deal of crying. He swore he would never marry another, though his father should disinherit him; and to let Farmer Dickson and the whole country see that we were not set on trapping his son, it was settled that I should go to Mrs. Williams.

My father went one day to consult her, and, when all was agreeable, he took me and my trunk respectably in the London coach which then passed through Chatford, our village, and stopped at the Golden Sheaf. For a country inn, the house was large and handsome. It had every convenience of yard and stabling, a good garden, a fine orchard, and some hundred acres of corn and meadow land. It was situated on the high road where Surry and Hampshire meet. The ground was high; and from the inn's upper windows one could see many a mile along the road and over the country. Stage coaches and carrier's wagons stopped there; so did the country hunts and the traveling gentry, corn and cattle dealers on their way to London, farmers to and from the market town; and all who came or went spoke well of the good housekeeping, the fair dealing, and the general civility of Mrs. Williams.

She was a tall, thin woman, upright, active, and still handsome, though bordering on sixty. Her black hair was but thinly sprinkled with gray. She had a good deal of the gentlewoman in her manner, always wore a black tabinet gown, a tambourd apron, and cap of Nottingham lace, which was fine fine enough in those times. But there was something in her looks so stern and rigid that made one careful of one's doings before her. Her story, which we had heard in private from Farmer Dickson, was both sad and singular. She had been brought up in one of the most respectable inns in the county of Cornwall, and married a rich farmer. He left her early a widow, with an only daughter. She managed the farm well, however, and was a prosperous woman. Her daughter grew up a beautiful girl, and the mother's heart was wrapped up in her; but the son and heir of a neighboring squire induced her to elope with him, and marriage into his high family was not to be thought of. Mrs. Williams was a woman of high spirit, strict and proud. It is said the poor girl never dared to let it be known where she lived, for fear of her mother; she sold her house and farm, left that part of the country, bought the Golden Sheaf, and set herself up where nobody knew of her family or history, and she had been doing well for many a year.

Stern as she looked, Mrs. Williams was kind to me, and I did my best to please her. There was a good deal of novelty and life to be seen about the inn. I soon got over the parting with my mother and sisters, and was trying hard to think no more of Harry, though I had made up my mind—minds are easily made up at seventeen—to live unmarried, for his sake. Thus the Summer wore away, the harvest passed, and the dull days of November came on. I had got accustomed to the ways of the house. Though good it was an old one. There was the best parlor and the best kitchen opening from it; numbers of pantries, closets, and cupboards, and a stair behind the old dresser, leading right up to Mrs. Williams' own room. It was over the porch, and had windows on three sides, which gave her a view of all who came or went. Her accounts were kept there in an old-fashioned ash desk, so were her choice recipes, and she had them for making everything.

There was a cupboard set in the thick walls, its doors not to be distinguished from the rest of the wainscot, in which Mrs. Williams kept the most rare and curious of her stores. I was once permitted to see them as a great privilege, for she never trusted the key to any hand but her own. There were spices and essences, costly at the time of my story, but not common yet, old China which had been brought by the first India Company's ships; mixtures for taking out stains, powder for destroying moths, and a poison for rats invented long ago by some of the Cornish people, and of a terrible nature. So Mrs. Williams told me, and I can remember now that the poison resembled nothing I ever saw but red pepper, which was an expensive luxury at that time and kept in the cupboard also.

It may be believed that I was in great favor for not only were her treasures shown to me, but I had tea with Mrs. Williams in the porch-room every evening. She took kindly to me from the first, because I exerted myself to learn housekeeping, which my mother said was the principal thing for a young woman expecting to have a home of her own, and still more because I kept quiet and sober, and had no looks of levity. Nothing of that kind would have been allowed at the Golden Sheaf, inn though it was, the house being kept with the greatest propriety. There were no jokes, and very little gossiping, plenty of work, for almost everything was made at home, and a great deal of coming and going. Our quietest time was about the middle of November, just before the winter fairly begun. Then Mrs. Williams got her cattle killed, and her meat salted, and most of the servants were busy about the work in the yard and buttery.

One close, cloudy day, such as come so often at the Martinmas time, I was sitting in the best kitchen, close by the window, doing some needlework, and Mrs. Williams was in her own room settling the accounts, for it was in the afternoon. The sound of a horse's hoof upon the road made me look out, and there was a gentleman handsomely mounted, with a servant after him, as gentlemen did in those days. They looked as if they had traveled far, and were coming to rest at the inn.

When the gentleman alighted, I saw he was tall, handsome, somewhere about thirty-five, and had a jovial, good-natured look, like one who was well pleased with himself and everything about him. He walked in not at all strange-like, and asked me in the most civil and courteous manner, if Mrs. Williams lived here, and if he and his servant could have dinner. The first question was in a low tone, the second in a louder key; before I could answer it Mrs. Williams came down. Judging from her look he was quite a new comer. I thought the gentleman glanced curiously at her at first, and, then seeming satisfied that all was right, repeated his question about the dinner, saying that he was a stranger in that part of the country, but that he had heard so much of the Golden Sheaf that he wished to stop and dine at the house.

I never saw Mrs. Williams receive any gentleman with more respect and ceremony. She curtesied him into her best parlor, called her hostlers to help his servant with the horses, took his orders for his dinner, and set about cooking it herself, for the cook was hard at work in the buttery. My first notion was that she had discovered him to be some great person traveling in disguise, and I half expected to be told of it. Mrs. Williams used to talk to me a good deal when we were alone on quiet afternoons; but now she went on cooking and making things ready without saying a word, and there was a queer, fixed look in her face which I could not understand, but it kept me from talking. I laid down my work and rose to make the eel-soup; it was one of the things for which the house was famous—a Cornwall dish, I believe; and I had been trusted with the making of it of late to my great exultation, but now she stopped me. "No, Mary; finish your sewing; those linens will be wanted. I'll make the soup myself."

I sewed away, wondering who the gentleman could be, and what had got over Mrs. Williams, till happening to look up, I missed her out of the kitchen. She had gone up to her own room, but she came back in a minute with a paper in her hand, which she shook into the soup, and then threw it into the fire.

"That's the red pepper; it will do now," said she, taking up a spoonful and making believe to taste it; but she did not. I stitched on for a minute or two, though my blood was running cold, and the boiling of the soup in the large, quiet kitchen sounds through my head sometimes even now. Mrs. Williams was standing at the window, with her back to me. I never knew what made me do it; but it was as if somebody had bidden me; and without a word or thought but that it must be done, I ran to the fire, gave the saucepan a poke, and sent the soup blazing up the chimney. As it fizzled up, the thought of her anger came over me; I knew not what I did; but uttering a wild cry of fear, I rushed to the nearest door, and it was the best parlor. The next thing I remember, crouching behind the gentleman, who had started up and stood in the door, as Mrs. Williams came forward with two knives, which had been lying on the window sill, in her hand.

"Pooh, never mind the spilling of the soup," said he, understanding at once what I had done, which indeed was easily seen. "You would not be angry at the child for that; she could not help it, I dare say. I can dine without it. You don't know me, Mrs. Williams," he continued, coming a step nearer where she stood, still looking at me with a deadly glitter in her eyes.

"Don't I," said she, and I think she was trying which one of the knives was the sharpest.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you may know me to be Edward Winstanely, you don't know that I married your daughter, and brought her home a lady. I never meant to act the villain with her. We were privately married, but while the old man lived it had to be kept secret, and we knew you would not keep it. This is why I come to-day to surprise you; but you will come to Winstanely park to give us your blessing. By Jove, ma'am, you're not going to faint?"

She had staggered back against the wall, her white lips set, and her eyes growing glassy. He and I, and half a dozen of the servants, whom my scream had brought in, ran to help; but she pushed us away with a desperate effort, darted up stairs, and we heard her lock herself in her own room. The whole house was terribly frightened. What Mr Winstanely thought, I do not know, but he asked me no questions, and never seemed to suspect anything about the spilled soup. He left a note for Mrs. Williams, and went off with his servant a little before sunset. We all went about our business, for work never slacked in that house on any account, and the evening's coach was expected. Just before it came, Mrs. William's bell rang, and the housemaid said she wanted me. When I came into the room she was sitting at the desk, looking like herself again, but her face was still white, and she had her long, knitted purse full of guineas in her hand.

"Mary," said she, "you are a good girl—take this and go home—I'll take care that you get no blame."

"I want no money, ma'am," said I, "but I'll go home if you'll let me, and never say a word except to my father and mother."

She held out the purse once more, and then pointed to the door, but could say nothing; it must have been a hard pull for her proud spirit. I got out of the room as quick as I could, threw on my hat and cloak, and got into the coach as soon as it came up, leaving my trunk and all behind me.

My father and mother were mightily surprised when it set me down at their door in Chatford, just as the clock struck twelve—they were still more astonished when I told them what brought me home. My father first called me a brave, good girl, and then advised me not to be proud about it because it was the work of Providence, and we were bound on all hands to keep such a story quiet about Farmer Dickson's relation. The story was kept between me and them; but my home-coming got wind, and Farmer Dickson came in a great flurry to know why Mary had left her good situation. My mother would not have reflections cast on her child, so she told him in the parlor, and what he said, I don't know, because the door was shut fast; but he came out rubbing his hands and clapped me on the back, saying: "By jingo, you are a fine girl, Mary, and if Harry don't finish that business, I'll make you to be Mrs. Dickson myself."

I think I have not much more to tell. Harry did finish the business. There were soome people in our village that never got over the wonder of it; but I am proud to say that the Dickson family did not lose by me, for ten years after Mrs. Williams died in her inn, and left her property in equal shares between me and her daughter, Lady Winstanely. She had never gone to the Park but once, and then she would neither eat, drink or sleep in the house, but saw her daughter and her grandson, now heir to the estate, and then went straight back to the Golden Sheaf. She never took another girl to stay with her, and what she said about my leaving, I never heard. The maids had a story among them, and they always stuck to it, that I went on account of something that came down the chimney, and frightened Mrs. Williams out of her senses. They said one thing which I am inclined to think might be true—that she never liked to make eel soup after that, nor cared to look at red pepper.

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Breaking bad news is like half cutting your throat before you are hanged, making you die two deaths instead of one.

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes; but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

### The Steam Plow.

In the way of sheer, downright force few effects of machinery are more striking than a steam-plowing engine dragging the shares acros a wide expanse of stiff clay. The huge engines used in our iron-clad vessels work with a graceful ease which deceives the eye; the ponderous cranks revolve so smoothly, and shine so brightly with oil and polish, that the mind is apt to underrate the work performed. But these plowing engines stand out solitary and apart from other machinery, and their shape itself suggests crude force, such force as may have existed in the mastodon, or any other unwieldly monster, of the prehistoric ages. The broad wheels sink into the earth under the pressure; the steam hissing from the escape valves is carried by the breeze through the hawthorn hedge, hiding the berries with a strange, unwonted cloud; the thick, dark-brown smoke rising from the funnel as the stoker casts its food of coal into the fiery mouth of the beast, falls again, and floats heavily over the yellow stubble, smothering and driving away the partridges and hares. There is a smell of oil and cotton waste and gas and steam and smoke, which overcomes the fresh sweet odor of the earth and green things after a shower. Stray lumps of coal crush the delicate pimpernel and creeping convolvulus. A shrill short scream rushes forth and echoes back from an adjacent rick—puff! the fly-wheel revolves, and the drum underneath tightens its hold upon the wire rope. Across yonder, a curious, shapeless thing, with a man riding upon it, comes jerking forward, tearing its way through stubble and clay, dragging its iron teeth with sheer strength deep through the solid earth. The thick wire rope stretches and strains as if it would snap and curl up like a tortured snake; the engine pants loudly and quick; the plow now glides forward, now pauses, and, as it were, eats its way through a tougher place, then glides again, and presently there is a pause, and behold the long furrow with the up-turned subsoil is complete. A brief pause, and back it travels again, this time drawn from the other side, where a twin monster puffs and pants and belches smoke, while the one that has done its work uncoils its metal sinews. When the furrows run up and down a slope, the savage force, the fierce remorseless energy of the engine pulling the plow upward, gives an idea of power which cannot but impress the mind. This is what is going on upon one side of the hedge. These engines cost as much as the fee simple of a small farm. They consume expensive coal, and water, that on the hills, has to be brought long distances; they require skilled workmen to attend to them, and they do the work with a thoroughness which leaves little to be desired. Each puff and pant echoing from the rocks, each shrill whistle rolling along from hill to hill, proclaims as loudly as iron and steel can shout, "Progress! Onward!" Now step through this gap in the hedge and see what is going on in the next field. It is a smaller ground, of irregular shape and uneven surface. Steam plows mean *plains* rather than fields—broad square expanses of land without awkward corners—and as level as possible, with mounds that may have been tumuli worked down, rising places smoothed away, old ditch-like drains filled up, and fairly good roads. This tree may be triangular or some indescribable figure, with narrow corners where the high hedges come close together, with deep furrows to carry away the waters, rising here and sinking there into curious hollows, entered by a narrow gateway leading from a muddy lane where the ruts are a foot deep. The plow is at work there also, such a plow as was used when the corn laws were in existence, chiefly made of wood—yes, actually wood, in this age of iron—bound and strengthened with metal, but principally made from the tree, the tree which furnishes the African savage at this day with the crooked branch with which to scratch the earth, which furnished the ancient agriculturalists of the Nile Valley with their primitive implements. It is drawn by dull, patient oxen, plodding onward now just as they were depicted upon the tombs and temples, the graves and worshiping places of races who had their being three thousand years ago. Think of the suns which have shone since then; of the summers and the bronzed grain waving in the wind, of the human teeth that have ground that grain, and are now hidden in the abyss of earth; yet still the oxen plod on, like slow time itself, here this day in our land of steam and telegraph. Are not these striking pictures remarkable contrasts? On one side steam, on the other the oxen of the Egyptians, only a few thorn-bushes between, dividing the nineteenth century B. C. from the nineteenth century A. D. After these oxen follows an aged man, slow lik themselves, sowing the seed. A basket is at his side, from which, at every stride, regular as machinery, he takes a handful of that corn around which so many mysteries have gathered from the time of Ceres to the hallowed words of the great Teacher, taking his parable from the sower. He throws it with a peculiar steady jerk, so to say, and the grains impelled with the exact force and skill which can only be attained by long practice, scatter in an even shower. Listen! on the other side of the hedge the rattle of the complicated drill resounds as it drops the seed in regular rows—and, perhaps measures it at the same time—so that the plants can be easily thinned out, or the weeds removed, after the magical influence of the despised clods has brought on the miracle of vegetation.

### Old Fashioned Gardens.

About this time of the year, in old fashioned gardens, you will find the snow-ball, or viburnum, blooming in the most liberal and splendid way. In new fashioned gardens they have substituted for it the Chinese magnolia, a showy shrub, but looking stiff and not quite naturalized. It blooms before there is a sign of a leaf, in quite a Chinese sort of bald way that reminds one of the hairless Chinese pigs and dogs that we have seen from that country of contradictions.

It is hardly proper to speak, however, of gardens with old fashioned flowers and shrubs in them as being old fashioned themselves, since it has been quite the rage for some years past, in England at least, to have what are called "Queen Anne's Gardens," in which no plant not cultivated by our grandmothers, and none but such as have been growing in England for 200 years, are to be seen. We trust that the notion for Queen Anne's gardens will take root in this country also: it is an old fashion well worth going back to.

There is, in fact, nothing that can supplant those old fashioned flowers in our affections. It takes nearly two centuries for a flower to become naturalized, so to speak, for all those associations to grow up around it which make it a part of the home and the heart. There are a dozen of these old-fashioned favorites which we seem to have known forever, but which, two centuries ago, were as much strangers as the fuchsia and the dahlia still are. The gilliflower was still the girotlee in Geralde's time, the lilac was the Persian lilac, the aster the Reine Marguerite, and the amaranth the floramor. It had not yet sported into its purely domestic names and varieties of "Prince's Feather" and "Love Lies Bleeding." The marigold was still, as it now is, the French marigold, and the flower-de-luce has become naturalized without changing its name, from its constant appearance during centuries upon the British coat-of-arms.

An old fashioned Queen Anne's garden would be rather a prim affair, with too much box-edging, and walks too straight and Dutch-like, but the old fashioned flowers would redeem it. There you would find plenty of lilacs and snowballs, privet and holly in the hedges and borders. Larkspurs, wall-flowers, hollyhocks, periwinkles, snap-dragons, candytufts and daffodils would abound. A damp, shady corner would be given to a bed of the lily of the valley, and ten to one but you would find a bed of chamomile growing hard by a bed of lavender or sweet basil. Of course there would be balsam (only called "lady's slipper") and rocket under the name of "dame's violet," pansies, known then as "lady's delight" or "heart's ease, pasque flower, and cowslip, and meadow-sweet, and groundsel, and feverfew, and milfoil, yarrow, thrift, spurge, loose strife, honesty, Adam and Eve, dropwort, dittany, daisies, jonquils, monk's hood, wind flower and moss pink.

What force, sweetness and directness in those old English flower-words, when you come to analyze them. Sweet Basil, in a pot of which Keats' and Boccaccio's Isabella planted her murdered lover's head, that she might weep over it, is only basilicon Englished and familiarized to the tongue and heart—sweet Basil lavender that with its own pungent fragrance expels all baser odors. What a poet's thought to call the *barbatus* pink "sweet william," and to name the primrose, that closes with sunrise, after the "sweet hour of prime," as Milton calls it. Wordsworth has said of the common name for the hobble bush, the English viburnum—the "wayfaring tree"—that it is

> A name methinks that surely fell
> From poet, in some evening dell,
> Wandering in fancies sweet,—

but this vein of poetic association runs through nearly all the old fashioned English flower names. "Love lies bleeding" and "love in a mist" are instances. Even when the name was not fully translated, it was somehow Englished and familiarized. Thus, the asphodel was turned into the daffodil, dictamnis became dittany, and *Iberis umbellata*, first imported from Candia, became candy turf. If navel wort, lung wort, stone crop, sneeze wort, rag wort and butter and eggs are rather too literal, they are redeemed by the poetic imagination which named the snow drop, the virgin's bower (clematis), Solomon's seal and the fumitory or wood fringe.

How essentially poor, mean, vulgar and devoid of all delicate fancy, on the other hand, are the common names which the English colonists gave to most of the new flowers discovered by them on this continent. True, the Puritans called the ground laurel the "Mayflower," but it was after their ship, and not in association with the season or with the beauty of the arbutus. For the rest, the Rhododendron, the pride of the laurel family, they named "Rose-bay," Spice Wood" or "Fever Bush"—and all sorts of shrubs they named "bushes" promiscuously. The *spiræa tomentosa*, one of the handsomest of the family, they called "steeple bush," or "hard hack," the old English name for a very similar species being St. Peter's wreath." The plane tree became the "buttonwood," and so, also, the tulip tree and the ink berry are degraded appellatives. The linden became "basswood," and the fumitory came to life as the "Dutchman's breeches." The English throughwort was translated into "boneset" the gentian became "golden rod," and the amelanchier was perverted into "shadbush" and "June berry." The Ceanothus was called "New Jersey tea," and the superb Kalmia became "spoonwood." It must have been a Canadian Catholic who, by some old association, gave the name of "Judas tree" to the Cercis. However, but very few of these plants would have a place in an old fashioned garden, which must be English in its nature as well as in its name.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

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Justice is the great but simple principle, and the whole secret of success, in all government—as absolutely essential to the training of an infant as to the control of a mighty nation.

Some have wondered that disputes about opinions should so often end in personalities, but, the fact is, that such disputes begin with personalities, for our opinions are a part of ourselves.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Every honeymoon has a man in it.

Blame not before you examine the truth.

Some good may be extracted from every evil.

There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.

In calamity, think how much may have been escaped.

Principles can only be strong by the cogency of religion.

Charity is frequently best displayed in helping others to help themselves.

Nationality is the aggregated individuality of the greatest men of the nation.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behinds a penny a year.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared by those we love.

Have more than thou showest, speak less than thou knowest, lend less than thou owest.

The genius of liberty and poetry brought into action the brightest powers of the human mind.

There is no error so crooked but it has in it some lines of truth. That is why it is so unsuccessful.

Calumny, although raised upon nothing, is too swift to be overtaken, and too volatile to be impeded.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life poetry; the water of life, faith.

In the modesty of fearful duty I read as much as from the rattling tongue of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry across the lowlands and you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

Boys that have been properly reared are men, in point of usefulness, at sixteen; while those who have been brought up in idle habits are useless at twenty-one.

Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions and estates.

Flattery is a safe coin which our own vanity has made current, and which will never be out of credit as long as there are knaves to offer it and fools to receive it.

The past is disclosed, the future concealed in doubt. And yet human nature is heedless of the past, and fearful of the future—regarding not the science and experience that past ages have unveiled.

Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in a wife to the will of her husband is what she promised at the altar, and what the good will revere her for.

Ancient Arabic places of worship have been discovered on the high hills along the Nile, with circles of stones like the Druid circles of Britain, and other memorials within the circle, of good workmanship.

Each grave on the broad breast of the whole earth, whether men have marked it, or forgotten it is in God's keeping, briers and weeds cannot hide it from his eyes, neglect and desolation cannot cover it from his care.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet, certainly, again, if it light well, it maketh virtue shine and vices blush.

Sir Walter Scott in a conversation with a young man who was about to embark on the perilous voyage of literature as a profession, made to him this pithy remark, full of sagacious counsel: "Literature, my young friend, is a good staff, but a bad crutch."

Peace does not dwell in outward things but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.

Curiosity in children is but an appetite after knowledge. I doubt not but one great reason why many children abandon themselves wholly to silly sports, and trifle away all their time insipidly, is because they found their curiosity baulked, and their inquiries neglected.

Many young people who fancy prose and poetry of lasting fame can be produced without days and weeks of earnest thought, need to be reminded that Goldsmith considered four lines a day good work, and was seven years beating out the pure gold of the "Deserted Village."

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better yourself. Is there a fool in all the world that cannot criticise? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

"Home is the head of the river," and an influence, whether blessed or pernicious, exerted there will affect all its after course. Hence the noble Frenchwoman was right, when, in reply to the monarch's question, "What is needed to secure the prosperity of France?" she said, "Good mothers."

Men will improve themselves, if the circumstances in which they are placed furnish a stimulus to that improvement. They will also acquire wealth, if their industry be rewarded and its fruits enjoyed and, generally speaking they will become intelligent and virtuous, if the means of obtaining knowledge be fairly within their power.

Virtue is certainly the most noble and secure possession a man can have. Beauty is worn out by time and impaired by sickness. Riches lead youth rather to destruction than welfare, and without prudence are soon lavished away—while virtue alone, the only good that is ever durable, always remains with the person who once entertained her. She is preferable both to wealth and a noble extraction.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877.

Joseph's Indian war has come to an end, and the cavalry are in pursuit of the fugitives. The prisoners will be tried by a military commission.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." The strikes may, and likely will be put down, but the cause remains, and it has been hallowed by the shedding of blood. It will never die until capital ceases to grind the faces of the poor.

The Democrats of Cleburne held a convention and nominated a ticket. The opponents of the convention have got out an independent ticket, and now a correspondent of the Oxford *Tribune* from that county says the Radicals can easily elect the county officers if they want to. A pretty pickle for the Democracy to put itself in!

The Governor of Pennsylvania has despaired of his ability to maintain order in his Commonwealth. Let the State be divided into military districts and a General Swayne or Canby be sent to take charge of affairs; and if necessary we can spare a few of Marse Bob's boys to play carpet-bagger and help run the machine.

The very latest dispatches indicate that the strike is extending; but no additional outbreaks have been reported save in Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco. Trouble is apprehended in New York city and at other points. The Cabinet is in almost constant session, and the Administration is kept advised of the movements of the strikers.

While the whole North is convulsed with disorder the South is reported as profoundly quiet. When in the Presidential complications war reared its hortid front, it was the South that firmly put it down. *Ergo*, the South is more conservative and peaceable than the North. *Ergo*, the South presents a safer field for the investment of capital than does the North.

NOTES OF THE STRIKE.—Troops are leaving the South for the scene of the strike.

Sherman and Sheridan have been recalled from the West to put down the strike.

The movements of Federal troops and vessels show uneasiness for the safety of Washington city.

The mob are burning railroad bridges to prevent the transportation of troops.

The cry of the strikers in Pittsburgh was, "Let her burn, boys; it will give us work to do."

The last week's dispatches do not give a very clear idea of the military situation. Russian official news of any movement only comes when the movement is completed. Dispatches from the Turkish side, regarding events in Europe, have either been wholly false or so exaggerated as to be practically worthless. Whether there has been any serious fighting lately is still uncertain. The bombardment of Rustchuk commenced on Sunday, the Turks replying. There are indications of a sharp fight before Rustchuk and near Silestria, but no details.

PUBLIC LANDS IN ALABAMA.—The Montgomery *Advertiser* says a statement is going the rounds that one-fifth of the land in this State still belongs to the United States. This is undoubtedly a mistake. The different land offices are now busily engaged in preparing lists of the government land in this State, and it is more than probable that there will be sales at public auction of much of the land between this time and the beginning of the next year. The government probably owns one-eighth of the land, and when the sales are properly advertised, it is thought that purchasers will flock here from all quarters. Of course a great deal of the land is poor, but many valuable tracts are still unlocated.

It appears that the grand jury that indicted the Louisiana returning board contained only four Democrats out of sixteen. The other twelve were Conservatives and Liberals, and four of them were negroes. This is sufficient to show that it is not a partisan jury, and politics should not be dragged into the administration of justice of the courts. As the Baltimore *Gazette* says, the bottom facts must come out; and if those bottom facts turn out on examination to be what there is good reason to believe, they will make others as uncomfortable as J. Madison Wells. These persons are in high places beyond the reach of the process of the Louisiana courts, and also beyond the saving grace of the executive clemency of Governor Nicholls.

Oh ye pharisees, hypocrites of the North; how about the "lawless element" now. At what time has been such scenes witnessed in the South as ye have before your eyes and under your noses now? If what is occurring North now had happened in the South, how ye would have howled rebel lawlessness, and lectured us on the propriety of good behavior. If the rioters of the North had been Southern negrees, and the State militia had fired into them as they have up North, a howl would have gone up through all the North for the Government to interfere for the protection of the poor blacks against the rebels; and United States soldiers would have been hurried to the scene of action—not to put down the mob, but to arrest the white "rebels;" and then would have followed prosecution in the United States courts, and the imprisonment of the men who were upholding the law. At least this is the way the thing worked in South Carolina when the negro riots occurred there last year. The latitude in which these things happen makes a mighty difference.

## Calhoun County Grange.

*Editors Republican*:—Allow me to give you a brief sketch of the proceedings of Calhoun County Grange, which was convened in the hall of Lozahatchie Grange on Thursday the 19th inst. On account of the high water the assemblage was not large, but nearly all of the subordinate Granges were represented by their regular delegates. A regular Grange dinner was prepared and ready by the time all were assembled, and it was thought best to eat before commencing work, which motion was adopted unanimously, and fully carried into effect. When I say the dinner was a Grange one I describe it sufficiently for those who have ever partaken of one, and for those who have not been so fortunate, they are hereby invited to attend the next one and see for themselves.

Capt. L. D. Miller was called to preside, in the absence of Worthy Master Smith, who was water bound by Terrapin creek; but who finally arrived, having crossed on the railroad bridge.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Committee appointed to insure Calhoun County Grange College buildings stated that the buildings had been insured in the Central City Insurance Co., Selma, Ala., from June 1, 1877 to June 1, 1880.

Committee on Schools recommended that Calhoun County Grange College admit students both male and female, and to begin on the first Monday in September if practicable. The Committee also recommended Prof. W. J. Borden as Principal, with a corps of Assistants to be selected by himself and approved by the Board of Trustees.

The report was adopted with entire unanimity, and the Board of Trustees were requested to confer with Professor Borden in Jacksonville on Saturday the 28th inst., and complete the rates of tuition, etc.

It was resolved that the President and General Superintendent of the Fair Association be requested to appoint the Superintendents of the different departments of the Fair, and also to appoint (at the proper time) the Judges of said departments—the Superintendents to be composed of one Granger and one person not a member of the order, in each department.

On motion, a committee was appointed to nominate suitable delegates to attend the Convention at Blount Springs, to represent the College and agricultural interests of the county and the following delegates were selected:

*Delegates.*—Hon. James Crook, Capt. W. P. Cooper, J. W. Whiteside, President Board Trustees.

*Alternates.*—H. L. Stevenson, Esq., F. W. Smith, W. M., Capt. H. McBee.

It was resolved that the Fair commence on Wednesday, the 3rd day of October next, and held three days.

Mr. Samuel Noble, of Anniston, was unanimously elected Vice President of the Fair Association.

The following were selected at the former meeting to constitute the Board of Directors: H. L. Stevenson, J. W. Ford, L. H. Wagnon, J. F. M. Davis, W. C. Whiteside, N. B. Spradley, A. M. Stewart, E. F. Crook, M. Davenport. And the said Directors are fully authorized to take all necessary steps to prepare the Fair Ground for the coming exhibition, and enclose said ground with a suitable and permanent fence, and make such other arrangements as are necessary to the success of the Fair.

It was resolved that the admission fee be twenty-five cents.

The Committee formerly appointed to solicit subscriptions for the Fair were requested to get as much subscribed as possible, to be paid October 1st, and to report at the next meeting the amount subscribed.

The Treasurer ordered not to pay out any money unless authorized in writing by Chairman of Board of Directors, and no one authorized to contract any debts against the Fair Association unless approved by said Chairman.

Mr. Emmet F. Crook was elected Corresponding Secretary, vice W. F. Hanna, resigned.

The condition of the various crops throughout the county was reported.

The Grange transacted other business not necessary to mention, and all decided that the meeting was very harmonious and pleasant.

The genial face of the Worthy Lecturer, W. P. Cooper, was very much missed, and all sympathized with him in his recent illness.

The next meeting will be held at Cornelison Grange, near DeArmanville, on Thursday before the fourth Sabbath in September.

The cordial thanks of the Grange were extended to members of Lozahatchie Grange for their very kind hospitality. It would be pleasant to mention their names individually, but it is not the usual custom.

The delegates were all assigned to pleasant homes for the night. Your junior can tell of the kind treatment he and the writer received at the hands of our worthy Commissioner, Mr. S., and will join me in wishing a long life to the Grange, and expressing a hope that the Grangers will go on with their good work. SECRETARY PROTEM.

Oxford *Tribune* will please copy.

## Cheap Bread.

The St. Louis *Republican* in noticing the impression that arrivals of new wheat are making on the market, says: About 70,000 bushels of new grain were received in the city yesterday from the Southern States. It is not quite up to the standard of No. 2 winter, but is a fine example of what the South can do in wheat growing under favorable conditions. The receipts yesterday, together with the prospect of still larger receipts from the Southern States, caused a decline of 10 cents a bushel, the highest bids for No. 2 winter being $1.27½, a little more than half the price it was run up to a few weeks ago. The state of the market was further illustrated by the sale of July wheat at $1.25 and August at $1.21. Evidently, we have a year of cheap bread before us—and cheap bread is a blessing that cannot be overestimated. At first view, it might seem to be a misfortune to farmers that they should have to sell their grain at low prices; but low prices for grain means low prices for other things, so that, in the end, the farmers get their share of the common blessing.

One hundred and fifteen acres of wheat were harvested this season within one-half mile of Birmingham, off of four acres of land upon which no kind of manure has ever been applied. And still we are not happy!—*Iron Age.*

ALBANY, N. Y., July 24.—The strikers visited the freight house, round house and elevator and forced the men to quit work.

# THE STRIKE!

## The Irrepressible Conflict.

### Frightful Destruction of Life and Property.

Last week we had a short notice of a strike on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Martinsburg, W. Va., and a collision of the strikers with troops, in which there was a slight loss of life. Since then the strike has extended all over the North and West to such an extent that transportation is blokced at every point in the United States except in the Southern and New England States. It has, too, assumed proportions far beyond any calculation, embracing in its element all classes of working men, and resulting in frightful loss of life and property at various points. The President of the United States and the Governors of several States have issued proclamations to the rioters without avail, and up to this writing neither the militia of those States nor United States troops have been able to put them down. It is rapidly assuming the proportions of a war between labor and capital, and is the beginning of the end of the irrepressible conflict predicted by Lord Macauley for this country. Below we clip from the dispatches accounts of riots at various points, that our readers may form an idea of the magnitude and seriousness of the affair.

AT BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 20.—As the Sixth Regiment, Col. Clarence Peters, marched from its armory along Baltimore street to Camden station to proceed to Cumberland, the regiment was stoned and fired into by the crowd on the streets. The regiment fired into the crowd and a number was killed and wounded. Confusion and excitement is so great that it is impossible to get at facts just now. Four dead bodies have been taken to the middle district station, and six wounded to drug stores. Later.—There are lying at the City Hall eight dead bodies and two wounded.

Subsequent dispatches record other conflicts in Baltimore and put the number of killed at twenty-five. The riot has been quelled in that city, but great excitement prevails.

RIOT IN PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, PA., July 21.—In a collision to-day, seven were killed, including one soldier.

5 p. m.—The military were ordere to clear the crossing at 28th street and the crowd attacked them with stones. The military fired a volley, when the crowd returned the fire from revolvers. Four were killed outright and many wounded.

5:30 p. m.—A dreadful riot occurred at the outer depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad an hour ago. A number of men and several women and children were killed and wounded. The firing was done by the Philadelphia militia. Bystanders all say the fire was unprovoked. Excitement is tremendous. At 20 minutes to 4 o'clock the Philadelphia troops left the depot for the scene of disturbance at 28th street crossing, marching out along the track and preceded by the Sheriff and his posse. When they arrived the railroad tracks at that point were completely blocked with strikers. The "Black Huzzars" of Philadelphia were ordered to clear the railroad crossing, but not being able to do so, another company was ordered to their assistance. The military advanced with fixed bayonets, but were met with a shower of stones and missels from the crowd. They opened fire on the crowd indiscriminately and in rapid succession. The crowd retreated, having a long list of killed and wounded.

9 p m.—The excitement is raging over the city, which virtually is in the hands of an armed mob, composed of laborers, iron workers, coal miners, stevedores and others, who are in full sympathy with the strikers. A large mob visited Johnston's gun factory, and another and still larger crowd has demolished Brown's establishment, and then marched down 5th avenue with drums beating and flags flying. The Philadelphia militia are besieged in the roundhouse and at the outer depot. Their position is critical.

PITTSBURGH, July 22.—The crisis of the strike in this city was reached yesterday evening. The Philadelphia troops fired upon the crowd, and citizens as well as strikers became exasperated, and determined to have revenge on the troops and railroad officials. Threats were freely expressed of massacreing the entire Philadelphia command, who had been ordered to one of the round-houses for better protection. About ten o'clock in the evening a mob numbering several thousand had congregated about the round-house. They had planted a battery so as to command the round-house. Several shots were fired at the building and a break made in the walls, but when the infuriated mob attempted to rush into the building the military were ordered to fire. The volley of musketry and a rumor that the Gatling guns of the command were being brought into requisition caused a panic, and the mob fled precipitately, the military, meanwhile, keeping up the fusilade. The rioters, however, were soon reassured, and as thousands were flocking to their assistance they returned the attack. Finding it difficult to dislodge the military from the building an order was issued to burn them out, which order was carried into execution with a fiendish alacrity by the rioters. In consequence of the blockade which had existed for two days the side tracks extending eastward three or four miles were crowded with freight cars, filled with grain, produce and merchandise of all kinds, besides a number of laden oil, coke and coal cars piled up in the mass, which were set fire too, and in a moment huge volumes of smoke rolled upward and out in every direction. The sight of the flames seemed to literally craze the rioters, some of whom rushed about wildly, applying the torch to cars indiscriminately. An effort was made by the fire department to extinguish the flames, but the rioters would not permit them to make any effort to extinguish the flames, saying they were determined to destroy the railroad company's property, but to do no injury to that belonging to private citizens. They kept their word, too, and assisted to save private property of citizens; but train after train was fired by the infuriated crowd. Finally a car loaded with coke was saturated with petroleum oil which was set on fire and forced against the round-house where the soldiers were. The building was soon ignited and the soldiers compelled to fight their way out through the frenzied mass of humanity clamoring for their blood. For some unexpected reason the mob left, which afforded the soldiers, who were in actual danger of being roasted alive, an opportunity to emerge from the building, and they succeeded in making their way to the United States arsenal, where they expected to obtain shelter. The commandant refused to admit them, saying he had but ten men and would be powerless to hold the place if the mob should attack it. Their retreat had been discovered by the mob, and fully 1000 armed and supplied with ammunition followed in pursuit. Some of the troops fired at citizens, either accidentally or intentionally, as they were moving along to the arsenal, and this added fury to the cry for revenge. From the arsenal the troops continued their flight and crossed over to the north side of the Alleghany river, on the Sharpsbury bridge, the mob following them as rapidly as possible. Three soldiers were killed and left laying in the street. After reaching the north side the troops scattered, and the mob was divided into small bodies.

In the mean time the city was in a state of anarchy. Thousands who had not joined in the pursuit of the fleeing troops gathered about the burning buildings and trains and assisted in spreading the flames wherever the torch had not been applied. In the round-houses were one hundred and twenty-five first-class locomotives, which had been housed in consequence of the strike. These were totaly destroyed; but even the immense loss which will be sustained in this item it but a trifle in the aggregate done. The scenes transpiring along the line of which the tracks of the railroad run simply beggars description. While hundreds were engaged in firing the cars and making certain of the destruction of the valuable buildings at the outer depots, thousands of men, women and children are engaged in pillaging the cars. Men armed with heavy sledges would break open the cars and then the contents would be thrown out and carried off. Mayor McCarthy endeavored to stop the pillage, but the handful of men at his command were unable to control the crowd. The pillage has been checked, but the mob fired the cars and then proceeded with the work of destruction. It is impossible to form any idea of the amount of goods stolen, but hundreds of thousands of dollars will not cover the loss.

Some of the scenes, notwithstanding the terror which seemed to paralyze peaceable and orderly citizens, were ludicrous in the highest degree. Here a brawny woman could be seen hurrying away with a pair of white kid slippers under her arm, another carrying an infant would be rolling a barrel of flour along the sidewalk, using her bare feet as the propelling power; here a man pushing a wheelbarrow loaded with white lead; boys hurried through the crowd with large sized family bibles as their share of the plunder, while scores of females utilized aprons and dresses to carry flour, eggs, dry goods, etc. Bundles of umbrellas, fancy parasols, hams, bacon, leaf lard, calico, blankets, laces and flour were mixed together in the arms of robust men or carried on hastily constructed hand-barrows.

Early in the day, when the Union Depot building was fired, followed by the Pan Handle offices, a panic seized the citizens who had, up to this time calmly folded their arms and looked on. When the last building was fired the whole territory between Seventh avenue and Millville station, a distance of three miles, was a mass of flames.

PITTSBURGH, July 23.—The citizens, early in the day, effected an organization which has subdued the rioters and restored control of the town to its municipal authorities. They have invited the fugitive Philadelphia soldiers to return, assuring them protection.

AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUFFALO, 7 P. M., July 23.—The mob, reinforced by large numbers, called at the car shops of the Lake Shore and Erie Companies and ordered all the workmen there to quit, which they did, forthwith. No serious demonstrations are yet being made. Early in the afternoon an assault was made by nearly 2000 rioters on about 200 soldiers who were guarding the Lake Shore round-house. The military were obliged to leave the building, which is now barricaded by the mob. Col. Flasch, with about 30 men and three officers, foolishly proceeded to the round-house to re-take it from the mob. They were met with yells of derision from the crowd, and under a shower of stones were obliged to retreat at the double quick, and force their way through the yelling crowd at the point of the bayonet, some of the soldiers being badly cut on the head with knives and clubbed.

The engineers of the Erie & Lake Shore roads have signed an agreement with the firemen not to run with green hands.

TUESDAY'S DISPATCHES—THE STRIKE SPREADING.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—A meeting of citizens of Columbus, Ohio, took a serious view of the situation. 500 of them were enrolled as special police.

At Pittsburgh the city is entirely tranquil. Railroad affairs are unchanged.

There was probably a turbulant meeting at Omaha, Nebraska. After the meeting roughs paraded the city, yelling. No violence.

The mayor of St. Louis, Mo., ordered all the saloons closed, and strikers enforced the order. Food for stock is allowed to pass. The strikers are orderly but determined to fight it out. Only postal cars leave St. Louis eastward. The strikers there say there is no middle ground in the case; it is absolute victory or defeat. Their organization increases in strength and perfectness every hour, and they intend to put a total embargo on freight and passenger traffic until they get what they consider fair and just remuneration for their labor. As long as they are not molested there will be no violence or disorder; but if they are forcibly opposed there will be trouble, and plenty of it.

Night switchmen on the Michigan Central struck. No undue excitement in Chicago.

Jersey City is disorderly but controlled.

The Seventh regiment after assembling at their armory, in New York, were stoned and hissed by a large crowd of tramps and roughs.

The soldiers at Reading, Pa., fired on citizens indiscriminately, killing five and wounding twenty-five, including five policemen and two women.

The New York Central Railroad has stopped selling tickets west of Rochester.

The mob at Buffalo fired the Lake Shore paint shops and a number of cars. A company of soldiers after killing several rioters were driven from their quarters. Some of the company were shot by rioters.

A meeting of workingmen at San Francisco, ten thousand strong, adjourned after wrecking a Chinese wash-house.

Messengers from the Baltimore & Ohio road are reported on New England roads persuading the men to strike.

A thousand men of the West Albany, N. Y. shops have joined the strike.

Late this afternoon the strike became general along the Chicago and Canada Southern main line and the Toledo and Detroit Division.

The strikers took possession of the Union depot at Indianapolis. Governor Williams and Mayor Caven both decline to interfere except to suppress or prevent violence.

ST. THOMAS, July 24.—Employes in the Canada Southern have quit work.

CHICAGO, July 24.—The mob which closed the workshops of the railroads this morning continued its labors during the afternoon, busying itself with closing up manufactories and all shops that lay in their way.

## *Application to Sell Real Estate.*

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, Special Term, July 25, 1877.

C B Sisson, deceased, estate of.

THIS DAY came G B Douthit, administrator, and Ellen Sisson, administratrix, of the estate of said decedent, and filed their application in writing and under oath, praying for an order of sale of certain lands described therein and belonging to said estate, for the purpose of division, upon the ground that said land cannot be equitably divided. It is ordered that the 6th day of September 1877 be appointed a day for hearing such application.

It is further ordered that notice be given to the non-resident heirs at law and distributees of said estate, viz:—Margaret Philio, wife of —— Philio, Sarah Graham, wife of —— Graham, and Ellen Herndon, wife of —— Herndon, who reside in Rusk, Henderson county, State of Texas, and a daughter of Mary Thompson, deceased, name and residence unknown, and a child of Wm Robertson, deceased, name and sex unknown, and supposed to be under twenty-one years of age, and resides in Henderson county, State of Texas, Ellen Graves, wife of —— Graves, who reside in Hempstead county, State of Texas, Basheba Rich, wife of —— Rich, Caroline Morris, wife of —— Morris, Sarah R Robertson, wife of —— Robertson, Cassa Faulkner, wife of —— Faulkner, all of whom reside in the State of Georgia—post office unknown, by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county of Calhoun, as a notice to said non-resident heirs, &c., to be and appear at a special term of said court to be held at the Court House of said county on the 6th day of September, 1877, and contest the said application if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.

july28-3t

## Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that application will be made to the August term of the Commissioners Court of Calhoun county, for the opening of a new road from Patona, Ala. to run north-west, on a line with present neighborhood road, and to intersect with public road leading to Gadsden at or near the residence of James Prater, Esq.—this June 12, 1877. M. M. KIERNAN,
July 21—3t. and others.

## Land Sale.

THE undersigned will sell, before the Court House door in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala.,

**On the 9th day of August next,**

Two tracts of Land lying in Calhoun county, one known as the Nelson place, to-wit: the north west fourth and part of the south west fourth of section 12, township 14, range 7—about 180 acres more or less. The other the Usry place, being in the south west fourth section 5, township 14, range 7.

Terms—cash.

JOEL R. LOVE,
Adm'r of J. R. Love.

July 21, 1877—3t.

John B. Broughton,
vs.
J. W. Whisenant.
W. A. Driskell.
} April 21, 1877.

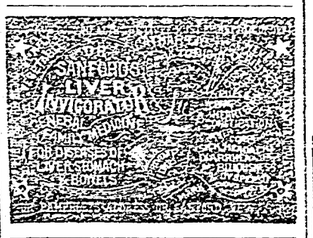
THIS day came the Plaintiff by his Attorney, and it appearing, that at the time of the issuance of the summons and complaint was issued out that Garnishment was issued against W. W. Webster, and J. D. Ussery, and that the Garnishees in pursuance of said writs of garnishment has, at this term of the Court, filed their answers, admitting an indebtedness to J. W. Whisenant, one of the Defendants in this suit; and it further appearing to the Court, that the Defendant, J. W. Whisenant is and was at the time this suit was commenced, a non-resident of the State of Alabama to-wit: resides in Hernando County, State of Florida, Brooksville Post Office. And thereupon the Plaintiff moved for an order of publication against the Defendant, J. W. Whisenant, notifying him said defendant to appear at the next term of this Court, to answer Plaintiff's complaint.

It is ordered by the Court, that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in Calhoun County, for four consecutive weeks by the Clerk of this Court, and that the Clerk of this Court send to the said J. W. Whisenant a copy of this order, and this cause is continued.

A true copy from the minutes:
Witness my hand this 11th July, 1877.

G. B. DOUTHIT, Clerk.

July 14th.





## ELECTION NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Alexander O. Stewart, as the Sheriff of said County, will cause to be opened and held, at the various places of voting in the Election Precincts in said County,

**On the First Monday in August, 1877,**

that being the 6th day of said month, an Election for the purpose of electing a Sheriff, County Treasurer, Tax Assessor, Tax Collector, four County Commissioners, and a Coroner for said County of Calhoun, and two Justices of the Peace and one Constable for each Election Precinct in said County of Calhoun.

And notice is hereby further given, that the following named persons, are appointed Inspectors of said Election, for the respective Election Precincts in said county, as hereinafter named, to-wit.

Precinct No. 1—Jacksonville.
T. R. Ward, Wm. M. Wier, J. J. Skelton } Inspectors.
J. L. Mattison, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 2—Alexandria.
W. F. Bush, Chas. Martin, L. D. Miller } Inspectors.
Ned Lee, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 3—Four Mile Spring.
Wm. E. Lambert, Thos. White, J. L. Turk } Inspectors.
Ed. Vernon, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 4—Court Ground.
E. A Walker, Wm. Self, P. N. Acker } Inspectors.
E. J. Haynie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 5—Polkville.
Wm. K. Mynatt, Mack Henderson, G. D. Meharg } Inspectors.
P. R. Hess, Returning Officer.

Precinct No 6—Peck's Hill.
Green Duke, John C. Archer, A. O. Finch } Inspectors.
Jackson Dickie, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 7—Hollingsworth's School House.
Henry McBee, E. B. Dickinson, Wm. Nance } Inspectors.
Thos. Hollingsworth, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 8—Court Ground.
Benj. Nabors, Jackson Dale, W. B. Green } Inspectors.
Tandy Allen, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 9—Cross Plains.
J. C. Boles, John Craig, F. M. Savage } Inspectors.
John W. Pike, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 10—Cross Roads.
J. C. Watson, R. P. Morgan, Henry Warnock } Inspectors.
Henry Murry, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 11—White Plains.
D. S. Black, A. M. Whiteside, J. C. Wilson } Inspectors.
Allen Ward, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 12—Corn Grove.
Jno. F. Davis, J. T. DeArman, H. J. Tumlin } Inspectors.
John Elston, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 13—Oxford.
S. C. Kelly, D. P. Gunnels, Henry Snow } Inspectors.
J. M. Hayes, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 14—Sulphur Springs.
Miles Harrison, W. C. Martin, F. Crow } Inspectors,
J. B. Chappel, Returning Officer.

Precinct No. 15—Woodstock.
W. J. Edmondson, T. P. Renfro, John Lloyd } Inspectors,
G. B. Skelton, Returning Officer.

ALEX. O. STEWART,
Sheriff of Calhoun County.
L. W. CANNON,
Judge of Probate.
G. B. DOUGHIT,
Clerk of Circuit Court.

June 26, 1877.

# The Republican.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

Plenty of rain during the past week.

It was cold enough last Saturday morning for fires.

Improvements of Germania tannery are in progress.

A child of Mr. Thos. Smith, living in Beat 7, died on last Saturday.

Meal is still selling at one dollar per bushel, though corn can be bought at 50 cents.

An interesting protracted meeting has been in progress at Morrisville since last Friday night.

A large picnic will be had at Sulphur Springs on Thursday next. Everybody is invited to attend.

A marriage license was issued during the past week to Perry Patterson and Miss Mary F. Arnett.

Miss Annie Love, an accomplished young lady living near Cane Creek, died on the 25th inst.

*The corn* crop is excellent over the county. The recent rains have cured the crop of early corn.

Four Mile Church has been torn down and carried to Weavor's Station, where a larger building is to be erected.

A drover has fifteen hogs and wishes to put them in four pens, having an odd one in each pen. How is it done?

The wheat threshing season is about over. The song of the sorghum mill will supercede the rattle of the thresher.

It may be regarded as settled that a premium of at least $30 will be offered for the best common breed or home cow.

We learn that a man by the name of Coffee killed Dr. Sanders at Hoke's Bluff, in Etowah county, within the last week.

The Board of Trustees of Calhoun Grange College, and the Board of Directors of the Fair are requested to meet in Jacksonville to-day (Saturday.)

An elegant ladies gold watch which cost $120 has been left at this office to raffle for $60. Parties who desire a chance may leave their names with us.

There will be a Union Sabbath School Celebration at Bethel Church, near Ladiga, on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in August next. Will publish programme next week.

A man named Frizzle, who was bonded out of jail here some days ago, went directly to Clay county and stole a horse. He was pursued to Columbiana, captured and lodged in Clay county jail.

Major Miles W. Abernathy, one of the oldest and most respectable citizens of this county, died at his home in Jacksonville Thursday morning. An extended notice of his public life and services will appear next week.

The list of registered voters of the county have been posted at the Court House by Judge Cannon, as required by law. They are neatly and plainly copied. The entire number registered is about 1000. The exact number cannot be ascertained by reason of changes of residence.

In conformity to the call of Col. W. H. Chambers (published elsewhere in this paper) for a State Industrial Convention at Blount Springs on the 4th of September next, Mayor Stevenson has appointed Gen. W. H. Forney and Col. J. H. Caldwell to represent the commercial interest of Jacksonville.

The proceedings of the last County Grange are of interest. It will be seen that all necessary steps have been taken to open the College here by September 1st. The Board of Trustees will meet to-day (Saturday) and fix the rate of tuition, after which we shall have more to say on the subject. In the mean time let us all give the school a hearty and liberal support, and its success is assured.

From reports from the different Granges at the last meeting of the County Grange, in answer to questions of Mr. Miller, the following in relation to the cotton crop of this county was brought out: Acreage about the same as last year. The average stand not quite so good. About 25 per cent. more commercial fertilizers used. Crop backward about two weeks and not so good as this time last year.

A NEW MAP.—Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago, Ill., have our thanks for a copy of their new, large scale map of Turkey in Europe. This map shows, not only the geographical positions of the territories of the belligerent nations, but the respective and relative positions of troops, and also areas, populations and many other important facts necessary to an understanding of the importance of the conflict in Europe.

PERSONAL.—Gen. W. H. Forney left yesterday (Friday) for Washington, to be absent eight or ten days.

Rev. Julien C. Brown has returned from his visit home, much improved by the recreation.

Mr. S. D. Foster, of Tuscaloosa, a recent graduate of the University, and an accomplished young gentleman, has been spending a few days visiting his friend and former classmate Mr. W. W. Woodward.

Jas. McFarland, for some time a resident of this place, has removed to Tennessee.

Judge Walker and family have removed to the Chalybyate springs, on the mountain, nine miles above town, to enjoy the cool atmosphere and good water during the heated season.

### Notes from the Oxford Tribune.

Mrs. Gillespie has been very low with fever in Oxford.

Died, near Oxford, July 15th, Mrs. Emma Miller, wife of Anderson Miller.

Some of the young men of Oxford have formed a new society, called the Franklin Club.

Editor goes for people who subscribe for cheap Northern publications instead of home papers.

Oxford Beat has four candidates for Justice of the Peace.

The Y. M. C. A. of Calhoun county will meet at Oxford Thursday before the fifth Sunday in July.

An unknown party fired a gun at Oscar R. Bell near Edwardsville, and struck his mule in the neck, slightly wounding it.

Mr. Jas. M. Hardy, of Delta, Clay county, had a light bay horse with black mane and tail, white foot, blind in one eye, large bony size, stolen from him Monday night week. A reward of $125 is offered for the horse and thief, or $25 for the horse and $100 for the thief.

Mr. Henry Armstrong, of Cleburne county, had his mill burned Friday night week. It was located near the mill which was burned the week before, in which a man lost his life, and it is now the general opinion that both mills were fired by an incendiary.

From Montgomery Advertiser.

### State Industrial Convention at Blount Springs.

*Editor Advertiser:*—The proposed convention at Blount Springs promises to be a complete success. Arrangements have been made for papers on the following subjects from the gentlemen named:

1. The soils and mineral resources of the State; by Prof. W. C. Stubbs, of Auburn.
2. The coal fields of Alabama—their extent and quality; by Dr. William Gesner, of Birmingham.
3. The adaptation of the climate and soil of Alabama to fruit culture; by Hon. C. C. Langdon, of Mobile, and Col. J. E. Saunders, of Lawrence.
4. The railroad system of the State; by Gen. E. P. Alexander, of Montgomery.
5. The iron interest of Alabama; by Hon. B. B. Lewis, of Tuskaloosa, and Hon. F. S. Lyon, of Marengo.
6. Immigration; by Col. John T. Milner, of Butler.
7. Grass culture in Alabama; by Hon. J. J. Barclay, of Morgan.
8. Cotton manufacturing in the South; by Hon. R. M. Patton, of Lauderdale, and Col. Hugh A. Haralson, of Selma.
9. The harbor and trade of Mobile; by Hon. Leslie E. Brooks, of Mobile.
10. The wealth of the State is its industries; by Col. S. S. Scott, of Russell.
11. How to make agriculture profitable in Alabama; by President I. T. Tichenor, of Auburn, and Col. S. J. Harrington, of Colbert.
12. The water lines of the State; by Col. Thos. A. Hamilton, of Mobile.

Besides the gentlemen whose names are mentioned, other distinguished citizens of the State have intimated their purpose to be present and take part in the discussions. Gen. John T. Morgan, our eloquent Senator, will probably address the Convention upon our Internal Improvement interests, and it is likely that Col. Sam Tate, of Tennessee, the most distinguished railroad man of the South, will favor the Convention with his views upon the Southern Pacific railroad. The probability is that the Convention will be the largest and most influential representative assemblage ever held in the State.

The lessee and proprietors of Blount Springs promise to do everything in their power to entertain the members of the Convention, and have agreed to reduce the rates of board of delegates to $2 per day. Definite arrangements have not yet been consummated with the railroads, but negotiations for that purpose are pending, and it is hoped that free passes will be secured for delegates on all the roads of the State. As soon as this matter is settled the result will be announced.

The Convention will be composed as follows: Two delegates from each county, representing the agricultural interests; two from each city, representing commercial interests; one from each mining or manufacturing establishment; one from each railroad; one from each newspaper; one from each incorporated college. In those counties where there are County Granges, or County Agricultural Societies, they will appoint agricultural delegates. Where no such organizations exist, they will be appointed by the Probate Judge of the county. Mayors of cities will appoint the commercial delegates. Each delegate should be provided with a certificate of his appointment, under the seal of the authority by which it is made.

This Convention will meet at Blount Springs on Tuesday, the 4th day of September. W. H. CHAMBERS.

*** Papers in the State are requested to copy and notice.

### A CARD.

A report has been circulated by an enemy of mine, living in Jacksonville, for the purpose of injuring me in the election, that I at one time bankrupted. In order to set myself right before the people on this head, I hereby pronounce the statement a deliberate lie, and I can prove it to be such by the oldest and best citizens of Jacksonville, who have known me during the thirty-seven years that I have been a citizen of Calhoun county. Although a poor man, I have always been a debt-paying man, as those who have known me best and longest will testify. JOHN H. CRAWFORD.

### A CARD.

LADIGA, ALA., July 23, 1877.

*Editors Republican:*—You will please withdraw my name as a candidate for Sheriff, as engagements at home have prevented me from canvassing the county; and I take this opportunity of tendering my thanks to friends who have manifested an interest in my behalf.

Respectfully, W. A. STEWART.

### A CARD.

*Editors Republican:*—Having declined as a candidate for County Treasurer, please remove my name from your paper as such. I am no longer a candidate. With thanks to my friends, I am

Yours respectfully,
E. L. WOODWARD, SR.
July 24, 1877.

### A Card—To the Public.

ALEXANDRIA, ALA., July 14, 1877.

We, the undersigned, hereby state for the information of the friends of Rev. J. C. McAuley, and the people of Calhoun county, that we have been pained to learn that certain persons in the county have fabricated and been endeavoring to circulate a base falsehood upon Mr. T. L. Swan (a candidate for County Treasurer), trying to make the impression that he had committed some great wrong in regard to Rev. J. C. McAuley's business as late County Superintendent. The business has been settled with us, so far as Mr. Swan is concerned, perfectly satisfactory, and with his efficient services in assisting us there has been money saved to the estate of deceased, and we are now satisfied that we will be able to finally settle up the business in strict justice both to us and the school fund, (which it takes time to do); and we must here say that we highly appreciate Mr. Swan's kindness in assisting us in the matter, and could not commend him too highly for his faithfulness throughout; and we regard any reflection upon him in the matter as being wholly uncalled for and entirely unjust, and we believe that every fair minded man in the county (hundreds of whom have known him for years) will verify this statement, and sustain him from such unwarranted attacks as have been sought to be used.

J. D. MCAULEY.
MRS. J. C. MCAULEY.

### A CARD.

*Editors Republican:*—Please drop my name as a candidate for Tax Assessor, as I hereby decline. I do this as my crop demands my constant attention.

W. W. WEAVER.

### A Louisiana Heroine.

We were the witness of a tender and beautiful scene in 1861. It was early in May, and a fair, young Louisiana girl was bidding her soldier lover good-by. Her head was bowed upon his breast, and she was weeping bitterly. But when he besought her to dry her tears and display a brave heart, she lifted her head, and looked him proudly in the face, said; "I am weeping because you are going where there is danger and probably death, but," and the blood mantled to her white cheeks, "if you were not going, you would see me blush and bow my head in shame." Once again we saw that girl. A division of Federal troops were attacking a body of Confederate cavalry in full view of her house, and the shells and round-shot hissed over the village and plowed through its streets. There she stood gazing eagerly at the battle, heedless of shot and shell. Her hands were clenched; her cheeks were whiter than lilies; her whole form seemed to heave with excitement, and there was a battle fire in her blue eyes. By heavens! we believe that, had it been possible, she would have dashed into the thickest of the fight. The girl had the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion. But she faded with the strength of the Confederacy, and then they dressed her in white robes, folded her hands on her bosom, and laid her away; and when the last ragged Confederates had surrendered their guns, her soul had vanished from the earth.—*N. O. Democrat.*

Brick Pomeroy while lecturing at Sherman, Texas, remarked of the local paper, the *Register*, that he cared nothing for its criticism, since he "could walk outside of its circulation in half an hour." The *Register* playfully retorted: "We have no doubt that Brick is swift of foot. He had that reputation during the war, especially while on the back track. We doubt, however, whether if he should walk at 2:50 speed from now through all the ages of eternity he could ever reach the plane of decency and respectability.

### The European War.

#### Premiums to Subscribers.

The Sixth Grand Distribution of Premiums made by the Kansas City *Times* to its patrons will take place at Coates Opera House, Kansas City, Mo., on October 1st, 1877, at which time 400 premiums worth $4,000 will be given away to *Times* subscribers. Any tickets in the October Distribution not drawing a premium will have a chance in the Great $5,000 Premium Distribution December 21st. The *Times* is a first-class family newspaper and claims, without dispute, the largest circulation of paper in Missouri. Specimen copies sent free to any address on application. Premium lists and all particulars also sent free.

Address, THE TIMES,
Kansas City, Mo.



## SPECIAL NOTICES.



## BUSINESS NOTICES.



### Administrator's Sale
OF
## Personal Property.

UNDER and by virtue of an Order of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, the undersigned, as the administrator of the Estate of Elizabeth G. Walker, deceased, will,

**On Saturday the 21st day of July, 1877.**

Proceed to sell upon the premises of the undersigned, all the Personal Property of said estate, consisting of One MULE, and HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE—A credit until 1st day of January, 1878. Note and approved security will be required to secure the purchase money.

JOHN F. WALKER.
Administrator.
June 23, 1877—3t.

### *Notice to Creditors.*

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, Special Term, May 15th, 1877.

Elizabeth G. Walker, dec.—Estate of.

LETTERS of Administration upon the Estate of said decedent having been granted to the undersigned on the 15th day of May, 1877, by the Hon. L. W. Cannon, Judge of the Probate court of Calhoun county: Notice is hereby given, that all persons having claims against said Estate will be required to present them within the time allowed by law, or the same will be barred.

JOHN F. WALKER,
June 23, 1877—3t. Adm'r.

POSTPONED
### *SHERIFF SALE.*

BY virtue of one Pls. fa. issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county and to me directed, in favor of W. Dickie, Administrator of E C Dickie, deceased, and against Elephas Crossley, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala. on the FIRST MONDAY IN AUGUST next, the following described Land, to-wit: The west half of north-east fourth, & north east fourth of north-east fourth, and north west fourth of south east fourth of north east fourth of section 10, township 15, range 6. Also the south west fourth of south east fourth of section 3, township 15, of range 6, as the property of defendant, to satisfy said execution.

A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.
may 12—4t.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### For County Treasurer.

We are authorized to announce
ISAAC L. SWAN,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
THOMAS L. WAKELEY,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
R. F. (Tobe) HUGHES,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH A. JONES
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. P. CROOK
as a candidate for County Treasurer.

### For Tax Collector.

We are authorized to announce
Capt C. W. BREWTON,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
Humphrey Posey Whiteside,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
M. D. C. SPRADLEY,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
R McCLELEN,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES M. WEBSTER,
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH BORDEN
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun count

We are authorized to announce
JEROME B. SMITH.
as a candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. F. JORDAN,
as a Candidate for Tax Collector of Calhoun county.

### For Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN A. GLENN,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
W. F. HANNA,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
HON. A. WOODS,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
SAMUEL B. WHITE, Sr.
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
A. B. LEDBETTER,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
ALFRED MOORE MORGAN,
as a candidate for Tax Assessor of Calhoun county.

### For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce
B. J. (SEAB.) MATTHEWS,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. F. SHUFORD,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. Z. GOODLETT,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WILLIAM J. BROCK,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
D. J. CLARK,
as a Candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN H. CRAWFORD,
as a candidate for Sheriff of Calhoun county.

### For County Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce
R. H. GRIFFIN,
of Peek's Hill Beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
Ab. LITTLEJOHN
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

We are authorized to announce
BAILEY G. McCLELEN,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
W. C. SCARBROUGH,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES D. HOLLINGSWORTH,
of Beat No. 7, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
WARREN HARRIS,
as a candidate, for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
MATTHEW E. EZELLE,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
Capt. M. H. FOWLER,
of Oxford Beat, No. 13, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
A. M. STEWART,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
JOSEPH L. KIRBY,
of the south-west portion of the county, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
A. D. WILKINS,
of Alexandria beat, as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun county.

We are authorized to announce
MARK DRISKELL,
as a candidate for Commissioner.

We are authorized to announce
L. H. WAGNON,
as a candidate for County Commissioner of Calhoun County.

### For Bailiff.

We are authorized to announce
ROBERT F. RILEY,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
W. T. KIRBY,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
GEORGE W. LEACH,
as a candidate for Bailiff of Beat No. 1.

We are authorized to announce
WM. A. BEAL,
as a candidate for Bailiff in Beat No. 1.

### For Coroner.

We are authorized to announce
RUFUS ALEXANDER
as a candidate for Coroner.

We are also authorized to announce
M. S. RAZEMORE
as a candidate for Coroner.

## AGRICULTURAL.

MUCK IN STABLE MANAGEMENT.—It seems that all substances have their disadvantages—stone and brick being cold and injurious to the feet, wood rapidly wearing out, besides soon becoming filled with excreta, contaminating the air, and thus rendering it unwholesome; earth is said to be the best for the feet, but soon fills with noxious matter. allow me to make a suggestion, which, if followed, will render any sufficiently hard substance suitable for a stable floor, and at the same time obviate the objections mentioned above, and furnish the very best material for the feet of the horse. My suggestion is, that upon stall floors, however constructed, sufficient dry muck be spread to keep the feet from the floor and absorb all urine and noxious gases. If dry or nearly dry muck be spread daily in the stalls the feet will not be injured by stone or brick floors; wooden floors will not be worn out, and the stable will be kept sweet and wholesome. Not only will the muck absorb the urine, but it will also absorb the ammoniac odors arising from the freshly-dropped dung that usually pervades nearly all stables. Dry muck is an excellent deodorizer, and can be profitably used in many other places besides the stable. There is another benefit. Horse manure is very apt to heat, so as to become fire-fanged, and in this way the manure is wasted. If a liberal quantity of muck be used in the stables the manure will heat only to such a degree as to be beneficial and loss will be prevented. Not only this, but the change that takes place in the manure induces such a change in the muck as to convert it from muck into manure. The quantity of manure then is increased not only by the urine (which is worth as much as the dung) being saved, but by the muck, which saves the urine, and absorbs the ammoniac vapor, itself being converted into manure richer in available nitrogenous material than common yard dung. Of course, straw can be used above the muck for bedding, if one wishes; but if the muck be well dried it makes an excellent substitute for straw, besides possessing all the advantages enumerated. If stable-keepers will try muck they will find it will contribute greatly to the health and comfort of the horse and to the enlargement of the manure-heap. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

WHITE CLOVER.—The white clover is an indigenous plant, and was found in Louisiana when discovered by the whites. It grows spontaneously among all the cleared and drained lands in Louisiana. We have known it propagated from seed carried from one point to another with great ease. To do this it is necessary to gather the heads of the ripe clover in the field, as, unlike the red clover of the North and West, a sufficient quantity does not ripen at once to make it convenient to secure seed by mowing. The seed must be sowed in good, dry ground, which should be broken up, harrowed, and then the seed should be sowed and lightly brushed in. If seed is scarce, and one is very apt to find it so in this climate if he undertakes to gather it, we have known excellent pastures made by sowing here and there small patches, which, in a year or two, covers the whole ground. Under any circumstances, all stock, and especially hogs, should be kept off a white clover pasture the first year. Once well set, the pasture will last a lifetime, and if needed for hay, a top-dressing of manure or plaster should be given to it every year, and stock kept from it most of the time.—*Rural Southlan.*

HOW TO SOW SEEDS.—The most successful seed sower we ever knew lets his garden ground get a little dry before sowing. Then he stretches the line along where the seeds are to go, sows the seeds on the surface and then walks sideways along the line, pressing the seeds with his "that foot." He says he never has a seed to miss, and so he sows them thinly just where every plant is to grow. There is not only no waste of seed, but no waste in thinning. There is no raking in of the seed, and the whole is as simple as possible. His wife is a good flower-gardener. Her mignonette and phloxes always grow; a ten-cent paper is enough for the whole garden. She sows on the surface, "pats" down, as she says, the earth with the back of her cast-steel trowel, puts the stick with the name in the centre of the little patch, and they sprout at once.—*Amateur Gardener.*

SOW SUGAR BEETS.—Every farmer who keeps cows should raise a quantity of beets for winter feeding, for there is no root more cheaply produced of equal value. Sow the seed early, before dry weather commences, and the plants will get a good hold of the soil and penetrate deep enough to reach moisture before the heat of summer begins.

### Primitive Money.

Africa—a country naturally destitute, so far as is known, of silver—has always been driven to strange expedients for a currency. In the Soudan, where an elephant's tusk represents so many able-bodied slaves—where a certain number of strips of cloth are equal to a calabash filled with beans or with buttons, and a bean-pod brimming with gold-dust does duty for a bank-note—small change is urgently required. This want is partially supplied by those little white shells which are known as "cowries," which are found on the coast of India, and are often there used to adorn the horse-trappings of princes. In Angola, and in other parts of Central Africa, these same cowries—twenty-five hundred of which, in India, are the equivalent to one rupee, and which are the pocket money of native children of the poorest caste—rise to the value of five thousand to the pound sterling. Except in Egypt and Morocco, no money is coined North of the Cape of Good Hope. It is wonderful that so highly-organized and commercial a community as that of wealthy China should have contentedly remained so ill off in a monetary point of view. The Flowery Land, in this anomaly, as in others, has probably been enslaved by the tyranny of custom. Those long strings of perforated copper coin, technically called "cash," have been for centuries untold the only recognized money of the Central Kingdom, and even now, although the indigenous "taels" and "tungsteens," are largely supplemented by Mexican and Spanish dollars, a Chinese merchant prefers to make payments of silver not by "tael," or by weight, but by measure. China, like Africa, no doubt contains a large proportion of the whole stock of the precious metals; but its absorbent qualities are so great that what was anciently called the "balance of trade," is nearly sure to be against the outer barbarians.

## SCIENTIFIC.

*Barometrical Apparatus.*—The *Nouvelles Meteorologiques* describes a new self-recording barometer, the construction of which is pronounced to be of superior adaptation to the purpose required. The instrument consists of an ordinary syphon barometer carrying a very light ivory float, upon which is fixed a vertical steel wire terminating in a point. A horizontal needle rests upon this point, and its other extremity is in connection with a double series of clock-work, the wheels of which move either forward or backward, according as the ivory float rises or falls. The movements of the clock-work are followed by a pencil which draws a curve upon a revolving cylinder. This arrangement is regarded as far more advantageous than that in which the connection between the horizontal lever and the wheel work is an electric one—subject therefore to all the uncertainties, which at some times are considerable, of the electrical batteries and connections.

Thus, in this improved barometer, no electricity is employed, the entire apparatus depending only upon gravity and atmospheric pressure, its regular and reliable working being by this means perfectly insured. An aneroid barometer may be made to record its indications in the same manner as the mercurial, such instruments having recently been introduced and finding much favor for their correctness of showing. A method has also been proposed for applying a similar automatic system of registration and with equally satisfactory results to the indications of the magnetic needle.

*Substitute for Stones in Printing.*—The name of stenochromy is given to a new process of color printing, described in one of the London scientific journals and which consists in producing pictures composed of many different colors by one impression, on paper. Instead of stones, as is practised in mosaic works, cakes of color are substituted, the colors being so compounded that, when moist paper is pressed upon them they yield a print in kind. The colors are originally prepared and used in a liquid state, but are of such a character that they rapidly solidify. A little of the color is poured on a flat slab into a sort of little cell, or compartment, formed by slips of metal standing edgewise on the slab. As soon as this has become solid, the slips are removed and the little mass of color pared away to the outline required—say the form of a green leaf; the next color is similarly applied, and cut, say to the form of a rose leaf,—then the next to that,—and so on, until the picture is thus built up, piece by piece, in different colors. The paring away is done by a vertical knife fixed in a frame, so that it can be moved sideways in any direction, but all its cuts are perfectly vertical. From this compound block the picture is printed in a press like that used the lithography.

*A Wonderful Spouting Well.*—According to the *Miner*, the town of Wilcox, Pa., possesses a remarkable curiosity in the shape of a spouting gas well: It says: "There is an immense reservoir of gas in the hole, together with a seemingly endless supply of water, and there is evidently a gigantic and never-ceasing struggle between the two elements for the mastery. For a few moments the gas will throw the water to the height of one or two hundred feet, followed (by igniting the gas) by a volume of fire. Then the water will run back into the hole.

*Spurious Flowers of Sulphur.*—Mr. Hanks recently exhibited to the San Francisco Microscopical Society specimens of the spurious and the genuine flowers of sulphur for comparison. The real article is obtained by subliming sulphur; and except that there is with it usually a little sulphurous acid, the product is almost chemically pure. But a great deal of what is sold as the sublimate now turns out, under the microscope, to be merely crude brimstone, ground to a powder. Instead of "flowers" it should be called flour of sulphur. The spurious article contains many impurities.

*Zinc*, it is said, may be purified by precipitating its sulphate with an alkali, mixing the oxide thus produced with powdered charcoal, and exposing the mixture to a red heat in a covered crucible.

*The* scientific world is about to prove that fermentation of food in the human stomach is the cause of all the diseases that effect the human body.

### The Blue-Jay.

The Blue-Jay, though perhaps not especially a favorite among our bird families, is nevertheless well known and frequently noticed, for he is always gaily dressed, active, and garrulous. He is only semi-migratory, for some individuals of the family may be met with in the thickets during the winter. And yet it is well known that they move southward as winter approaches, and those found with us during that season have probably come from much farther northward. In the far south very few of them are found in summer, while in winter they are abundant.

The Jay measures eleven inches in length, with a corresponding spread of the wings. Its dress is highly party-colored, a blue coat, white chin and breast, with a black neck-tie, and a black tail. His head is crowned with a tuft of light blue and purple feathers, which can be raised or depressed at will. Altogether he presents an unusually gay appearance, which, with his restless activity and his unceasing and discordant cries, make him a marked character among the birds of the forest. But when using the blandishments of love his notes become soft and pleasing, and somewhat varied. He builds a large nest, often high up in the trees, in which may be seen five eggs of a dull olive color, spotted with darker brown. He feeds upon insects, worms, beetles; and as the season advances he does not not hesitate to invade the orchards, but especially delights in chestnuts and acorns. And, in his pursuit of food, should he fall upon the nest of some smaller bird, the eggs or even the well grown young would not be absolutely beyond danger; but these marauding excursions sometimes bring him into conflicts with other birds in which he does not always come off unscathed.

The bird seems to bear a marked ill-will to the owl family, and whenever one of these day-dreamers is met with by the Jay, in his foraging excursions, the cry is at one raised, and all the Jays within hearing are soon on hand, and with the mingled screams of battle making attacks upon the hapless solitaire. So fierce do the onsets become, and so terrible the outcries that the owl at length betakes himself to flight, when he is pursued by the screaming crowd till he has passed quite beyond the neighborhood.

## DOMESTIC.

OVER-GOVERNED CHILDREN.—A girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her, till she is ten, twelve, fifteen or eighteen years of age, is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way toward knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning, and never wakes himself up; and is dressed, and never makes mistakes in dressing himself; and is washed, and never makes mistakes about being clean; and is fed, and never has anything to do with its food; and is watched, and never watches himself; and is cared for, and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfectly straight, and solid, and comely, and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

VEAL AS FOOD.—In reply to the question whether prejudice against veal is well founded, the *Live Stock Journal* says that "for some years past medical physiologists have been correcting the old notion that veal is injurious and unhealthy. Many of our best dietetic physicians now recommend well matured veal to their patients. It is not so highly stimulating as some other forms of animal food, but contains a large proportion of muscle-forming elements and is easily digested. Veal should be well fed, and not eaten at less than six weeks old. It would be much better for farmers if they would consume more of their veal at home and eat less pork. Pork, as a constant food, does not furnish nourishment enough to the muscular system, and by its redundancy of fat develops scrofula. The best way to cook veal is by roasting it or broiling, as this soon crusts over the surface and prevents the evaporation of the juices, which not only give it a high flavor but more tenderness.

PEOPLE who takes sulphur in spring weather, after the time-honored method prescribed at Dotheboys Hall, may be interested in the fact that the purity of their medicine is open to a doubt. Mr. Hanks recently exhibited to his fellow-members of the San Francisco Microscopical Society specimens of the spurious and the genuine flowers of sulphur of comparison. The real article is obtained by subliming sulphur, and, except that there is with it usually a little sulphurous acid, the product is almost chemically pure. But a great deal of what is sold as the sublimate now turns out, under the microscope, to be merely crude brimstone, ground to a powder. Instead of "flowers" it should be called flour of sulphur. Of course the spurious article contains many impurities, which make the mess with treacle slightly nastier.

SOMETHING BETTER TAAN WHISKY FOR WORKING-MEN.—I am frequently compelled, at this season of the year, to have men working in the water, even in frosty weather. I find the following allowance gives great satisfaction to the men, and we never have a case of cold or injury to them in any way: Kettle of coffee made with half sweet milk, half water, three or four eggs whipped, poured into it when off the boil; hot toasted bread with plenty of butter of finest quality. Serve up this every two and a half hours. The expense is much less than the usual allowance of whisky, and the men work far better, and, if care is taken to have the coffee, milk (cream is still better), bread and butter, and especially the butter, of the finest quality, the men are delighted with it.

HOW TO SWEEP A CARPET NICELY.—Take the outer leaves of cabbage, chop them fine, sprinkle on them a little water, strew them over the floor, move them about carefully with a clean broom (if you have no carpet sweeper), then sweep a breadth at a time, till every part is gone over, and you will have little or no dust, which is so annoying, and which settles on the pictures and ornaments. To sweep the stairs use a slop jar with a little water in it (to prevent the dust from flying), take a whisk broom a stair by stair, and a small short brush, like a painter's brush, to dust out the corners, then empty the dust-pan step by step into the jar; by this means you have no dust to settle on the walls, or fall on the carpet below, and the troubles of the horrible sweeping days will be greatly alleviated.

STEWED APPLES with quince jelly: Peel and remove the cores of six or more large cooking apples, put in boiling water with lemon juice and a little sugar, and cook very slowly; when done drain, and soak in a syrup for about an hour, range in a *compote* dish, mask each apple with a large, thin, rounded slice of quince jelly; pour some of the syrup around, and serve.

### Transparency of Metals.

To see through a millstone or a brick wall has usually been regarded as a feat requiring for its accomplishment powers possessed by human beings only when in a spiritualistic trance, or when otherwise rendered clairvoyant; and to see through a mass of metal is ordinarily regarded as equally impossible to human visual organs. It is true that it has long been known that gold-leaf may be beaten so fine as to transmit a greenish light tolerably readily; and, indeed, this is utilized as a practical test of the quality of gold by the gold beater, the admixture of small quantities of silver with the gold employed causing a distinguishable alteration in the tint of the transmitted light. Hitherto, however, this property of translucency when in thin films has been regarded as peculiar to gold, and belonging to no other metal, the reason for this being, no doubt, to some extent, that few metals other than gold can be successfully reduced by hammering to the requisite degree of tenuity; save silver and platinum, indeed no metals approach to gold. By electrical means, however, thin films of gold and other metals can be obtained which readily transmit light, the mode of operating to produce these attenuated sheets of metal being simply to cause electric sparks to pass from wires of the required metals passing into tubes of rarefied air or other gases, when the particles of metal detached from the wires by the sparks become deposited on the sides of the glass, forming an excessively thin film quite continuous under the microscope. Gold films thus prepared transmit a fine green light; silver gives a fine blue color; copper a dull green; platinum a bluish gray; zinc and cadmium a deep bluish gray; iron a nearly neutral tint, but slightly brownish.—*London Society.*

## HUMOROUS.

MARK TWAIN'S HOTEL.—Having lately opened a hashery, I send you these, my rules and regulations:

This house will be considered strictly intemperate.

None but the brave deserve the fare.

Persons owing bills for board will be bored for bills.

Boarders who do not wish to pay in advance are requested to advance and pay.

Boarders are expected to wait on the colored cook—for meals.

Sheets will be nightly changed, once in six months, or more, if necessary.

Boarders are requested to pull off their boots if they can conveniently do so.

Beds with or without bugs.

All moneys and other valuables are to be left in charge of the proprietor. This is insisted upon, as he will be held responsible for no losses.

Inside matter will not be furnished to newspaper-men under any consideration—reporters keep scarce.

Single men with their families will not be boarded.

Dreams will be charged by the dozen.

Nightmares hired out at reasonable rates.

Stone-vaults will be furnished to snoring boarders.

THE LATEST HORROR.—Model Lady's Maid: "Cook's not at all well, mem! Very bad dream last night, mem! Quite nightsmare, I calls it." Newly-married Young Lady: "You don't say so, Harkiss! What was it all about?" Model Lady's Maid: "Well, mem, she dreamt as how we were all sitting at dinner quite comfortable like, and she takes off the cover, and what do you think she saw, mem?" Newly-married Young Lady: "I can't guess, really." Model Lady's Maid (in tone of terror): "American beef!!"—*Judy.*

"YOUR VISITS remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his hand and glancing on William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica. "Why so?" inquired William Henry. "Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to a tri-weekly, and have become daily, with a Sunday supplement." "Yes," said William Henry," bracing up, "and after we are married we will issue an extra."

AS A DANDY was wending his way through a narrow passage at the top of Charlotte street, Glasgow, he met a pretty girl and said to her, "Pray, my dear, what do you call this passage?" "Balaam's passage," she replied. "Ah, then," said he, "I'm like Balaam—stopped by an angel." "And I," rejoined the girl, as she pushed past him, "am like an angel—stopped by an ass."

DOCTORS NEVER allow ducks on their premises, they make such personal remarks.

Patient (to doctor, who has called in his sporting costume): "I presume, doctor, the reason you have brought your gun is to be sure not to miss me."

"THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he's not mad. What has he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad!"

STRICT BUSINESS MAN. — "Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock, and quit at seven." Patrick—"Sure, and wouldn't it be as well it I'd commence in the morning at seven, and leave off at five in the evening?"

"YOU OUGHT to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," rejoined the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

SOME MEN can never take a joke. There was an old doctor, who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?"

HOW TO CURE an imprudent attachment: Materfamilias—"What is to be done, my dear? He positively dotes on her." Paterfamilias—"Well, we must try to find him an antidote."—*Punch.*

WHAT makes your bread so dark?" inquired the lady of the house to the cook. "If you please, marm, it's because it was baked in cloudy weather," was the reply.

FIRST irate female: "I'd hate to be in your shoes!"—Second ditto: "You couldn't get in them!"

A PAUPER'S son ought to make a good balloonist, for he is an heir o'-naught.

SPRING SHOWERS—Clerks showing new goods.

### The Port of Nikolaieff.

Nikolaieff, the chief ship-building port of the Russians on the Black Sea, and off the approach to which Turkish vessels are reported to have been lately cruising, seemingly with troops on board, is situated on the left bank of the River Ingul, about a quarter of a mile above the junction of this latter with the river Bug, which again flows into the estuary of the Dnieper into the Black Sea. The entrance to the Dnieper is protected by the fortification of Otchakoff on the north and of Kinburn, which is situated at the extremety of a long narrow tongue of land, on the south. The estuary itself is wide and shallow, the only passage along which ships of any size can be navigated, being ordinarily marked buoys, which presumably are now removed. The channel from Kilburn to Nikolaieff is said by Sir Arthur Cunnynghame, who visited the place in 1871, to be in places only slightly more than three fathoms deep and very narrow. The bottom, however, is of such soft mud that a vessel drawing twenty feet of water might be forced along, and dredging operations have also been lately carried on. The approach to Nikolaieff up the Bug is guarded, some seven or eight miles below the arsenal, by three strong forts, one on either bank and one on the island in the middle, armed with Krupp guns of large caliber, which cross their fire over, and very efficiently guard the narrow channel. Above the forts the river winds considerably. The river Ingul, at the point where the arsenals and dockyard of Nikolaieff are built, is stated to be about half a mile wide, and to have the appearance of being very deep. The buildings are completely hidden from view during the approach of the River Bug, but are not immediately protected by fortifications.

### Education.

Education may modify, soften, direct and improve the mind; but it cannot change the physical temperament, which, always gives a tinge to the thoughts, feelings and actions of the individuals. The kind and degree of mental power are dependent upon physical constitution. The brain is the servant, the mind is fitted to govern and to direct it, so that man is a free agent. By his will he can control, suspend, or encourage any one of his peculiarities. He is, consequently, responsible for all he does, says, or thinks. Hence the necessity of education, especially when young; the free agency of the man depending upon the education of the child. For if this be not what it ought to be, he will become the slave of his passions and propensities, and he will lose his intellectual and spiritual freedom.

### Bloodthirstiness of the Crab.

By observations made at the New York Aquarium it has been discovered that the hermit crab possesses more intelligence than it has generally been given credit for. The following incident not only illustrates this, but shows that the crab is an animal of prey: One day a good sized Lafayette fish was seen with one of these small crabs clinging to its gills. The fish gasped, struggled violently and shook itself as if to rid itself of its tenacious enemy. The crab would not let go. The fish grew gradually weaker until its struggles ceased, and it sunk to the bottom of the tank. The crab then began to feed upon its victim. Upon examination it was found that the crab had actually pinned the gills of the fish to its sides, preventing it from breathing.

Be calm in argument, for fierceness makes error a guilt, and truth discourtesy.

### "Making Old Bones."

People who neglect their minor ailments rarely live to make old bones. The secret of hale and vigorous old age, lies not only in taking care of one's health in early life, by the observance of sanitary rules, but also by judicious medication when the premonitory symptoms of bodily disorder manifest themselves. Indigestion, bowel and liver complaints, are fruitful causes of injury to the constitution. These diseases should be, therefore, checked without delay. The best medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This standard preparation disciplines the digestive organs, gives renewed impetus to the bilious secretive function, and exerts a beneficial influence upon the organs of urination. It has no rival as a remedy for and preventive of chills and fever and bilious remittents, infuses vigor into the debilitated frame, and is an excellent appetizer and nervine.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Don't fail to procure MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of teething in children. It relieves the child from pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and by giving relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother.

VEGETINE

REV. J. P. LUDLOW WRITES:

178 BALTIC STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

*Dear Sir,*—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can most heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church,
Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE.

SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

*Dear Sir,*—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well, and relish my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me. Yours respectfully,

MRS. ALBERT RICKER.

Witness of the above,
MR. GEORGE M. VAUGHAN,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE.

GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET, BOSTON, April, 1876.

H. R. STEVENS.

*Dear Sir*—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrotula.

With respect,
MRS. N. WORMELL, Matron.

VEGETINE.

REV. O. T. WALKER SAYS:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., 164 TRANSIT STREET.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your VEGETINE. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic. O. T. WALKER.
Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin-square Church, Boston.

VEGETINE.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS.

*Dear Sir*—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours truly,

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VEGETINE.

RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY.

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The Universal Pain Extractor.

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Take no other.

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